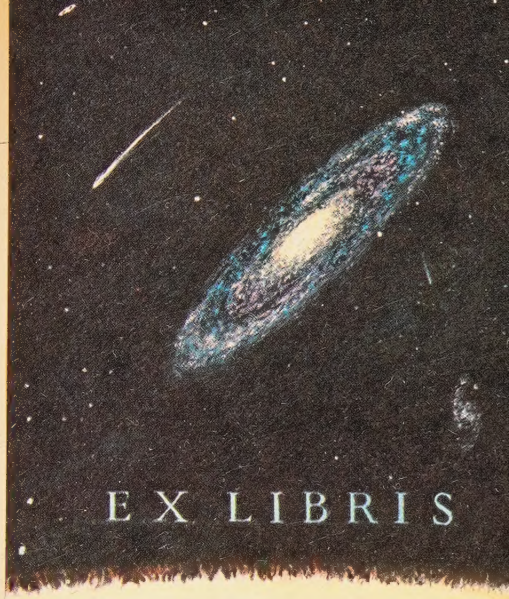

DAVID CROW

PLAYS: PLEASANT
AND UNPLEASANT

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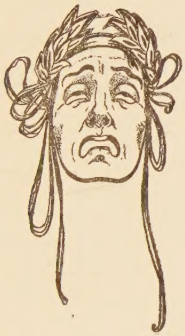
PLAYS: PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT · BY BERNARD SHAW · THE FIRST VOLUME, CONTAINING THE THREE UNPLEASANT PLAYS



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PREFACE

MAINLY ABOUT MYSELF

THERE is an old saying that if a man has not fallen in love before forty, he had better not fall in love after. I long ago perceived that this rule applied to many other matters as well: for example, to the writing of plays; and I made a rough memorandum for my own guidance that unless I could produce at least half a dozen plays before I was forty, I had better let playwriting alone. It was not so easy to comply with this provision as might be supposed. Not that I lacked the dramatist's gift. As far as that is concerned, I have encountered no limit but my own laziness to my power of conjuring up imaginary people in imaginary places, and making up stories about them in the natural scenic form which has given rise to that curious human institution, the theatre. But in order to obtain a livelihood by my gift, I must have conjured so as to interest not only my own imagination, but that of at least some seventy or a hundred thousand contemporary London playgoers. To fulfil this condition was hopelessly out of my power. I had no taste for what is called popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics. As an Irishman I could pretend to patriotism neither for the country I had abandoned nor the country that had ruined it. As a humane person I detested violence and slaughter, whether in war, sport, or the butcher's yard. I was a Socialist, detesting our anarchical scramble for money, and believing in

equality as the only possible permanent basis of social organization, discipline, subordination, good manners, and selection of fit persons for high functions. Fashionable life, though open on very specially indulgent terms to be unencumbered "brilliant" persons ("brilliancy" was my specialty), I could not endure, even if I had not feared the demoralizing effect of its wicked wastefulness, its impenitent robbery of the poor, and its vulgarity on a character which required looking after as much as my own. I was neither a sceptic nor a cynic in these matters: I simply understood life differently from the average respectable man; and as I certainly enjoyed myself more—mostly in ways which would have made him unbearably miserable—I was not splenetic over our variance.

Judge then, how impossible it was for me to write fiction that should delight the public. In my nonage I had tried to obtain a foothold in literature by writing novels, and did actually produce five long works in that form without getting further than an encouraging compliment or two from the most dignified of the London and American publishers, who unanimously declined to venture their capital upon me. Now it is clear that a novel cannot be too bad to be worth publishing, provided it is a novel at all, and not merely an ineptitude. It certainly is possible for a novel to be too good to be worth publishing; but I pledge my credit as a critic that this was not the case with mine. I might have explained the matter by saying with Whately, "These silly people don't know their own silly business"; and indeed, when these novels of mine did subsequently blunder into type to fill up gaps in Socialist magazines financed by generous friends, one or two specimens took shallow root like weeds, and trip me up from time to time to this day. But I was convinced that the publishers' view was commercially sound by getting just then a clue to my real condition from a friend of mine, a physician who had

devoted himself specially to ophthalmic surgery. He tested my eyesight one evening, and informed me that it was quite uninteresting to him because it was "normal." I naturally took this to mean that it was like everybody else's; but he rejected this construction as paradoxical, and hastened to explain to me that I was an exceptional and highly fortunate person optically, "normal" sight conferring the power of seeing things accurately, and being enjoyed by only about ten per cent of the population, the remaining ninety per cent being abnormal. I immediately perceived the explanation of my want of success in fiction. My mind's eye, like my body's, was "normal": it saw things differently from other people's eyes, and saw them better.

This revelation produced a considerable effect on me. At first it struck me that I might live by selling my works to the ten per cent who were like myself; but a moment's reflection showed me that these would all be as penniless as myself, and that we could not live by, so to speak, taking in one another's washing. How to earn my bread by my pen was then the problem. Had I been a practical common-sense moneyloving Englishman, the matter would have been easy enough: I should have put on a pair of abnormal spectacles and aberred my vision to the liking of the ninety per cent of potential bookbuyers. But I was so prodigiously self-satisfied with my superiority, so flattered by my abnormal normality, that the resource of hypocrisy never occurred to me. Better see rightly on a pound a week than squint on a million. The question was, how to get the pound a week. The matter, once I gave up writing novels, was not so very difficult. Every despot must have one disloyal subject to keep him sane. Even Louis the Eleventh had to tolerate his confessor, standing for the eternal against the temporal throne. Democracy has now handed the sceptre of the despot to the sovereign people; but they, too, must have their confessor, whom they call Critic. Criti-

cism is not only medicinally salutary: it has positive popular attractions in its cruelty, its gladiatorship, and the gratification its attacks on the great give to envy, and its praises to enthusiasm. It may say things which many would like to say, but dare not, and indeed for want of skill could not even if they durst. Its iconoclasms, seditions, and blasphemies, if well turned, tickle those whom they shock; so that the critic adds the privileges of the court jester to those of the confessor. Garrick, had he called Dr. Johnson Punch, would have spoken profoundly and wittily, whereas Dr. Johnson, in hurling that epithet at him, was but picking up the cheapest sneer an actor is subject to.

It was as Punch, then, that I emerged from obscurity. All I had to do was to open my normal eyes, and with my utmost literary skill put the case exactly as it struck me, or describe the thing exactly as I saw it, to be applauded as the most humorously extravagant paradoxer in London. The only reproach with which I became familiar was the everlasting "Why can you not be serious"? Soon my privileges were enormous and my wealth immense. I had a prominent place reserved for me on a prominent journal every week to say my say as if I were the most important person in the kingdom. My pleasing toil was to inspect all the works of fine art that the capital of the world can attract to its exhibitions, its opera house, its concerts and its theatres. The classes patiently read my essays: the masses patiently listened to my harangues. I enjoyed the immunities of impecuniosity with the opportunities of a millionaire. If ever there was a man without a grievance, I was that man.

But alas! the world grew younger as I grew older: its vision cleared as mine dimmed: it began to read with the naked eye the writing on the wall which now began to remind me that age of spectacles was overtaking me. My opportunities were still there: nay, they multiplied tenfold; but the strength and youth to cope with them

began to fail, and to need eking out with the shifty cunning of experience. I had to shirk the platform; to economize my health; even to take holidays. In my weekly columns, which I once filled from a Fortunatus well that never ran dry or lost its sparkle so long as I pumped hard enough, I began to repeat myself; to fall into a style which, to my great peril, was recognized as at least partly serious; to find the pump tiring me and the water lower in the well; and, worst symptom of all, to reflect with little tremors on the fact that my magic wealth could not, like the money for which other men threw it away, be stored up against my old age. The younger generation, reared in an enlightenment unknown to my childhood, came knocking at the door too: I glanced back at my old columns and realized that I had timidly botched at thirty what newer men—Rudyard Kiplings, Max Beerbohms, Laurence Irvings and their contemporaries—do now with gay confidence in their cradles. I listened to their vigorous knocks with exultation for the race, with penurious alarm for my own old age. When I talked to this generation, it called me Mister, and, with its frank, charming humanity, respected me as one who had done good work in my time. Mr. Pinero wrote a long play to show that people of my age were on the shelf; and I laughed at him with the wrong side of my mouth.

It was at this bitter moment that my fellow citizens, who had previously repudiated all my offers of political service, contemptuously allowed me to become a vestryman—me, the author of "Widowers' Houses"! Then, like any other harmless useful creature, I took the first step rearward. Up to that fateful day I had never stopped pumping to spoon up the spilt drops of my well into bottles. Time enough for that when the well was empty. But now I listened to the voice of the publisher for the first time since he had refused to listen to me. I turned over my articles again; but to serve up the

weekly paper of five years ago as a novelty—no: I had not yet fallen so low, though I see that degradation looming before me as an agricultural laborer sees the workhouse. So I said "I will begin with small sins: I will publish my plays."

How! you will cry—plays! What plays? Let me explain.

One of the worst privations of life in London for persons of intellectual and artistic interests is the want of a suitable theatre. The existing popular drama of the day is quite out of the question for cultivated people who are accustomed to use their brains. I am fond of the theatre, and am, as intelligent readers of this preface will have observed, myself a bit of an actor. Consequently, when I found myself coming across projects of all sorts for the foundation of a theatre which should be to the newly gathered intellectual harvest of the nineteenth century what Shakespear's theatre was to the harvest of the Renascence, I was warmly interested. But it soon appeared that the languid demand of a small and uppish class for a form of entertainment which it had become thoroughly accustomed to do without could never provide the intense energy necessary for the establishment of the New Theatre (we of course called everything advanced "the New": vide "The Philanderer," page 113 of this volume). That energy could only be supplied by the genius of the actor and manager finding in the masterpieces of the New Drama its characteristic and necessary mode of expression, and revealing their fascination to the public. Clearly the way to begin was to pick up a masterpiece or two. Masterpieces, however, do not grow on the bushes. The New Theatre would never have come into existence but for the plays of Ibsen, just as the Bayreuth Festival Playhouse would never have come into existence but for Wagner's Nibelungen tetralogy. Every attempt to extend the repertory proved that it is the drama that makes the theatre

and not the theatre the drama. Not that this needed fresh proof, since the whole difficulty had arisen through the drama of the day being written for the theatres instead of from its own inner necessity. Still, a thing that nobody believes cannot be proved too often.

Ibsen, then, was the hero of the new departure. It was in 1889 that the first really effective blow was struck by the production of "A Doll's House" by Mr. Charles Charrington and Miss Janet Achurch. Whilst they were taking that epoch making play round the world, Mr. Grein followed up the campaign in London with his "Independent Theatre." It got on its feet by producing Ibsen's "Ghosts"; but its search for native dramatic masterpieces, pursued by Mr. Grein with the ardor and innocence of a foreigner, was so complete a failure that at the end of 1892 he had not produced a single original piece of any magnitude by an English author. In this humiliating national emergency, I proposed to Mr. Grein that he should boldly announce a play by me. Being an extraordinarily sanguine and enterprising man, he took this step without hesitation. I then raked out, from my dustiest pile of discarded and rejected manuscripts, two acts of a play I had begun in 1885, shortly after the close of my novel writing period, in collaboration with my friend Mr. William Archer.

Mr. Archer has himself described how I proved the most impossible of collaborators. Laying violent hands on his thoroughly planned scheme for a sympathetically romantic "well made play" of the type then in vogue, I perversely distorted it into a grotesquely realistic exposure of slum landlordism, municipal jobbery, and the pecuniary and matrimonial ties between it and the pleasant people of "independent" incomes who imagine that such sordid matters do not touch their own lives. The result was most horribly incongruous; for though I took my theme seriously enough, I did not then take the theatre more seriously, though I took it more seriously

than it took itself. The farcical trivialities in which I followed the fashion of the times, some flagrant but artistic and amusing examples of which may be studied in Mr. Pinero's "Hobby Horse," written a year later and now familiar in the repertory of Mr. John Hare, became silly and irritating beyond all endurance when intruded upon a subject of such depth, reality, and force as that into which I had plunged my drama. Mr. Archer, perceiving that I had played the fool both with his plan and my own theme, promptly disowned me; and the project, which neither of us had much at heart, was dropped, leaving me with two abortive acts of an unfinished and condemned play. Exhuming this as aforesaid seven years later, I saw that the very qualities which had made it impossible for ordinary commercial purposes in 1885, might be exactly those needed by the Independent Theatre in 1892. So I completed it by a third act; gave it the far-fetched mock-Scriptural title of "Widowers' Houses"; and handed it over to Mr. Grein, who launched it at the public in the Royalty Theatre with all its original tomfooleries on its head. It made a sensation out of all proportion to its merits or even its demerits; and I at once became infamous as a dramatist. The first performance was sufficiently exciting: the Socialists and Independents applauded me furiously on principle; the ordinary play-going first-nighters hooted me frantically on the same ground; I, being at that time in some practice as what is impolitely called a mob-orator, made a speech before the curtain; the newspapers discussed the play for a whole fortnight not only in the ordinary theatrical notices and criticisms, but in leading articles and letters; and finally the text of the play was published with an introduction by Mr. Grein, an amusing account by Mr. Archer of the original collaboration, and a long preface and several elaborate controversial appendices in the author's most energetically egotistical fighting style. The volume, forming

number one of the Independent Theatre series of plays, is still extant, a curious relic of that nine days wonder; and as it contains the original text of the play with all its silly pleasantries, I can recommend it to collectors of quarto Hamlets, and of all those scarce and superseded early editions which the unfortunate author would so gladly annihilate if he could.

I had not achieved a success; but I had provoked an uproar; and the sensation was so agreeable that I resolved to try again. In the following year, 1893, when the discussion about Ibsenism, "the New Woman," and the like, was at its height, I wrote for the Independent Theatre the topical comedy called "The Philanderer." But even before I finished it, it was apparent that its demands on the most expert and delicate sort of acting —high comedy acting—went quite beyond the resources then at the disposal of Mr. Grein. I had written a part which nobody but Mr. Charles Wyndham could act in a play which was impossible at the Criterion Theatre—a feat comparable to the building of Robinson Crusoe's first boat. I immediately threw it aside, and, returning to the vein I had worked in "Widowers' Houses," wrote a third play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," on a social subject of tremendous force. That force justified itself in spite of the inexperience of the playwright. The play was everything that the Independent Theatre could desire—rather more, if anything, than it bargained for. But at this point I came upon the obstacle that makes dramatic authorship intolerable in England to writers accustomed to the freedom of the Press. I mean, of course, the Censorship.

In 1737, the greatest dramatist, with the single exception of Shakespear, produced by England between the Middle Ages and the nineteenth century—Henry Fielding—devoted his genius to the task of exposing and destroying parliamentary corruption, then at its height. Walpole, unable to govern without corruption, promptly

gagged the stage by a censorship which is in full force at the present moment. Fielding, driven out of the trade of Molière and Aristophanes, took to that of Cervantes; and since then the English novel has been one of the glories of literature, whilst the English drama has been its disgrace. The extinguisher which Walpole dropped on Fielding descends on me in the form of the Queen's Reader of Plays, a gentleman who robs, insults, and suppresses me as irresistibly as if he were the Tsar of Russia and I the meanest of his subjects. The robbery takes the form of making me pay him two guineas for reading every play of mine that exceeds one act in length. I do not want him to read it (at least officially: personally he is welcome): on the contrary, I strenuously resent that impertinence on his part. But I must submit in order to obtain from him an insolent and insufferable document, which I cannot read without boiling of the blood, certifying that in his opinion—h i s opinion!—my play "does not in its general tendency contain anything immoral or otherwise improper for the stage," and that the Lord Chamberlain therefore "allows" its performance (confound his impudence!). In spite of this document he still retains his right, as an ordinary citizen, to prosecute me, or instigate some other citizen to prosecute me, for an outrage on public morals if he should change his mind later on. Besides, if he really protects the public against my immorality, why does not the public pay him for the service? The policeman does not look to the thief for his wages, but to the honest man whom he protects against the thief. And yet, if I refuse to pay, this tyrant can practically ruin any manager who produces my play in defiance of him. If, having been paid, he is afraid to license the play: that is, if he is more afraid of the clamor of the opponents of my opinions than of their supporters, then he can suppress it, and impose a mulct of £50 on everybody who takes part in a representation of it, from

the gasman to the principal tragedian. And there is no getting rid of him. Since he lives, not at the expense of the taxpayer, but by blackmailing the author, no political party would gain ten votes by abolishing him. Private political influence cannot touch him; for such private influence, moving only at the promptings of individual benevolence to individuals, makes nice little places to job nice little people into instead of doing away with them. Nay, I myself, though I know that the Queen's Reader of Plays is necessarily an odious and mischievous official, and that I myself, if I were appointed to his post (which I shall probably apply for some day), could no more help being odious and mischievous than a ramrod could if it were stuck into the wheels of a steam engine, am loth to stir up the question lest the Press, having now lost all tradition of liberty, and being able to conceive no alternative to a Queen's Reader of Plays but a County Council's Reader or some other sevenheaded devil to replace the oneheaded one, should make the remedy worse than the disease. Thus I cling to the Censorship as many Radicals cling to the House of Lords or the Throne, or as domineering women marry weak and amiable men who only desire a quiet life and whose judgment nobody respects, rather than masterful men. Until the nation is prepared to establish Freedom of The Stage on the same terms as we now enjoy Freedom of The Press, by allowing the dramatist and manager to perform anything they please and take the consequence as authors and editors do, I shall cherish the court reader as the apple of my eye. I once thought of organizing a Petition of Right from all the managers and authors to the Prime Minister; but as it was obvious that nine out of ten of these victims of oppression, far from daring to offend their despot, would promptly extol him as the most salutary of English institutions, and spread themselves with unctious flattery on the perfectly irrelevant question of his estimable personal character, I

abandoned the notion. What is more, many of them, in taking this course, would be pursuing a sound business policy, since the managers and authors to whom the existing system has brought success have not only no incentive to change it for another which would expose them to wider competition, but have for the most part the greatest dread of the "New" ideas which the abolition of the Censorship would let loose on the stage. And so long live the Queen's Reader of Plays!

In 1893 the obnoxious post was occupied by a gentleman, now deceased, whose ideas had in the course of nature become quite obsolete. He was openly hostile to the New movement, and declared before a Royal Commission his honest belief that the reputation of Ibsen in England was a spurious product of a system of puffery initiated by Mr. William Archer with the corrupt object of profiting by translations of his works. In dealing with him Mr. Grein was at a heavy disadvantage. Without a license "Mrs. Warren's Profession" could only be performed in some building not a theatre, and therefore not subject to reprisals from the Lord Chamberlain. The audience would have to be invited as guests only; so that the support of the public paying money at the doors, a support with which the Independent Theatre could not afford to dispense, was out of the question. To apply for a license was to court a practically certain refusal, entailing the £50 penalty on all concerned in any subsequent performance whatever. The deadlock was complete. The play was ready; the Independent Theatre was ready; two actresses, Mrs. Theodore Wright and Miss Janet Achurch, whose creations of Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts" and Nora in "A Doll's House" had stamped them as the best in the new style in England, were ready; but the mere existence of the Censorship, without any action or knowledge of the play on its part, was sufficient to paralyse all these forces. So I threw "Mrs. Warren's Profession,"

too, aside, and, like another Fielding, closed my career as playwright in ordinary to the Independent Theatre.

Fortunately, though the Stage is bound, the Press is free. And even if the Stage were freed, none the less would it be necessary to publish plays as well as perform them. Had the two performances of "Widowers' Houses" achieved by Mr. Grein been multiplied by fifty —nay, had "The Philanderer" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" been so adapted to the taste of the general public as to have run as long as "Charlie's Aunt," they would still have remained mere titles to those who either dwell out of reach of a theatre, or, as a matter of habit, prejudice, comfort, health or age, abstain altogether from playgoing. And then there are the people who have a really high standard of dramatic work; who read with delight all the classic dramatists, from Eschylus to Ibsen, but who only go to the theatre on the rare occasions when they are offered a play by an author whose work they have already learnt to value as literature, or a performance by an actor of the first rank. Even our habitual playgoers would be found, on investigation, to have no true habit of playgoing. If on any night at the busiest part of the theatrical season in London, the audiences were cordoned by the police and examined individually as to their views on the subject, there would probably not be a single house owning native among them who would not conceive a visit to the theatre, or indeed to any public assembly, artistic or political, as an exceptional way of spending an evening, the normal English way being to sit in separate families in separate rooms in separate houses, each person silently occupied with a book, a paper, or a game of halma, cut off equally from the blessings of society and solitude. The result is that you may make the acquaintance of a thousand streets of middle-class English families without coming on a trace of any consciousness of citizenship, or any artistic cultivation of the senses. The condition of the

men is bad enough, in spite of their daily escape into the city, because they carry the exclusive and unsocial habits of "the home" with them into the wider world of their business. Although they are natural, amiable, and companionable enough, they are, by home training, so incredibly ill-mannered, that not even their business interests in welcoming a possible customer in every inquirer, can correct their habit of treating everybody who has not been "introduced" as a stranger and intruder. The women, who have not even the city to educate them, are much worse: they are positively unfit for civilized intercourse—graceless, ignorant, narrow-minded to a quite appalling degree. Even in public places homebred people cannot be taught to understand that the right they are themselves exercising is a common right. Whether they are in a second-class railway carriage or in a church, they receive every additional fellow-passenger or worshipper as a Chinaman receives the "foreign devil" who has forced him to open his ports.

In proportion as this horrible domestic institution is broken up by the active social circulation of the upper classes in their own orbit, or its stagnant isolation made impossible by the overcrowding of the working classes, manners improve enormously. In the middle classes themselves the revolt of a single clever daughter (nobody has yet done justice to the modern clever Englishwoman's loathing of the very word "home"), and her insistence on qualifying herself for an independent working life, humanizes her whole family in an astonishingly short time; and the formation of a habit of going to the suburban theatre once a week, or to the Monday Popular Concerts, or both, very perceptibly ameliorates its manners. But none of these breaches in the Englishman's castle-house can be made without a cannonade of books and pianoforte music. The books and music cannot be kept out, because they alone can

make the hideous boredom of the hearth bearable. If its victims may not live real lives, they may at least read about imaginary ones, and perhaps learn from them to doubt whether a class that not only submit to home life, but actually values itself on it, is really a class worth belonging to. For the sake of the unhappy prisoners of the home, then, let my plays be printed as well as acted.

But the dramatic author has reasons for publishing his plays which would hold good even if English families went to the theatre as regularly as they take in the newspaper. A perfectly adequate and successful stage representation of a play requires a combination of circumstances so extraordinarily fortunate that I doubt whether it has ever occurred in the history of the world. Take the case of the most successful English dramatist of the first rank, Shakespear. Although he wrote three centuries ago, he still holds his own so well that it is not impossible to meet old playgoers who have witnessed public performances of more than thirty out of his thirty-seven reputed plays, a dozen of them fairly often, and half a dozen over and over again. I myself, though I have by no means availed myself of all my opportunities, have seen twenty-three of his plays publicly acted. But if I had not read them as well as seen them acted, I should have not merely an incomplete, but a violently distorted and falsified impression of them. It is only within the last few years that some of our younger actor-managers have been struck with the idea, quite novel in their profession, of giving Shakespear's plays as he wrote them, instead of using them as a cuckoo uses a sparrow's nest. In spite of the success of these experiments, the stage is still dominated by Garrick's conviction that the manager and actor must adapt Shakespear's plays to the modern stage by a process which no doubt presents itself to the adapter's mind as one of masterly amelioration, but which must

necessarily be mainly one of debasement and mutilation whenever, as occasionally happens, the adapter is inferior to the author. The living author can protect himself against this extremity of misrepresentation; but the more unquestioned is his authority on the stage, and the more friendly and willing the co-operation of the manager and the company, the more completely does he get convinced of the impossibility of achieving an authentic representation of his piece as well as an effective and successful one. It is quite possible for a piece to enjoy the most sensational success on the basis of a complete misunderstanding of its philosophy: indeed, it is not too much to say that it is only by a capacity for succeeding in spite of its philosophy that a dramatic work of serious poetic import can become popular. In the case of the first part of Goethe's "Faust" we have this frankly avowed by the extraction from the great original of popular entertainments like Gounod's opera or the Lyceum version, in which the poetry and philosophy is replaced by romance, which is the recognized spurious substitute for both and is absolutely destructive of them. But the same thing occurs even when a drama is performed without omission or alteration by actors who are enthusiastic disciples of the author. I have seen some remarkably sympathetic stage interpretations of poetic drama, from the achievements of Mr. Charles Charrington with Ibsen, and Mr. Lugné Poe with Maeterlinck, under the least expensive conditions, to those of the Wagner Festival Playhouse at Bayreuth with the most expensive; and I have frequently assured readers of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and pianoforte students of Wagner, that they can never fully appreciate the dramatic force of their works without sensing them in the theatre. But I have never found an acquaintance with a dramatist founded on the theatre alone, or with a composer founded on the concert room alone, a really intimate and accurate one. The very originality and genius of the performers

conflicts with the originality and genius of the author. Imagine, for example, Shakespear confronted with Sir Henry Irving at a rehearsal of "The Merchant of Venice," or Sheridan with Miss Ada Rehan at one of "The School for Scandal." One can easily imagine the speeches that might pass on such occasions. For example: "As I look at your playing, Sir Henry, I seem to see Israel mourning the Captivity and crying 'How long, oh Lord, how long'? but I do not see my Shylock, whom I designed as a money-lender of strong feelings operating through an entirely commercial intellect. But pray don't alter your conception, which will be abundantly profitable to us both." Or "My dear Miss Rehan, let me congratulate you on a piece of tragic acting which has made me ashamed of the triviality of my play, and obliterated Sir Peter Teazle from my consciousness, though I meant him to be the hero of the scene. I foresee an enormous success for both of us in this fortunate misrepresentation of my intention." Even if the author had nothing to gain pecuniarily by conniving at the glorification of his play by the performer, the actor's excess of power would still carry its own authority and win the sympathy of the author's histrionic instinct, unless he were a Realist of fanatical integrity. And that would not save him either; for his attempts to make powerful actors do less than their utmost would be as impossible as his attempts to make feeble ones do more.

In short, the fact that a skilfully written play is infinitely more adaptable to all sorts of acting than ordinary acting is to all sorts of plays (the actual conditions thus exactly reversing the desirable ones) finally drives the author to the conclusion that his own view of his work can only be conveyed by himself. And since he cannot act the play single-handed even when he is a trained actor, he must fall back on his powers of literary expression, as other poets and fictionists do. So far, this has hardly been seriously attempted by drama-

tists. Of Shakespear's plays we have not even complete prompt copies: the folio gives us hardly anything but the bare lines. What would we not give for the copy of Hamlet used by Shakespear at rehearsal, with the original "business" scrawled by the prompter's pencil? And if we had in addition the descriptive directions which the author gave on the stage—above all, the character sketches, however brief, by which he tried to convey to the actor the sort of person he meant him to incarnate, what a light they would shed, not only on the play, but on the history of the sixteenth century! Well, we should have had all this and much more if Shakespear, instead of having merely to bring his plays to the point necessary to provide his company with memoranda for an effective performance, had also had to prepare them for publication in competition with fiction as elaborate as that of Balzac, for instance. It is for want of this process of elaboration that Shakespear, unsurpassed as poet, storyteller, character draughtsman, humorist, and rhetorician, has left us no intellectually coherent drama, and could not afford to pursue a genuinely scientific method in his studies of character and society, though in such unpopular plays as All's Well, Measure for Measure, and Troilus and Cressida, we find him ready and willing to start at the nineteenth century if the seventeenth would only let him.

Such literary treatment is ten times more necessary to a modern author than it is to Shakespear, because in his time the acting of plays was very imperfectly differentiated from the declamation of verses; and descriptive or narrative recitation did what is now done by scenery and "business." Anyone reading the mere dialogue of an Elizabethan play understands all but half a dozen unimportant lines of it without difficulty, whilst many modern plays, highly successful on the stage, are not merely unreadable but positively unintelligible with-

out the stage business. The extreme instance is a pure pantomime, like "L'Enfant Prodigue," in which the dialogue, though it exists, is not spoken. If a dramatic author were to publish a pantomime, it is clear that he could only make it intelligible to a reader by giving him the words which the pantomimist is supposed to be uttering. Now it is not a whit less impossible to make a modern practical stage play intelligible to a reader by dialogue alone, than to make a pantomime intelligible without it.

Obvious as this is, the presentation of plays through the literary medium has not yet become an art; and the result is that it is very difficult to induce the English public to buy and read plays. Indeed, why should they, when they find nothing in them except a bald dialogue, with a few carpenter's and costumier's directions as to the heroine's father having a grey beard, and the drawing-room having three doors on the right, two doors and an entrance through the conservatory on the left, and a French window in the middle? It is astonishing to me that Ibsen, who devotes two years to the production of a three act play, the extraordinary quality of which depends on a mastery of character and situation which can only be achieved by working out a good deal of the family and personal history of the individuals represented, should nevertheless give the reading public very little more than the technical memorandum required by the carpenter, the gasman, and the prompter. Who will deny that the result is a needless obscurity as to points which are easily explicable? Ibsen, interrogated as to his meaning, replies, "What I have said, I have said." Precisely; but the point is that what he hasn't said, he hasn't said. There are perhaps people (though I doubt it, not being one of them myself) to whom Ibsen's plays, as they stand, speak sufficiently for themselves. There are certainly others who could not understand them at any terms. Granting that on both these

classes further explanations would be thrown away, is nothing to be done for the vast majority to whom a word of explanation makes all the difference?

Finally, may I put in a plea for the actors themselves? Born actors have a susceptibility to dramatic emotion which enables them to seize the moods of their parts intuitively. But to expect them to be intuitive as to intellectual meaning and circumstantial conditions as well, is to demand powers of divination from them: one might as well expect the Astronomer Royal to tell the time in a catacomb. And yet the actor generally finds his part full of emotional directions which he could supply as well or better than the author, whilst he is left quite in the dark as to the political, religious, or social beliefs and circumstances under which the character is supposed to be acting. Definite conceptions of these are always implicit in the best plays, and are often the key to their appropriate rendering; but most actors are so accustomed to do without them that they would object to being troubled with them, although it is only by such educative trouble that an actor's profession can place him on the level of the lawyer, the physician, the churchman, and the statesman. Even as it is, Shylock as a Jew and usurer, Othello as a Moor and a soldier, Cæsar, Cleopatra and Anthony, as figures in defined political circumstances, are enormously easier for the actor than the countless heroes as to whom nothing is ever known except that they wear nice clothes, love the heroine, baffle the villain, and live happily ever after.

The case, then, is overwhelming for printing and publishing not only the dialogue of plays, but for a serious effort to convey their full content to the reader. This means the institution of a new art; and I daresay that before these volumes are ten years old, the attempt that it makes in this direction will be left far behind, and that the customary, brief, and unreadable scene specification at the head of an act will by then have expanded into

a chapter, or even a series of chapters, each longer than the act itself, and no less interesting and indispensable. No doubt one result of this will be the production of works of a mixture of kinds, part narrative, part homily, part description, part dialogue, and (possibly) part drama—works that can be read, but not acted. I have no objection to such works; but my own aim has been that of the practical dramatist; if anything my eye has been too much on the stage, though I have tried to put down nothing that is irrelevant to the actor's performance or the audience's comprehension of the play. I have of course been compelled to omit some things that a stage representation could convey, simply because the art of letters, though highly developed grammatically, is still in its infancy as a technical speech notation: for example, there are fifty ways of saying Yes, and five hundred of saying No, but only one way of writing them down. Even the use of spaced letters instead of italics for underlining, though familiar to foreign readers, will have to be learned by the English public before it becomes effective. But if my readers do their fair share of the work, I daresay they will understand nearly as much of the plays as I do myself.

Finally, a word as to why I have labeled the three plays in this first volume Unpleasant. The reason is pretty obvious; their dramatic power is used to force the spectator to face unpleasant facts. No doubt all plays which deal sincerely with humanity must wound the monstrous conceit which it is the business of romance to flatter. But here we are confronted, not only with the comedy and tragedy of individual character and destiny, but with those social horrors which arise from the fact that the average homebred Englishman, no matter however honorable and goodnatured he may be in his private capacity, is, as a citizen, a wretched creature who, whilst clamoring for a gratuitous millennium, will shut his eyes to the most villainous abuses if the remedy

threatens to add another penny in the pound to the rates and taxes which he has to be half cheated, half coerced into paying. In "Widowers' Houses" I have shewn middle class respectability and younger son gentility fattening on the poverty of the slum as flies fatten on filth. That is not a pleasant theme. In "The Philanderer" I have shewn the grotesque relations between men and women which have arisen under marriage laws which represent to some of us a political necessity (especially for other people), to some a divine ordinance, to some a romantic ideal, to some a domestic profession for women, and to some that worst of blundering abominations, an institution which society has outgrown but not modified, and which "advanced" individuals are therefore forced to evade. The scene with which "The Philanderer" opens, the atmosphere in which it proceeds, and the marriage with which it ends, are, for the intellectually and artistically conscious classes in modern society, typical; and it will hardly be denied, I think, that they are unpleasant. In "Mrs. Warren's Profession" I have gone straight at the fact that, as Mrs. Warren puts it, "the only way for a woman to provide for herself decently is for her to be good to some man that can afford to be good to her." There are some questions on which I am, like most Socialists, an extreme Individualist. I believe that any society which desires to found itself on a high standard of integrity of character in its units should organize itself in such a fashion as to make it possible too for all men and all women to maintain themselves in reasonable comfort by their industry without selling their affections and their convictions. At present we not only condemn women as a sex to attach themselves to "breadwinners," licitly or illicitly, on pain of heavy privation and disadvantage; but we have great prostitute classes of men: for instance, dramatists and journalists, to whom I myself belong, not to mention the legions of lawyers, doctors, clergy-

men, and platform politicians who are daily using their highest faculties to belie their real sentiments: a sin compared to which that of a woman who sells the use of her person for a few hours is too venial to be worth mentioning; for rich men without conviction are more dangerous in modern society than poor women without chastity. Hardly a pleasant subject this!

I must, however, warn my readers that my attacks are directed against themselves, not against my stage figures. They can not too thoroughly understand that the guilt of defective social organization does not lie alone on the people who actually work the commercial makeshifts which the defects make inevitable, and who often, like Sartorius and Mrs. Warren, display valuable executive capacities and even high moral virtues in their administration, but with the whole body of citizens whose public opinion, public action, and public contribution as ratepayers alone can replace Sartorius's slums with decent dwellings, Charteris's intrigues with reasonable marriage contracts, and Mrs. Warren's profession with honorable industries guarded by a humane industrial code and a "moral minimum" wage.

How I came, later on, to write plays which, dealing less with the crimes of society, and more with its romantic follies, and with the struggles of individuals against those follies, may be called, by contrast, Pleasant, is a story which I shall tell on resuming this discourse for the edification of the readers of the second volume.

(To be continued in our next.)

INTRODUCTION

In a wood near Lucca, three centuries ago, there lived a holy man, whose life diffused an odor of sanctity. He had withdrawn from the world because he feared that its contamination would prejudice his chances of salvation. To him came many penitents, to be shriven, and, after the manner of penitents, they told him stories of other people's transgressions, and these stories were adorned with even a greater wealth of circumstantial detail than the recitals of their own offences.

The holy man was filled with righteous indignation and resolved to go forth and denounce a sinful generation. He went to Lucca, and in his unworldliness did not content himself with denunciation of abstract wickedness. He called Giacomo and Giovanni by name, and told on the highways and byways the grisly rosary of their sins.

The sense of humor of these Middle Age Tuscans was rudimentary. They believed in their sins and doubtless enjoyed them. They sinned out of a superabundant vitality, not, as in later days, to mitigate the *ennui* of a crushing satiety. They paid to the efficacy of the holy man's exhortations the tribute of stoning him to death, thereby crowning his career with the halo of unmistakable martyrdom. Had he lived in a later day he might have chosen the drama as the vehicle of his denunciation and have been overwhelmed with royalties instead of stones.

Bernard Shaw has done his best to provoke the martyr's euthanasia, so far with no result but to attract a large measure of attention and little comprehension. Socialist, humanitarian, and radical, he has run the gamut of what

the age dubs fads, because the arguments advanced for each are unanswerable, and the race is nothing if not illogical.

The world insists upon regarding as a humorist the man who says irrefutable things that hurt. The king's jester was the only man in the kingdom who dared talk treason, and he was regarded as a fool because it would have been dangerous to admit his sanity. In our day, when the many-headed Demos is king, the man *must* be insane who persistently flouts him. It has become impolite to knock down him who reproaches us with our sins. We grin a ghastly smile when charged with being thieves and liars, and say, "In sooth, the man is a humorist! otherwise politeness would prevent his making such preposterous statements," but all the while we are ill at ease. Of the laughing philosopher it is written, "He was the most learned thinker of his age." Doubtless this qualification gained for Democritus the epithet by which he is best known to us. For, to understand everything, is to laugh at everything, if we would not weep.

And so, in the parlance of the day, the man Shaw is a humorist. Scarcely do we say satirist, because that would be to admit some justification for his ironies. He turns everything topsy-turvy, say the friends of the *status quo*—his world is like the house of upside-down, where visitors walk on the ceilings, and chairs and tables hang from the floor above their heads, and the distorting mirrors invert the spectators. But is it really so? Is not rather the animus of the accusation that the personages are so real that we dare not admit their identity? Divested of the conventional attributes with which men garb themselves, how many would recognize their own personalities if some magician were to conjure up a soul-reflector? When Nathan stood before David, the king was genuinely surprised to learn that the baseness which he had condemned was his own. Judged by the conduct and standards of the age, the most exquisitely humorous discourse ever delivered is the Sermon on the Mount.

Bernard Shaw is of Irish birth, and his work shows that extraordinary power of analysis and criticism which seems to attain its highest expression in the Celtic temperament. Nature demands compensations, and the races that cradle the most ardent believers bring forth the most profound sceptics. For scepticism which is sincere is the road to faith. Only lovers of truth will take the trouble to test the reality of what usually passes by that name. Nowhere in Shaw's plays do we find him tilting with worthy institutions. Around the stem of many of the noblest aspirations of the race the gravest errors have rooted and grown, and good and bad have been so intertwined that people say: "Yes, we know that this system is wrong, but we cannot change it, because to do so would be to destroy the good in which it has become embedded."

The preface to the "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" is one of the most brilliant contributions to modern analytic literature. No one can read it without a sense of having been in touch with a personality of vivid interest and of immense force. In it frankness is carried to the n^{th} power, and the characterization of our social ills is developed with an intensity of feeling of which we have few examples.

In "Widowers' Houses," a play as yet unacted on the American boards, the subject of the exploitation of the poor of the great cities is thrown upon the screen with a clearness of projection which leaves no room for misunderstanding. The young physician who hesitates to accept the dowry of his *fiancée* because of the odious methods of its accumulation, falters, weakens, and finally succumbs as soon as he finds his own income has an equally meretricious basis.

Sartorius, the ghoul who fattens upon the living graves of the destitute, is limned masterfully; in comparison, the rascally agent who does his dirty work, takes on some aspects of decency. And *Blanche*, the flower growing on this dunghill of corruption, is the natural product of her environment. Public opinion has only lately come to realize

the problem involved in "tainted money," but this play, written sixteen years ago, brings home this moot question into the very heart of the family relations. A less conscientious or more squeamish author might have shown the young people rising superior to the temptation of an easy living at the cost of principle. But would it have been consistent? Do we gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? *Harry* and *Blanche* are the natural products of their environment, and consummate their sordid, fleshly union without a vestige of illusion as to baseness of their motives.

In "The Philanderer," which is true comedy even to the nuptial *dénouement*, the social relations of men and women are subjected to a process that can only be described as vivisection. Under the guise of an Ibsen club the characters are thrown together in such associations as remove the last rags of conventional concealment from their mutual attitudes. It particularly satirizes the unwillingness to abide by the rigors of the game, felt by those who advocate advanced ideas as long as they consist with their desires, but who would revive the old conventions when the issue goes against them.

The concluding play of the first volume "Mrs. Warren's Profession," has had the distinction of being the most discussed theatrical work of many years. It was unreservedly condemned by a number of prominent citizens of both sexes who had not read it, and by civic authorities who could not understand it even if they had.

It may be said that it contains one of the most moral lessons ever prepared for the theatre. No man or woman can read it without feeling that it has accomplished its manifest purpose of driving home the real responsibility for the existence of Mrs. Warren's profession. Polyandry, always much more unnatural than polygamy, in its strict sense never exists to any great extent save where economic conditions compel it. Those who palter with the evil, and profess a desire more or less sincere for its extinction, must

seek the explanation of its existence elsewhere than in passion or vice. It is the most conventional profession in the world, and Mrs. Warren is the one really conventional person in the play. Her standards of conduct, her belief in her maternal prerogatives, her insistence upon continuing the work which she is used to, all are thoroughly in accord with the shibboleths of the day.

In the three "Unpleasant Plays," dealing with economic, social, and moral relations, Shaw has delivered the most direct blow yet levelled by the stage against the cowardice of social compromise. Up to this time he has done little to suggest the order which shall succeed. Let those who regard his work as negligible because they consider it humorous remember that laughter may be the presage of the social earthquake. A change is coming, whether soon or late—a revolution, whether orderly or destructive—and Bernard Shaw is its Voltaire.

M.

WIDOWERS' HOUSES

WIDOWERS' HOUSES

ACT I

In the garden restaurant of a hotel at Remagen on the Rhine, on a fine afternoon in August. Tables and chairs under the trees. The gate leading from the garden to the riverside is on the left. The hotel is on the right. It has a wooden annexe with an entrance marked Table d'Hôte. A waiter is in attendance.

A couple of English tourists come out of the hotel. The younger, Dr. Harry Trench, is about 24, stoutly built, thick in the neck, with close-cropped and black hair, with undignified medical student manners, frank, hasty, rather boyish. The other, Mr. William de Burgh Cokane, is older—probably over 40, possibly 50—an ill-nourished, scanty-haired gentleman, with affected manners, fidgety, touchy, and constitutionally ridiculous in uncompassionate eyes.

COKANE (*on the threshold of the hotel, calling peremptorily to the waiter*). Two beers for us out here. (*The waiter goes for the beer. Cokane comes down into the garden.*) We have got the room with the best view in the hotel, Harry, thanks to my tact. We'll leave in the morning and do Mainz and Frankfurt. There is a very graceful female statue in the private house of a nobleman in Frankfurt—also a zoo. Next day, Nuremberg! finest collection of instruments of torture in the world.

TRENCH. All right. You look out the trains, will

you? (*He takes out a Continental Bradshaw, and tosses it on one of the tables.*)

Cokane (*baulking himself in the act of sitting down*). Pah! the seat is all dusty. These foreigners are deplorably unclean in their habits.

Trench (*buoyantly*). Never mind: it don't matter, old chappie. Buck up, Billy, buck up. Enjoy yourself. (*He throws Cokane into the chair, and sits down opposite him, taking out his pipe, and singing noisily*)

> Pass about the Rhine wine; let it flow
> Like a free and flowing river——

Cokane (*scandalized*). In the name of common decency, Harry, will you remember that you are a gentleman and not a coster on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday? Would you dream of behaving like this in London?

Trench. Oh, rot! I've come abroad to enjoy myself: so would you if you'd just passed an examination after four years in the medical school and walking the hospital. (*Sings.*)

Cokane (*rising*). Trench: either you travel as a gentleman, or you travel alone. This is what makes Englishmen unpopular on the Continent. It may not matter before the natives; but the people who came on board the steamer at Coblentz are English. I have been uneasy all the afternoon about what they must think of us. Look at our appearance.

Trench. What is the matter with our appearance?

Cokane. Negligé, my dear fellow, negligé. On the steamboat a little negligé was quite en règle; but here, in this hotel, some of them are sure to dress for dinner; and you have nothing but that Norfolk jacket. How are they to know that you are well connected if you do not show it by your manners?

Trench. Pooh! the steamboat people were the scum

of the earth—Americans and all sorts. They may go hang themselves, Billy. I shall not bother about them. (*He strikes a match, and proceeds to light his pipe.*)

Cokane. Do drop calling me Billy in public, Trench. My name is Cokane. I am sure they were persons of consequence: you were struck with the distinguished appearance of the father yourself.

Trench (*sobered at once*). What! those people. (*He blows out the match and puts up his pipe.*)

Cokane (*following up his advantage triumphantly*). Here, Harry, here—at this hotel. I recognized the father's umbrella in the stand in the hall.

Trench (*with a touch of genuine shame*). I suppose I ought to have brought a change. But a lot of luggage is such a nuisance; and—(*rising abruptly*)—at all events we can go and have a wash. (*He turns to go into the hotel, but stops in consternation, seeing some people coming up to the riverside gate.*) Oh, I say. Here they are.

(*A lady and gentleman, followed by a porter with some light parcels, not luggage, but shop purchases, come into the garden. They are apparently father and daughter. The gentleman is 50, tall, well preserved and of upright carriage, with an incisive, domineering utterance and imposing style, which, with his strong aquiline nose and resolute clean-shaven mouth, give him an air of importance. He wears a light grey frock-coat with silk linings, a white hat, and a field-glass slung in a new leather case. A self-made man, formidable to servants, not easily accessible to any one. His daughter is a well-dressed, well-fed, good-looking, strong-minded young woman, presentably ladylike, but still her father's daughter. Nevertheless fresh and attractive, and none the worse for being vital and energetic rather than delicate and refined.*)

Cokane (*quickly taking the arm of Trench, who is staring as if transfixed*). Recollect yourself, Harry;

presence of mind, presence of mind! (*He strolls with him towards the hotel. The waiter comes out with the beer.*) Kellner: ceci-là est notre table. Est-ce-que vous comprenez Français?

Waiter. Yes, zare. All right, zare.

The Gentleman (*to his porter*). Place those things on that table. (*The porter does not understand.*)

Waiter (*interposing*). Zese zhentellmen are using zis table, zare. Would you mind——

The Gentleman (*severely*). You should have told me so before. (*To Cokane, with fierce condescension.*) I regret the mistake sir.

Cokane. Don't mention it, my dear sir; don't mention it. Retain the place, I beg.

The Gentleman (*coldly turning his back on him*). Thank you. (*To the porter.*) Place them on that table. (*The porter makes no movement until the gentleman points to the parcels and peremptorily raps the table.*)

Porter. Ja wohl, gnädige Herr. (*He puts down the parcels.*)

The Gentleman (*taking out a handful of money*). Waiter.

Waiter (*awestruck*). Yes, zare.

The Gentleman. Tea. For two. Out here.

Waiter. Yes, zare. (*He goes into the hotel.*)

(*The gentleman selects a small coin from his handful of money, and hands it to the porter, who receives it with a submissive touch to his cap, and goes out, not daring to speak. His daughter sits down and opens a parcel of photographs. The gentleman takes out a Baedeker; places a chair for himself; and then, instead of sitting down, looks truculently at Cokane, as if waiting for him to take himself off. Cokane, not at all abashed, resumes his place at the other table with an air of modest good breeding, and calls to Trench, who is prowling irresolutely in the background.*)

Cokane. Trench, my dear fellow, your beer is waiting for you. (*He drinks.*)

Trench (*glad of the excuse to come back to his chair*). Thank you, Cokane. (*He also drinks.*)

Cokane. By the way, Harry, I have often meant to ask you—is Lady Roxdale your mother's sister or your father's? (*This shot tells immediately. The gentleman is perceptibly interested.*)

Trench. My mother's, of course. What put that into your head?

Cokane. Nothing—I was just thinking—hm! She will expect you to marry, Harry: a doctor ought to marry.

Trench. What has she got to do with it?

Cokane. A great deal, dear boy. She looks forward to floating your wife in society in London.

Trench. What rot!

Cokane. Ah, you are young, dear boy: you are young. You don't know the importance of these things —apparently idle ceremonial trifles, really the springs and wheels of a great aristocratic system. (*The waiter comes back with the tea things, which he brings to the gentleman's table. Cokane rises and addresses the gentleman.*) My dear sir, excuse my addressing you; but I cannot help feeling that you prefer this table and that we are in your way.

The Gentleman (*graciously*). Thank you. Blanche, this gentleman very kindly offers us his table, if you would prefer it.

Blanche. Oh, thanks: it makes no difference.

The Gentleman (*to Cokane*). We are fellow travellers, I believe, sir.

Cokane. Fellow travellers and fellow countrymen. Ah, we rarely feel the charm of our own tongue until it reaches our ears under a foreign sky. You have no doubt noticed that?

The Gentleman (*a little puzzled*). Hm! From a romantic point of view, possibly, very possibly. As a

matter of fact, the sound of English makes me feel at home; and I dislike feeling at home when I am abroad. It is not precisely what one goes to the expense for. (*He looks at Trench.*) I think this gentleman travelled with us also.

Cokane (*rising to act as master of the ceremonies. The gentleman and Trench rise also*). My valued friend, Dr. Trench. Trench, my dear fellow, allow me to introduce you to—er—? (*He looks enquiringly at the gentleman, waiting for the name.*)

The Gentleman. Permit me to shake your hand, Dr. Trench. My name is Sartorius; and I have the honour of being known to Lady Roxdale, who is, I believe, a near relative of yours. Blanche. (*She looks up.*) My friend Dr. Trench. (*They bow.*)

Trench. Perhaps I should introduce my friend Cokane to you, Mr. Sartorius—Mr. William de Burgh Cokane. (*Cokane makes an elaborate bow. Sartorius accepts it with dignity. The waiter meanwhile re-enters with teapot, hot water, etc.*)

Sartorius (*to the waiter*). Two more cups.

Waiter. Yes, zare. (*He goes back into the hotel.*)

Blanche. Do you take sugar, Mr. Cokane?

Cokane. Thank you. (*To Sartorius.*) This is really too kind. Harry: bring your chair around.

Sartorius. You are very welcome. (*Trench brings his chair to the tea table; and they all sit round it. The waiter returns with two more cups.*)

Waiter. Table d'hôte at 'alf past zix, zhentellmenn. Anyzing else now, zare?

Sartorius. No. You can go. (*The waiter goes.*)

Cokane (*very agreeably*). Do you contemplate a long stay here, Miss Sartorius?

Blanche. We were thinking of going on to Rolandseck. Is it as nice as this place?

Cokane. Harry: the Baedeker. Thank you. (*He consults the index, and looks out Rolandseck.*)

Blanche. Sugar, Dr. Trench?

Trench. Thanks. (*She hands him the cup, and looks meaningly at him for an instant. He looks down hastily, and glances apprehensively at Sartorius, who is preoccupied with a piece of bread and butter.*)

Cokane. Rolandseck appears to be an extremely interesting place. (*He reads.*) "It is one of the most beautiful and frequented spots on the river, and is surrounded with numerous villas and pleasant gardens, chiefly belonging to wealthy merchants from the Lower Rhine, and extending along the wooded slopes at the back of the village."

Blanche. That sounds civilized and comfortable. I vote we go there.

Sartorius. Quite like our place at Surbiton, my dear.

Blanche. Quite.

Cokane. You have a place down the river? Ah, I envy you.

Sartorius. No: I have merely taken a furnished villa at Surbiton for the summer. I live in Bedford Square. I am a vestryman and must reside in the parish.

Blanche. Another cup, Mr. Cokane?

Cokane. Thank you, no. (*To Sartorius.*) I presume you have been round this little place. Not much to see here, except the Appollinaris Church.

Sartorius (*scandalized*). The what!

Cokane. The Appollinaris Church.

Sartorius. A strange name to give a church. Very continental, I must say.

Cokane. Ah, yes, yes, yes. That is where our neighbours fall short sometimes, Mr. Sartorius: taste—taste is what they occasionally fail in. But in this instance they are not to blame. The water is called after the church, not the church after the water.

Sartorius (*as if this were an extenuating circumstance, but not a complete excuse*). I am glad to hear it. Is the church a celebrated one?

Cokane. Baedeker stars it.

Sartorius (*respectfully*). Oh, in that case I should like to see it.

Cokane (*reading*). "——erected in 1839 by Zwirner, the late eminent architect of the cathedral of Cologne, at the expense of Count Furstenburg-Stammheim."

Sartorius (*much impressed*). We must certainly see that, Mr. Cokane. I had no idea that the architect of Cologne cathedral lived so recently.

Blanche. Don't let us bother about any more churches, papa. They're all the same; and I'm tired to death of them.

Sartorius. Well, my dear, if you think it sensible to take a long and expensive journey to see what there is to be seen, and then go away without seeing it——

Blanche. Not this afternoon, papa, please.

Sartorius. My dear: I should like you to see everything. It is part of your education——

Blanche (*rising, with a petulant sigh*). Oh, my education. Very well, very well: I suppose I must go through with it. Are you coming, Dr. Trench? (*With a grimace.*) I'm sure the Johannis Church will be a treat for you.

Cokane (*laughing softly and archly*). Ah, excellent, excellent: very good, indeed. (*Seriously.*) But do you know, Miss Sartorius, there actually are Johannis churches here—several of them—as well as Appollinaris ones?

Sartorius (*sententiously taking out his field glass and leading the way to the gate*). There is many a true word spoken in jest, Mr. Cokane.

Cokane (*accompanying him*). How true! How true! (*They go out together, ruminating profoundly. Blanche makes no movement to follow them. She watches them till they are safely out of sight, and then posts herself before Trench, looking at him with an enigmatic smile, which he returns with a half sheepish, half conceited grin.*)

Blanche. Well! So you have done it at last.

Trench. Yes. At least Cokane's done it. I told you he'd manage it. He's rather an ass in some ways; but he has tremendous tact.

Blanche (*contemptuously*). Tact! That's not tact: that's inquisitiveness. Inquisitive people always have a lot of practice in getting into conversation with strangers. Why didn't you speak to my father yourself on the boat? You were ready enough to speak to me without any introduction.

Trench. I didn't particularly want to talk to him.

Blanche. It didn't occur to you, I suppose, that you put me in a false position by that.

Trench. Oh, I don't see that, exactly. Besides your father isn't an easy man to tackle. Of course, now that I know him, I see that he's pleasant enough; but then you've got to know him first, haven't you?

Blanche (*impatiently*). Everybody is afraid of papa—I'm sure I don't know why. (*She sits down again, pouting a little.*)

Trench (*tenderly*). However, it's all right now, isn't it? (*He sits near her.*)

Blanche (*sharply*). I don't know. How should I? You had no right to speak to me that day on board the steamer. You thought I was alone, because (*with false pathos*) I had no mother with me.

Trench (*protesting*). Oh, I say! Come! It was you who spoke to me. Of course I was only too glad of the chance; but on my word I shouldn't have moved an eyelid if you hadn't given me a lead.

Blanche. I only asked you the name of a castle. There was nothing unladylike in that.

Trench. Of course not. Why shouldn't you? (*With renewed tenderness.*) But it's all right now, isn't it?

Blanche (*softly—looking subtly at him*). Is it?

Trench (*suddenly becoming shy*). I—I suppose so.

By the way, what about the Appollinaris Church? Your father expects us to follow him, doesn't he? (*He rises.*)

Blanche (*with suppressed resentment*). Don't let me detain you if you wish to see it.

Trench. Won't you come?

Blanche. No. (*She turns her face away moodily.*)

Trench (*alarmed*). I say: you're not offended, are you? (*She looks round at him for a moment with a reproachful film on her eyes.*) Blanche. (*She bristles instantly; overdoes it; and frightens him.*) I beg your pardon for calling you by your name; but I—er—— (*She corrects her mistake by softening her expression eloquently. He responds with a gush.*) You don't mind, do you? I felt sure you wouldn't somehow. Well, look here. I have no idea how you will receive this: it must seem horribly abrupt; but the circumstances do not admit of—the fact is, my utter want of tact—(*he flounders more and more, unable to see that she can hardly contain her eagerness.*) Now, if it were Cokane——

Blanche (*impatiently*). Cokane!

Trench (*terrified*). No, not Cokane. Though I assure you I was only going to say about him that——

Blanche. That he will be back presently with papa.

Trench (*stupidly*). Yes, they can't be very long now. I hope I am not detaining you.

Blanche. I thought you were detaining me because you had something to say.

Trench (*totally unnerved*). Not at all. At least nothing very particular. That is, I am afraid you would not think it very particular. Another time, perhaps——

Blanche. What other time? How do you know that we shall ever meet again? (*Desperately.*) Tell me now. I want you to tell me now.

Trench. Well, I was thinking that if we could make up our minds to—or not to—at least—er—— (*He breaks down.*)

Blanche (*giving him up as hopeless*). I do not think

there is much danger of your making up your mind, Dr. Trench.

Trench (*stammering*). I only thought—— (*He stops and looks at her piteously. She hesitates a moment, and then puts her hands into his with calculated impulsiveness. He catches her in his arms with a cry of relief.*) Dear Blanche! I thought I should never have said it. I believe I should have stood stuttering here all day if you hadn't helped me out with it.

Blanche (*trying to get away from him*). I didn't help you out with it.

Trench (*holding her*). I don't mean that you did it on purpose, of course. Only instinctively.

Blanche (*still a little anxious*). But you haven't said anything.

Trench. What more can I say—than this? (*He kisses her again.*)

Blanche (*overcome by the kiss, but holding on to her point*). But Harry——

Trench (*delighted at the name*). Yes.

Blanche. When shall we be married?

Trench. At the first church we meet—the Appollinaris Church, if you like.

Blanche. No, but seriously. This is serious, Harry: you mustn't joke about it.

Trench (*looking suddenly round to the riverside gate and quickly releasing her*). So! Here they are back again. (*She mutters something not unlike a suppressed oath. The waiter appears on the steps of the hotel, with a bell on which he gives a long ring. Cokane and Sartorius are seen returning by the river gate.*)

Waiter. Table d'hôte in dwendy minutes, ladies and zhentellmenn. (*He goes into the hotel.*)

Sartorius (*gravely*). I intended you to accompany us, Blanche.

Blanche. Yes, papa. We were just about to start.

Sartorius. We are rather dusty: we must make our-

selves presentable at the table d'hôte. I think you had better come in with me, my child. Come. (*He offers Blanche his arm. The gravity of his manner overawes them all. Blanche silently takes his arm and goes into the hotel with him. Cokane, hardly less momentous than Sartorius himself, contemplates Trench with the severity of a judge.*)

Cokane (*with reprobation*). No, my dear boy. No, no. Never. I blush for you—was never so ashamed in my life. You have been taking advantage of that unprotected girl.

Trench (*hotly*). Cokane!

Cokane (*inexorable*). Her father seems to be a perfect gentleman. I obtained the privilege of his acquaintance; I introduced you: I allowed him to believe that he might leave his daughter in your charge with absolute confidence. And what did I see on our return?—what did her father see? Oh, Trench, Trench! No, my dear fellow, no, no. Bad taste, Harry, bad form!

Trench. Stuff! There was nothing to see.

Cokane. Nothing to see! She, a perfect lady, a person of the highest breeding, actually in your arms; and you say there was nothing to see!—with a waiter there actually ringing a heavy bell to call attention to his presence. (*Lecturing him with redoubled severity.*) Have you no principles, Trench? Have you no religious convictions? Have you no acquaintance with the usages of society? You actually kissed——

Trench. You didn't see me kiss her.

Cokane. We not only saw but heard it: the report positively reverberated down the Rhine. Don't condescend to subterfuge, Trench.

Trench. Nonsense, my dear Billy. You——

Cokane. There you go again. Don't use that low abbreviation. How am I to preserve the respect of fellow travellers of position and wealth, if I am to be Billied at every turn? My name is William—William de Burgh Cokane.

Trench. Oh, bother! There, don't be offended, old chap. What's the use of putting your back up at every trifle? It comes natural to me to call you Bill: it suits you, somehow.

Cokane (*mortified*). You have no delicacy of feeling, Trench—no taste. I never mention it to any one; but nothing, I am afraid, will ever make a true gentleman of you. (*Sartorius appears on the threshold of the hotel.*) Here is my friend, Sartorius, coming, no doubt, to ask you for an explanation of your conduct. I really should not have been surprised to see him bring a horse-whip with him. I shall not intrude on the painful scene. (*Going.*)

Trench. Don't go, confound it. I don't want to meet him alone just now.

Cokane (*shaking his head*). Delicacy, Harry, delicacy. Good taste! Savoir faire! (*He walks away and disappears in the garden to the right. Trench tries to escape in the opposite direction by strolling off towards the garden entrance.*)

Sartorius (*mesmerically*). Dr. Trench.

Trench (*stopping and turning*). Oh, is that you, Mr. Sartorius? How did you find the church?

(*Sartorius, without a word, points to a seat. Trench, half hypnotized by his own nervousness and the impressiveness of Sartorius, sits down helplessly.*)

Sartorius (*also seating himself*). You have been speaking to my daughter, Dr. Trench?

Trench (*with an attempt at ease of manner*). Yes: we had a conversation—quite a chat, in fact—whilst you were at the church with Cokane. How did you get on with Cokane, Mr. Sartorius? I always think he has such wonderful tact.

Sartorius (*ignoring the digression*). I have just had a word with my daughter, Dr. Trench; and I find her under the impression that something has passed between you which it is my duty as a father—the father of a

motherless girl—to inquire into at once. My daughter, perhaps foolishly, has taken you quite seriously; and——

Trench. But——

Sartorius. One moment, if you will be so good. I have been a young man myself—younger, perhaps, than you would suppose from my present appearance. I mean, of course, in character. If you were not serious——

Trench (*ingeniously*). But I was perfectly serious. I want to marry your daughter, Mr. Sartorius. I hope you don't object.

Sartorius (*condescending to Trench's humility from the mere instinct to seize an advantage, and yet deferring to Lady Roxdale's relative*). So far, no. I may say that your proposal seems to be an honourable and straightforward one, and that is very gratifying to me personally.

Trench (*agreeably surprised*). Then I suppose we may consider the affair as settled. It's really very good of you.

Sartorius. Gently, Dr. Trench, gently. Such a transaction as this cannot be settled off-hand.

Trench. Not off-hand, no. There are settlements and things, of course. But it may be regarded as settled between ourselves, mayn't it?

Sartorius. Hm! Have you nothing further to mention?

Trench. Only that—that—no: I don't know that I have, except that I love——

Sartorius (*interrupting*). Anything about your family, for example? You do not anticipate any objection on their part, do you?

Trench. Oh, they have nothing to do with it.

Sartorius (*warmly*). Excuse me, sir: they have a great deal to do with it. (*Trench is abashed.*) I am resolved that my daughter shall approach no circle in

which she will not be received with the full consideration to which her education and her breeding (*here his self-control slips a little; and he repeats, as if Trench had contradicted him*)—I say, her breeding—entitle her.

Trench (*bewildered*). Of course not. But what makes you think my family won't like Blanche? Of course my father was a younger son; and I've had to take a profession and all that; so my people won't expect us to entertain them: they'll know we can't afford it. But they'll entertain us: they always ask me.

Sartorius. That won't do for me, sir. Families often think it due to themselves to turn their backs on newcomers whom they may not think quite good enough for them.

Trench. But I assure you my people aren't a bit snobbish. Blanche is a lady: that'll be good enough for them.

Sartorius (*moved*). I am glad you think so. (*Offers his hand. Trench, astonished, takes it.*) I think so myself. (*Sartorius presses Trench's hand gratefully and releases it.*) And now, Dr. Trench, since you have acted handsomely, you shall have no cause to complain of me. There shall be no difficulty about money: you shall entertain as much as you please: I will guarantee all that. But I must have a guarantee on my side that she will be received on equal terms by your family.

Trench. Guarantee!

Sartorius. Yes, a reasonable guarantee. I shall expect you to write to your relatives explaining your intention, and adding what you think proper as to my daughter's fitness for the best society. When you can show me a few letters from the principal members of your family, congratulating you in a fairly cordial way, I shall be satisfied. Can I say more?

Trench (*much puzzled, but grateful*). No indeed.

You are really very good. Many thanks. Since you wish it, I'll write to my people. But I assure you you'll find them as jolly as possible over it. I'll make them write by return.

Sartorius. Thank you. In the meantime, I must ask you not to regard the matter as settled.

Trench. Oh! Not to regard the—I see. You mean between Blanche and——

Sartorius. I mean between you and Miss Sartorius. When I interrupted your conversation here some time ago, you and she were evidently regarding it as settled. In case difficulties arise, and the match—you see I call it a match—be broken off, I should not wish Blanche to think that she had allowed a gentleman to—to—(*Trench nods sympathetically*)—Quite so. May I depend on you to keep a fair distance, and so spare me the necessity of having to restrain an intercourse which promises to be very pleasant to us all?

Trench. Certainly; since you prefer it. (*They shake hands on it.*)

Sartorius (*rising*). You will write to-day, I think you said?

Trench (*eagerly*). I'll write now, before I leave here—straight off.

Sartorius. I will leave you to yourself then. (*He hesitates, the conversation having made him self-conscious and embarrassed; then recovers himself with an effort and adds with dignity, as he turns to go*) I am pleased to have come to an understanding with you. (*He goes into the hotel; and Cokane, who has been hanging about inquisitively, emerges from the shrubbery.*)

Trench (*excitedly*). Billy, old chap, you're just in time to do me a favour. I want you to draft a letter for me to copy out.

Cokane. I came with you on this tour as a friend, Trench: not as a secretary.

Trench. Well, you'll write as a friend. It's to my

Aunt Maria, about Blanche and me. To tell her, you know.

Cokane. Tell her about Blanche and you! Tell her about your conduct! Betray you, my friend; and forget that I am writing to a lady? Never!

Trench. Bosh, Billy: don't pretend you don't understand. We're engaged—engaged, my boy: what do you think of that? I must write by to-night's post. You are the man to tell me what to say. Come, old chap (*coaxing him to sit down at one of the tables*), here's a pencil. Have you a bit of—oh, here: this'll do: write it on the back of the map. (*He tears the map out of his Baedeker and spreads it face downwards on the table. Cokane takes the pencil and prepares to write.*) That's right. Thanks awfully, old chap! Now fire away. (*Anxiously.*) Be careful how you word it, though, Cokane.

Cokane (*putting down the pencil*). If you doubt my ability to express myself becomingly to Lady Roxdale——

Trench (*propitiating him*). All right, old fellow, all right: there's not a man alive who could do it half so well as you. I only wanted to explain. You see, Sartorius has got it into his head, somehow, that my people will snub Blanche; and he won't consent unless they send letters and invitations and congratulations and the deuce knows what not. So just put it in such a way that Aunt Maria will write by return saying she is delighted, and asking us—Blanche and me, you know—to stay with her, and so forth. You know what I mean. Just tell her all about it in a chatty way; and——

Cokane (*crushingly*). If you will tell me all about it in a chatty way, I daresay I can communicate it to Lady Roxdale with proper delicacy. What is Sartorius?

Trench (*taken aback*). I don't know: I didn't ask. It's a sort of question you can't very well put to a man —at least a man like him. Do you think you could word

the letter so as to pass all that over? I really don't like to ask him.

Cokane. I can pass it over if you wish. Nothing easier. But if you think Lady Roxdale will pass it over, I differ from you. I may be wrong: no doubt I am. I generally am wrong, I believe; but that is my opinion.

Trench (*much perplexed*). Oh, confound it! What the deuce am I to do? Can't you say he's a gentleman: that won't commit us to anything. If you dwell on his being well off, and Blanche an only child, Aunt Maria will be satisfied.

Cokane. Henry Trench: when will you begin to get a little sense? This is a serious business. Act responsibly, Harry: act responsibly.

Trench. Bosh! Don't be moral!

Cokane. I am not moral, Trench. At least I am not a moralist: that is the expression I should have used —moral, but not a moralist. If you are going to get money with your wife, doesn't it concern your family to know how that money was made? Doesn't it concern you—you, Harry? (*Trench looks at him helplessly, twisting his fingers nervously. Cokane throws down the pencil and leans back with ostentatious indifference*). Of course it is no business of mine: I only throw out the suggestion. Sartorius may be a retired burglar for all I know. (*Sartorius and Blanche, ready for dinner, come from the hotel.*)

Trench. Sh! Here they come. Get the letter finished before dinner, like a good old chappie: I shall be awfully obliged to you.

Cokane (*impatiently*). Leave me, leave me: you disturb me. (*He waves him off and begins to write*).

Trench (*humbly and gratefully*). Yes, old chap. Thanks awfully.

(*By this time Blanche has left her father and is strolling off toward the riverside. Sartorius comes down the garden, Baedeker in hand, and sits near Cokane, reading.*

Trench addresses him). You won't mind my taking Blanche in to dinner, I hope, sir?

Sartorius. By all means, Dr. Trench. Pray do so. (*He graciously waves him off to join Blanche. Trench hurries after her through the gate. The light reddens as the Rhenish sunset begins. Cokane, making wry faces in the agonies of composition, is disconcerted to find Sartorius' eye upon him.*)

Sartorius. I do not disturb you, I hope, Mr. Cokane.

Cokane. By no means. Our friend Trench has entrusted me with a difficult and delicate task. He has requested me, as a friend of the family, to write to them on a subject that concerns you.

Sartorius. Indeed, Mr. Cokane. Well, the communication could not be in better hands.

Cokane (*with an air of modesty*). Ah, that is going too far, my dear sir, too far. Still, you see what Trench is. A capital fellow in his way, Mr. Sartorius, an excellent young fellow. But family communications like these require good manners. They require tact; and tact is Trench's weak point. He has an excellent heart, but no tact—none whatever. Everything depends on the way the matter is put to Lady Roxdale. But as to that, you may rely on me. I understand the sex.

Sartorius. Well, however she may receive it—and I care as little as any man, Mr. Cokane, how people may choose to receive me—I trust I may at least have the pleasure of seeing you sometimes at my house when we return to England.

Cokane (*overwhelmed*). My dear sir! You express yourself in the true spirit of an English gentleman.

Sartorius. Not at all. You will always be most welcome. But I fear I have disturbed you in the composition of your letter. Pray resume it. I shall leave you to yourself. (*He pretends to rise, but checks himself to add*) Unless indeed I can assist you in any way? —by clearing up any point on which you are not in-

formed, for instance; or even, if I may so far presume on my years, giving you the benefit of my experience as to the best way of wording the matter. (*Cokane looks a little surprised at this. Sartorius looks hard at him, and continues deliberately and meaningly*) I shall always be happy to help any friend of Dr. Trench's, in any way, to the best of my ability and of my means.

Cokane. My dear sir, you are really very good. Trench and I were putting our heads together over the letter just now; and there certainly were one or two points on which we were a little in the dark. (*Scrupulously.*) But I would not permit Harry to question you. No. I pointed out to him that, as a matter of taste, it would be more delicate to wait until you volunteered the necessary information.

Sartorius. Hm! May I ask what you have said, so far?

Cokane. "My dear Aunt Maria." That is, Trench's dear Aunt Maria, my friend Lady Roxdale. You understand that I am only drafting a letter for Trench to copy.

Sartorius. Quite so. Will you proceed; or would it help you if I were to suggest a word or two?

Cokane (*effusively*). Your suggestions will be most valuable, my dear sir, most welcome.

Sartorius. I think I should begin in some such way as this. "In traveling with my friend Mr. Cokane up the Rhine——"

Cokane (*murmuring as he writes*). Invaluable, invaluable. The very thing. "—my friend Mr. Cokane up the Rhine——"

Sartorius. "I have made the acquaintance of"—or you may say "picked up" or "come across," if you think that would suit your friend's style better. We must not be too formal.

Cokane. "Picked up"! oh no: too dégagé, Mr.

Sartorius, too dégagé. I should say, "had the privilege of becoming acquainted with."

Sartorius (*quickly*). By no means: Lady Roxdale must judge of that for herself. Let it stand as I said. "I have made the acquaintance of a young lady, the daughter of——" (*He hesitates.*)

Cokane (*writing*). "acquaintance of a young lady, the daughter of"—yes?

Sartorius. "of"—you had better say "a gentleman."

Cokane (*surprised*). Of course.

Sartorius (*with sudden passion*). It is not of course, sir. (*Cokane, startled, looks at him with dawning suspicion. Sartorius recovers himself somewhat shamefacedly.*) Hm! "—of a gentleman of considerable wealth and position——"

Cokane (*echoing him with a new note of coldness in his voice as he writes the last words*). "—and position."

Sartorius. "which, however, he has made entirely for himself." (*Cokane, now fully enlightened, stares at him instead of writing.*) Have you written that?

Cokane (*expanding into an attitude of patronage and encouragement*). Ah, indeed. Quite so, quite so. (*He writes.*) "—entirely for himself." Just so. Proceed, Mr. Sartorius, proceed. Very clearly expressed.

Sartorius. "The young lady will inherit the bulk of her father's fortune, and will be liberally treated on her marriage. Her education has been of the most expensive and complete kind obtainable; and her surroundings have been characterized by the strictest refinement. She is in every essential particular——"

Cokane (*interrupting*). Excuse the remark; but don't you think this is rather too much in the style of a prospectus of the young lady? I throw out the suggestion as a matter of taste.

Sartorius (*troubled*). Perhaps you are right. I am of course not dictating the exact words——

Cokane. Of course not: of course not.

Sartorius. But I desire that there may be no wrong impression as to my daughter's—er—breeding. As to myself——

Cokane. Oh, it will be sufficient to mention your profession, or pursuits, or—— (*He pauses; and they look pretty hard at one another.*)

Sartorius (*very deliberately*). My income, sir, is derived from the rental of a very extensive real estate in London. Lady Roxdale is one of the head landlords; and Dr. Trench holds a mortgage from which, if I mistake not, his entire income is derived. The truth is, Mr. Cokane, I am quite well acquainted with Dr. Trench's position and affairs; and I have long desired to know him personally.

Cokane (*again obsequious, but still inquisitive*). What a remarkable coincidence! In what quarter is the estate situated, did you say?

Sartorius. In London, sir. Its management occupies as much of my time as is not devoted to the ordinary pursuits of a gentleman. (*He rises and takes out his card case.*) The rest I leave to your discretion. (*He puts a card upon the table.*) That is my address at Surbiton. If it should unfortunately happen, Mr. Cokane, that this should end in a disappointment for Blanche, probably she would rather not see you afterwards. But if all turns out as we hope, Dr. Trench's best friends will then be our best friends.

Cokane (*rising and confronting Sartorius confidently, pencil and paper in hand*). Rely on me, Mr. Sartorius. The letter is already finished here (*points to his brain*). In five minutes it will be finished there (*points to the paper; nods to emphasize the assertion; and begins to pace up and down the garden, writing, and tapping his forehead from time to time as he goes, with every appearance of severe intellectual exertion.*)

Sartorius (*calling through the gate after a glance at his watch.*) Blanche.

Blanche (*replying in the distance*). Yes.

Sartorius. Time, my dear. (*He goes in to the table d'hôte.*)

Blanche (*nearer*). Coming. (*She comes back through the gate, followed by Trench.*)

Trench (*in a half whisper, as Blanche goes towards the table d'hôte*). Blanche: stop—one moment. (*She stops.*) We must be careful when your father is by. I had to promise him not to regard anything as settled until I hear from my people at home.

Blanche (*chilled*). Oh, I see. Your family may object to me; and then it will be all over between us. They are almost sure to.

Trench (*anxiously*). Don't say that, Blanche; it sounds as if you didn't care. I hope you regard it as settled. You haven't made any promise, you know.

Blanche (*earnestly*). Yes, I have: I promised papa too. But I have broken my promise for your sake. I suppose I am not so conscientious as you. And if the matter is not to be regarded as settled, family or no family, promise or no promise, let us break it off here and now.

Trench (*intoxicated with affection*). Blanche: on my most sacred honour, family or no family, promise or no promise—— (*The waiter reappears at the table d'hôte entrance, ringing his bell loudly.*) Damn that noise!

Cokane (*as he comes to them, flourishing the letter*). Finished, dear boy, finished. Done to a turn, punctually to the second. C'est fini, mon cher garçon, c'est fini. (*Sartorius returns.*)

Sartorius. Will you take Blanche in, Dr. Trench? (*Trench takes Blanche in to the table d'hôte.*) Is the letter finished, Mr. Cokane?

Cokane (*with an author's pride, handing his draft to Sartorius*). There! (*Sartorius takes it, and reads it, nodding gravely over it with complete approval.*)

Sartorius (*returning the draft*). Thank you, Mr. Cokane. You have the pen of a ready writer.

Cokane (*as they go in together*). Not at all, not at all. A little tact, Mr. Sartorius, a little knowledge of the world, a little experience of women——(*The act drop descends and cuts off the rest of the speech.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

In the library of a handsomely appointed villa at Surbiton on a sunny forenoon in September. Sartorius is busy at a writing table, littered with business letters, on the left. He sits facing the window, which is in the right wall. The fireplace, decorated for summer, is behind him. Between the table and the window Blanche, in her prettiest frock, sits reading "The Queen." *The door, painted, like all the woodwork, in the blackest shade of red, with brass fittings, and moulded posts and pediment, is in the middle of the back wall. All the walls are lined with smartly tooled books, fitting into their places like bricks. A library ladder stands in the corner.*

SARTORIUS. Blanche.

BLANCHE. Yes, papa.

SARTORIUS. I have some news here.

BLANCHE. What is it?

SARTORIUS. I mean news for you—from Trench.

BLANCHE (*with affected indifference*). Indeed?

SARTORIUS. "Indeed?"! Is that all you have to say to me? Oh, very well. (*He resumes his work. Silence.*)

BLANCHE. What do his people say, papa?

SARTORIUS. His people, I don't know. (*Still busy. Another pause.*)

BLANCHE. What does he say?

SARTORIUS. He! He says nothing. (*He folds a letter leisurely and looks for the envelope.*) He prefers to communicate the result of his—where did I

put that?—oh, here. Yes, he prefers to communicate the result in person.

Blanche (*springing up*). Oh, papa! When is he coming?

Sartorius. If he walks from the station, he may arrive in the course of the next half-hour. If he drives, he may be here any moment.

Blanche (*making hastily for the door*). Oh!

Sartorius. Blanche.

Blanche. Yes, papa.

Sartorius. You will of course not meet him until he has spoken to me.

Blanche (*hypocritically*). Of course not, papa. I shouldn't have thought of such a thing.

Sartorius. That is all. (*She is going, when he puts out his hand, and says with fatherly emotion.*) My dear child. (*She responds by going over to kiss him. A tap at the door.*) Come in. (*Lickcheese enters, carrying a black hand-bag. He is a shabby, needy man, with dirty face and linen, scrubby beard and whiskers, going bald. A nervous, wiry, pertinacious sort of human terrier judged by his mouth and eyes, but miserably apprehensive and servile before Sartorius. He bids Blanche "Good morning, miss"; and she passes out with a slight and contemptuous recognition of him.*)

Lickcheese. Good morning, sir.

Sartorius (*harsh and peremptory*). Good morning.

Lickcheese (*taking a little sack of money from his bag*). Not much this morning, sir. I have just had the honour of making Dr. Trench's acquaintance, sir.

Sartorius (*looking up from his writing, displeased*). Indeed?

Lickcheese. Yes, sir. Dr. Trench asked his way of me, and was kind enough to drive me from the station.

Sartorius. Where is he, then?

Lickcheese. I left him in the hall, with his friend, sir. I should think he is speaking to Miss Sartorius.

Sartorius. Hm! What do you mean by his friend?

Lickcheese. There is a Mr. Cokane with him, sir.

Sartorius. I see you have been talking to him, eh?

Lickcheese. As we drove along: yes, sir.

Sartorius (*sharply*). Why did you not come by the nine o'clock train?

Lickcheese. I thought——

Sartorius. It cannot be helped now; so never mind what you thought. But do not put off my business again to the last moment. Has there been any further trouble about the St. Giles' property?

Lickcheese. The Sanitary Inspector has been complaining again about number 13 Robbins's Row. He says he'll bring it before the vestry.

Sartorius. Did you tell him that I am on the vestry?

Lickcheese. Yes, sir.

Sartorius. What did he say to that?

Lickcheese. Said he supposed so, or you wouldn't dare to break the law so scand'lous. I only tell you what he said.

Sartorius. Hm! Do you know his name!

Lickcheese. Yes, sir. Speakman.

Sartorius. Write it down in the diary for the day of the next vestry meeting. I will teach Mr. Speakman his duty—his duty to members of the vestry.

Lickcheese (*doubtfully*). The vestry can't dismiss him, sir. He's under the Local Government Board.

Sartorius. I did not ask you that. Let me see the books. (*Lickcheese produces the rent book, and hands it to Sartorius; then makes the desired entry in the diary on the table, watching Sartorius with misgiving as the rent book is examined. Sartorius frowns and rises.*) £1: 4s. for repairs to No. 13. What does this mean?

Lickcheese. Well, sir, it was the staircase on the third floor. It was downright dangerous: there weren't but three whole steps in it, and no handrail. I thought it best to have a few boards put in.

Sartorius. Boards! Firewood, sir, firewood! They will burn every stick of it. You have spent twenty-four shillings of my money on firewood for them.

Lickcheese. There ought to be stone stairs, sir: it would be a saving in the long run. The clergyman says——

Sartorius. What! who says?

Lickcheese. The clergyman, sir, only the clergyman. Not that I make much account of him; but if you knew how he has worried me over that staircase——

Sartorius. I am an Englishman; and I will suffer no clergyman to interfere in my business. (*He turns suddenly on Lickcheese.*) Now look here, Mr. Lickcheese! This is the third time this year that you have brought me a bill of over a pound for repairs. I have warned you repeatedly against dealing with these tenement houses as if they were mansions in a West-end square. I have had occasion to warn you too against discussing my affairs with strangers. You have chosen to disregard my wishes. You are discharged.

Lickcheese (*dismayed*). Oh, sir, don't say that.

Sartorius (*fiercely*). You are discharged.

Lickcheese. Well, Mr. Sartorius, it is hard, so it is. No man alive could have screwed more out of them poor destitute devils for you than I have, or spent less in doing it. I have dirtied my hands at it until they're not fit for clean work hardly; and now you turn me——

Sartorius (*interrupting him menacingly*). What do you mean by dirtying your hands? If I find that you have stepped an inch outside the letter of the law, Mr. Lickcheese, I will prosecute you myself. The way to keep your hands clean is to gain the confidence of your employers. You will do well to bear that in mind in your next situation.

The Parlour Maid (*opening the door*). Mr. Trench and Mr. Cokane. (*Cokane and Trench come in, Trench*

festively dressed and in the highest spirits, Cokane highly self-satisfied.)

Sartorius. How do you do, Dr. Trench? Good morning Mr. Cokane. I am pleased to see you here. Mr. Lickcheese, you will place your accounts and money on the table: I will examine them and settle with you presently. (*Lickcheese retires to the table, and begins to arrange his accounts, greatly depressed.*)

Trench (*glancing at Lickcheese*). I hope we're not in the way.

Sartorius. By no means. Sit down, pray. I fear you have been kept waiting.

Trench (*taking Blanche's chair*). Not at all. We've only just come in. (*He takes out a packet of letters and begins untying them.*)

Cokane (*going to a chair nearer the window, but stopping to look admiringly round before sitting down*). You must be happy here with all these books, Mr. Sartorius. A literary atmosphere.

Sartorius (*resuming his seat*). I have not looked into them. They are pleasant for Blanche occasionally when she wishes to read. I chose the house because it is on gravel. The death rate is very low.

Trench (*triumphantly*). I have any amount of letters for you. All my people are delighted that I am going to settle. Aunt Maria wants Blanche to be married from her house. (*He hands Sartorius a letter.*)

Sartorius. Aunt Maria!

Cokane. Lady Roxdale, my dear sir: he means Lady Roxdale. Do express yourself with a little more tact, my dear fellow.

Trench. Lady Roxdale, of course. Uncle Harry——

Cokane. Sir Harry Trench. His godfather, my dear sir, his godfather.

Trench. Just so. The pleasantest fellow for his age you ever met. He offers us his house at St. Andrews for a couple of months, if we care to pass our honey-

moon there. (*Handing Sartorius another letter.*) It's the sort of house nobody can live in, you know; but it's a nice thing for him to offer. Don't you think so?

Sartorius (*preoccupied with the letters*). No doubt. These seem very gratifying, Dr. Trench.

Trench. Yes; aren't they? Aunt Maria has really behaved like a brick. If you read the postscript you'll see she spotted Cokane's hand in my letter. (*Chuckling.*) He wrote it for me.

Sartorius (*glancing at Cokane*). Indeed? Mr. Cokane evidently did it with great tact.

Cokane (*returning the glance*). Don't mention it.

Trench (*buoyantly*). Well, what do you say now, Mr. Sartorius? May we regard the matter as settled at last!

Sartorius. Quite settled. (*He rises and offers his hand. Trench, glowing with gratitude, rises and shakes it vehemently, unable to find words for his feelings.*)

Cokane (*coming between them*). Allow me to congratulate you both. (*Shakes hands with the two at the same time.*)

Sartorius. And now, gentlemen, I have a word to say to my daughter. Dr. Trench, you will not, I hope, grudge me the pleasure of breaking this news to her: I have had to disappoint her more than once since I last saw you. Will you excuse me for ten minutes?

Cokane (*in a flush of friendly protest*). My dear sir, can you ask?

Trench. Certainly.

Sartorius. Thank you. (*He goes out.*)

Trench (*still chuckling*). He won't have any news to break, poor old boy: she's seen all the letters already.

Cokane. I must say your behaviour has been far from straightforward, Harry. You have been carrying on a clandestine correspondence.

Lickcheese (*stealthily*). Gentlemen——

Trench } (*turning—they had forgotten his presence*).
Cokane } Hallo!

Lickcheese (*coming between them very humbly, but in mortal anxiety and haste*). Look here, gentlemen. (*To Trench.*) You, sir, I address myself to more partic'lar. Will you say a word in my favour to the guv'nor? He's just given me the sack; and I have four children looking to me for their bread. A word from you, sir, on this happy day, might get him to take me on again.

Trench (*embarrassed*). Well, you see, Mr. Lickcheese, I don't see how I can interfere. I'm very sorry, of course.

Cokane. Certainly you cannot interfere. It would be in the most execrable taste.

Lickcheese. Oh, gentlemen, you are young; and you don't know what loss of employment means to the like of me. What harm would it do you to help a poor man? Just listen to the circumstances, sir. I only——

Trench (*moved but snatching at an excuse for taking a high tone in avoiding the unpleasantness of helping him*). No: I had rather not. Excuse my saying plainly that I think Mr. Sartorius is not a man to act hastily or harshly. I have always found him very fair and generous; and I believe he is a better judge of the circumstances than I am.

Cokane (*inquisitive*). I think you ought to hear the circumstances, Harry. It can do no harm. Hear the circumstances by all means.

Lickcheese. Never mind, sir: it ain't any use. When I hear that man called generous and fair!—well, never mind.

Trench (*severely*). If you wish me to do anything for you, Mr. Lickcheese, let me tell you that you are not going the right way about it in speaking ill of Mr. Sartorius.

Lickcheese. Have I said one word against him, sir? I leave it to your friend: have I said a word?

Cokane. True, true. Quite true. Harry: be just.

Lickcheese. Mark my words, gentlemen: he'll find what a man he's lost the very first week's rents the new man'll bring him. You'll find the difference yourself, Dr. Trench, if you or your children come into the property. I have got money when no other collector alive would have wrung it out. And this is the thanks I get for it! Why, see here, gentlemen! Look at that bag of money on the table. Hardly a penny of that but there was a hungry child crying for the bread it would have bought. But I got it for him—screwed and worried and bullied it out of them. I—look here, gentlemen: I'm pretty well seasoned to the work; but there's money there that I couldn't have taken if it hadn't been for the thought of my own children depending on me for giving him satisfaction. And because I charged him four-and-twenty shillin' to mend a staircase that three women have been hurt on, and that would have got him prosecuted for manslaughter if it had been let go much longer, he gives me the sack. Wouldn't listen to a word, though I would have offered to make up the money out of my own pocket—aye, and am willing to do it still if you will only put in a word for me, sir.

Trench (*aghast*). You took money that ought to have fed starving children! Serve you right! If I had been the father of one of those children, I'd have given you something worse than the sack. I wouldn't say a word to save your soul, if you have such a thing. Mr. Sartorius was quite right.

Lickcheese (*staring at him, surprised into contemptuous amusement in the midst of his anxiety*). Just listen to this! Well, you are an innocent young gentleman. Do you suppose he sacked me because I was too hard? Not a bit of it: it was because I wasn't hard enough. I never heard him say he was satisfied yet—no, nor he wouldn't, not if I skinned 'em alive. I don't say he's the worst landlord in London: he couldn't be worse than some; but he's no better than the worst I

ever had to do with. And, though I say it, I'm better than the best collector he ever done business with. I have screwed more and spent less on his properties than any one would believe that knows what such properties are. I know my merits, Dr. Trench, and will speak for myself if no one else will.

Trench. What sort of properties? Houses?

Lickcheese. Tenement houses, let from week to week by the room or half-room—aye, or quarter-room. It pays when you know how to work it, sir. Nothing like it. It's been calculated on the cubic foot of space, sir, that you can get higher rents letting by the room than you can for a mansion in Park Lane.

Trench. I hope Mr. Sartorius hasn't much of that sort of property, however it may pay.

Lickcheese. He has nothing else, sir; and he shows his sense in it too. Every few hundred pounds he could scrape together he bought old houses with—houses that you wouldn't hardly look at without holding your nose. He has 'em in St. Giles's: he has 'em in Marylebone: he has 'em in Bethnal Green. Just look how he lives himself, and you'll see the good of it to him. He likes a low death-rate and a gravel soil for himself, he does. You come down with me to Robbins's Row; and I'll show you a soil and a death-rate, so I will! And, mind you, it's me that makes it pay him so well. Catch him going down to collect his own rents! Not likely!

Trench. Do you mean to say that all his property —all his means—come from this sort of thing?

Lickcheese. Every penny of it, sir. (*Trench, overwhelmed, has to sit down.*)

Cokane (*looking compassionately at him*). Ah, my dear fellow, the love of money is the root of all evil.

Lickcheese. Yes, sir; and we'd all like to have the tree growing in our garden.

Cokane (*revolted*). Mr. Lickcheese, I did not address myself to you. I do not wish to be severe with

you; but there is something peculiarly repugnant to my feelings in the calling of a rent collector.

Lickcheese. It's no worse than many another. I have my children looking to me.

Cokane. True: I admit it. So has our friend Sartorius. His affection for his daughter is a redeeming point—a redeeming point, certainly.

Lickcheese. She's a lucky daughter, sir. Many another daughter has been turned out upon the streets to gratify his affection for her. That's what business is, sir, you see. Come sir, I think your friend will say a word for me now he knows I'm not in fault.

Trench (*rising angrily*). I will not. It's a damnable business from beginning to end; and you deserve no better luck for helping in it. I've seen it all among the out-patients at the hospital; and it used to make my blood boil to think that such things couldn't be prevented.

Lickcheese (*his suppressed spleen breaking out*). Oh indeed, sir. But I suppose you will take your share when you marry Miss Blanche, all the same. (*Furiously.*) Which of us is the worse, I should like to know—me that wrings the money out to keep a home over my children, or you that spend it and try to shove the blame on to me?

Cokane. A most improper observation to address to a gentleman, Mr. Lickcheese. A most revolutionary sentiment.

Lickcheese. Perhaps so. But then, Robbins's Row ain't a school for manners. You collect a week or two there—you're welcome to my place if I can't keep it for myself—and you'll hear a little plain speaking, so you will.

Cokane (*with dignity*). Do you know to whom you are speaking, my good man?

Lickcheese (*recklessly*). I know well enough who I'm speaking to. What do I care for you, or a thousand

such? I'm poor; that's enough to make a rascal of me. No consideration for me—nothing to be got by saying a word for me! (*Suddenly cringing to Trench.*) Just a word, sir. It would cost you nothing. (*Sartorius appears at the door unobserved.*) Have some feeling for the poor.

Trench. I'm afraid you have shown very little, by your own confession.

Lickcheese (*breaking out again*). More than your precious father-in-law, anyhow. I—— (*Sartorius's voice, striking in with deadly calmness, paralyzes him.*)

Sartorius. You will come here to-morrow not later than ten, Mr. Lickcheese, to conclude our business. I shall trouble you no further to-day. (*Lickcheese, cowed, goes out amid dead silence. Sartorius continues, after an awkward pause.*) He is one of my agents, or rather was; for I have unfortunately had to dismiss him for repeatedly disregarding my instructions. (*Trench says nothing. Sartorius throws off his embarrassment, and assumes a jocose, rallying air, unbecoming to him under any circumstances, and just now almost unbearably jarring.*) Blanche will be down presently, Harry (*Trench recoils*)—I suppose I must call you Harry now. What do you say to a stroll through the garden, Mr. Cokane? We are celebrated here for our flowers.

Cokane. Charmed, my dear sir, charmed. Life here is an idyll—a perfect idyll. We were just dwelling on it.

Sartorius (*slyly*). Harry can follow with Blanche. She will be down directly.

Trench (*hastily*). No. I can't face her just now.

Sartorius (*rallying him*). Indeed! Ha, ha! (*The laugh, the first they have heard from him, sets Trench's teeth on edge. Cokane is taken aback, but instantly recovers himself.*)

Cokane. Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho!——

Trench. But you don't understand.

Sartorius. Oh, I think we do, I think we do. Eh, Mr. Cokane? Ha! ha!

Cokane. I should think we do. Ha! ha! ha!

(*They go out together, laughing at him. He collapses into a chair, shuddering in every nerve. Blanche appears at the door. Her face lights up when she sees that he is alone. She trips noiselessly to the back of his chair and clasps her hands over his eyes. With a convulsive start and exclamation he springs up and breaks away from her.*)

Blanche (*astonished*). Harry!

Trench (*with distracted politeness*). I beg your pardon, I was thinking—won't you sit down.

Blanche (*looking suspiciously at him*). Is anything the matter? (*She sits down slowly near the writing table. He takes Cokane's chair.*)

Trench. No. Oh no.

Blanche. Papa has not been disagreeable, I hope.

Trench. No: I have hardly spoken to him since I was with you. (*He rises; takes up his chair; and plants it beside hers. This pleases her better. She looks at him with her most winning smile. A sort of sob breaks from him; and he catches her hands and kisses them passionately. Then, looking into her eyes with intense earnestness, he says*) Blanche: are you fond of money?

Blanche (*gaily*). Very. Are you going to give me any?

Trench (*wincing*). Don't make a joke of it: I'm serious. Do you know that we shall be very poor?

Blanche. Is that what made you look as if you had neuralgia?

Trench (*pleadingly*). My dear: it's no laughing matter. Do you know that I have a bare seven hundred a year to live on?

Blanche. How dreadful!

Trench. Blanche: it's very serious indeed: I assure you it is.

Blanche. It would keep me rather short in my housekeeping, dearest boy, if I had nothing of my own. But papa has promised me that I shall be richer than ever when we are married.

Trench. We must do the best we can with seven hundred. I think we ought to be self-supporting.

Blanche. That's just what I mean to be, Harry. If I were to eat up half your £700, I should be making you twice as poor; but I am going to make you twice as rich instead. (*He shakes his head.*) Has papa made any difficulty?

Trench (*rising with a sigh and taking his chair back to its former place*). No, none at all. (*He sits down dejectedly. When Blanche speaks again her face and voice betray the beginning of a struggle with her temper.*)

Blanche. Harry, are you too proud to take money from my father!

Trench. Yes, Blanche: I am too proud.

Blanche (*after a pause*). That is not nice to me, Harry.

Trench. You must bear with me Blanche. I—I can't explain. After all, it's very natural.

Blanche. Has it occurred to you that I may be proud, too?

Trench. Oh, that's nonsense. No one will accuse you of marrying for money.

Blanche. No one would think the worse of me if I did, or of you either. (*She rises and begins to walk restlessly about.*) We really cannot live on seven hundred a year, Harry; and I don't think it quite fair of you to ask me merely because you are afraid of people talking.

Trench. It is not that alone, Blanche.

Blanche. What else is it, then?

Trench. Nothing. I——

Blanche (*getting behind him, and speaking with*

forced playfulness as she bends over him, her hands on his shoulders). Of course it's nothing. Now don't be absurd, Harry: be good; and listen to me: I know how to settle it. You are too proud to owe anything to me; and I am too proud to owe anything to you. You have seven hundred a year. Well, I will take just seven hundred a year from papa at first; and then we shall be quits. Now, now, Harry, you know you have not a word to say against that.

Trench. It's impossible.

Blanche. Impossible!

Trench. Yes, impossible. I have resolved not to take any money from your father.

Blanche. But he will give the money to me: not to you.

Trench. It's the same thing. (*With an effort to be sentimental.*) I love you too well to see any distinction. (*He puts up his hand half-heartedly: she takes it over his shoulder with equal indecision. They are both trying hard to conciliate one another.*)

Blanche. That's a very nice way of putting it, Harry; but I am sure there is something I ought to know. Has papa been disagreeable?

Trench. No: he has been very kind—to me, at least. It's not that. It's nothing you can guess, Blanche. It would only pain you—perhaps offend you. I don't mean, of course, that we shall live always on seven hundred a year. I intend to go at my profession in earnest, and work my fingers to the bone.

Blanche (*playing with his fingers, still over his shoulder*). But I shouldn't like you with your fingers worked to the bone, Harry. I must be told what the matter is. (*He takes his hand quickly away; she flushes angrily; and her voice is no longer even an imitation of the voice of a lady as she exclaims.*) I hate secrets; and I don't like to be treated as if I were a child.

Trench (*annoyed by her tone*). There's nothing to tell. I don't choose to trespass on your father's generosity: that's all.

Blanche. You had no objection half an hour ago, when you met me in the hall, and showed me all the letters. Your family doesn't object. Do you object?

Trench (*earnestly*). I do not indeed. It's only a question of money.

Blanche (*imploringly, the voice softening and refining for the last time*). Harry: there's no use in our fencing in this way. Papa will never consent to my being absolutely dependent on you; and I don't like the idea of it myself. If you even mention such a thing to him you will break off the match: you will indeed.

Trench (*obstinately*). I can't help that.

Blanche (*white with rage*). You can't help——! Oh, I'm beginning to understand. I will save you the trouble. You can tell papa that *I* have broken off the match; and then there will be no further difficulty.

Trench (*taken aback*). What do you mean, Blanche? Are you offended?

Blanche. Offended! How dare you ask me?

Trench. Dare!

Blanche. How much more manly it would have been to confess that you were trifling with me that time on the Rhine! Why did you come here to-day? Why did you write to your people?

Trench. Well, Blanche, if you are going to lose your temper——

Blanche. That's no answer. You depended on your family to get you out of your engagement; and they did not object: they were only too glad to be rid of you. You were not mean enough to stay away, and not manly enough to tell the truth. You thought you could provoke me to break the engagement: that is so like a man —to try and put the woman in the wrong. Well, you have your way: I release you. I wish you had opened

my eyes by downright brutality—by striking me—by anything rather than shuffling as you have done.

Trench (*hotly*). Shuffle! If I had thought you capable of turning on me like this, I should never have spoken to you. I have a good mind never to speak to you again.

Blanche. You shall not—not ever. I will take care of that. (*Going to the door.*)

Trench (*alarmed*). What are you going to do?

Blanche. To get your letters—your false letters, and your presents—your hateful presents, to return them to you. I am very glad it is all broken off; and if—(*as she puts her hand to the door it is opened from without by Sartorius, who enters and shuts it behind him.*)

Sartorius (*interrupting her severely*). Hush, pray, Blanche: you are forgetting yourself: you can be heard all over the house. What is the matter?

Blanche (*too angry to care whether she is overheard or not*). You had better ask him. He has some excuse about money.

Sartorius. Excuse! Excuse for what?

Blanche. For throwing me over.

Trench (*vehemently*). I declare I never——

Blanche (*interrupting him still more vehemently*). You did. You did. You are doing nothing else—— (*Trench begins repeating his contradiction and she her assertion; so that they both speak angrily together.*)

Sartorius (*in desperation at the noise*). Silence. (*Still more formidably.*) Silence. (*They obey. He proceeds firmly.*) Blanche, you must control your temper: I will not have these repeated scenes within hearing of the servants. Dr. Trench will answer for himself to me. You had better leave us. (*He opens the door, and calls*) Mr. Cokane, will you kindly join us here.

Cokane (*in the conservatory*). Coming, my dear sir, coming. (*He appears at the door.*)

Blanche. I am sure I have no wish to stay. I hope I shall find you alone when I come back. (*An inarticu-*

late exclamation bursts from Trench. She goes out, passing Cokane resentfully. He looks after her in surprise; then looks questioningly at the two men. Sartorius shuts the door with an angry stroke, and turns to Trench.)

Sartorius (*aggressively*). Sir——

Trench (*interrupting him more aggressively*). Well, sir!

Cokane (*getting between them*). Gently, dear boy, gently. Suavity, Harry, suavity.

Sartorius (*mastering himself*). If you have anything to say to me, Dr. Trench, I will listen to you patiently. You will then allow me to say what I have to say on my part.

Trench (*ashamed*). I beg your pardon. Of course, yes. Fire away.

Sartorius. May I take it that you have refused to fulfil your engagement with my daughter?

Trench. Certainly not: your daughter has refused to fulfil her engagement with me. But the match is broken off, if that is what you mean.

Sartorius. Dr. Trench: I will be plain with you. I know that Blanche has a strong temper. It is part of her strong character and her physical courage, which is greater than that of most men, I can assure you. You must be prepared for that. If this quarrel is only Blanche's temper you may take my word for it that it will be over before to-morrow. But I understood from what she said just now that you have made some difficulty on the score of money.

Trench (*with renewed excitement*). It was Miss Sartorius who made that difficulty. I shouldn't have minded that so much, if it hadn't been for the things she said. She showed that she doesn't care that (*snapping his fingers*) for me.

Cokane (*soothingly*). Dear boy——

Trench. Hold your tongue, Billy: it's enough to

make a man wish he'd never seen a woman. Look here, Mr. Sartorius: I put the matter to her as delicately and considerately as possible, never mentioning a word of my reasons, but just asking her to be content to live on my own little income; and yet she turned on me as if I had behaved like a savage.

Sartorius. Live on your income! Impossible: my daughter is accustomed to a proper establishment. Did I not expressly undertake to provide for that? Did she not tell you I promised her to do so?

Trench. Yes, I know all about that, Mr. Sartorius; and I'm greatly obliged to you; but I'd rather not take anything from you except Blanche herself.

Sartorius. And why did you not say so before?

Trench. No matter why. Let us drop the subject.

Sartorius. No matter! But it does matter, sir. I insist on an answer. Why did you not say so before?

Trench. I didn't know before.

Sartorius (*provoked*). Then you ought to have known your own mind before entering into such a very serious engagement. (*He flings angrily away across the room and back.*)

Trench (*much injured*). I ought to have known. Cokane: is this reasonable? (*Cokane's features are contorted by an air of judicial consideration; but he says nothing; and Trench, again addressing Sartorius, but with a marked diminution of respect, continues*) How the deuce could I have known? You didn't tell me.

Sartorius. You are trifling with me, sir. You say that you did not know your own mind before.

Trench. I say nothing of the sort. I say that I did not know where your money came from before.

Sartorius. That is not true, sir. I——

Cokane. Gently, my dear sir. Gently, Harry, dear boy. Suaviter in modo: fort——

Trench. Let him begin, then. What does he mean by attacking me in this fashion?

Sartorius. Mr. Cokane: you will bear me out. I was explicit on the point. I said I was a self-made man; and I am not ashamed of it.

Trench. You are nothing of the sort. I found out this morning from your man—Lickcheese, or whatever his confounded name is—that your fortune has been made out of a parcel of unfortunate creatures that have hardly enough to keep body and soul together—made by screwing, and bullying, and driving, and all sorts of pettifogging tyranny.

Sartorius (*outraged*). Sir! (*They confront one another threateningly.*)

Cokane (*softly*). Rent must be paid, dear boy. It is inevitable, Harry, inevitable. (*Trench turns away petulantly. Sartorius looks after him reflectively for a moment; then resumes his former deliberate and dignified manner, and addresses Trench with studied consideration, but with a perceptible condescension to his youth and folly.*)

Sartorius. I am afraid, Dr. Trench, that you are a very young hand at business; and I am sorry I forgot that for a moment or so. May I ask you to suspend your judgment until we have a little quiet discussion of this sentimental notion of yours?—if you will excuse me for calling it so. (*He takes a chair, and motions Trench to another on his right.*)

Cokane. Very nicely put, my dear sir. Come, Harry, sit down and listen; and consider the matter calmly and judicially. Don't be headstrong.

Trench. I have no objection to sit down and listen; but I don't see how that can make black white; and I am tired of being turned on as if I were in the wrong. (*He sits down. Cokane sits at his elbow, on his right. They compose themselves for a conference.*)

Sartorius. I assume, to begin with, Dr. Trench, that you are not a Socialist, or anything of that sort.

Trench. Certainly not. I am a Conservative—at

least, if I ever took the trouble to vote, I should vote for the Conservative and against the other fellow.

Cokane. True blue, Harry, true blue!

Sartorius. I am glad to find that so far we are in perfect sympathy. I am, of course, a Conservative; not a narrow or prejudiced one, I hope, nor at all opposed to true progress, but still a sound Conservative. As to Lickcheese, I need say no more about him than that I have dismissed him from my service this morning for a breach of trust; and you will hardly accept his testimony as friendly or disinterested. As to my business, it is simply to provide homes suited to the small means of very poor people, who require roofs to shelter them just like other people. Do you suppose I can keep up these roofs for nothing!

Trench. Yes: that is all very fine; but the point is, what sort of homes do you give them for their money? People must live somewhere, or else go to jail. Advantage is taken of that to make them pay for houses that are not fit for dogs. Why don't you build proper dwellings, and give fair value for the money you take?

Sartorius (*pitying his innocence*). My young friend, these poor people do not know how to live in proper dwellings: they would wreck them in a week. You doubt me: try it for yourself. You are welcome to replace all the missing banisters, handrails, cistern lids and dust-hole tops at your own expense; and you will find them missing again in less than three days—burnt, sir, every stick of them. I do not blame the poor creatures: they need fires, and often have no other way of getting them. But I really cannot spend pound after pound in repairs for them to pull down, when I can barely get them to pay me four and sixpence a week for a room, which is the recognized fair London rent. No, gentlemen: when people are very poor, you cannot help them, no matter how much you may sympathize with them. It does them more harm than good in the long run. I prefer to save

my money in order to provide additional houses for the homeless, and to lay by a little for Blanche. (*He looks at them. They are silent: Trench unconvinced, but talked down; Cokane humanely perplexed. Sartorius bends his brows; comes forward in his chair as if gathering himself together for a spring; and addresses himself, with impressive significance, to Trench.*) And now, Dr. Trench, may I ask what your income is derived from!

Trench (*defiantly*). From interest—not from houses. My hands are clean as far as that goes. Interest on a mortgage.

Sartorius (*forcibly*). Yes: a mortgage on my property. When I, to use your own words, screw, and bully, and drive these people to pay what they have freely undertaken to pay me, I cannot touch one penny of the money they give me until I have first paid you your £700 out of it. What Lickcheese did for me, I do for you. He and I are alike intermediaries: you are the principal. It is because of the risks I run through the poverty of my tenants that you exact interest from me at the monstrous and exorbitant rate of seven per cent, forcing me to exact the uttermost farthing in my turn from the tenants. And yet, Dr. Trench, you have not hesitated to speak contemptuously of me because I have applied my industry and forethought to the management of our property, and am maintaining it by the same honourable means.

Cokane (*greatly relieved*). Admirable, my dear sir, excellent! I felt instinctively that Trench was talking unpractical nonsense. Let us drop the subject, my dear boy: you only make an ass of yourself when you meddle in business matters. I told you it was inevitable.

Trench (*dazed*). Do you mean to say that I am just as bad as you are?

Cokane. Shame, Harry, shame! Grossly bad taste! Be a gentleman. Apologize.

Sartorius. Allow me, Mr. Cokane. (*To Trench.*) If, when you say you are just as bad as I am, you mean that you are just as powerless to alter the state of society, then you are unfortunately quite right. (*Trench does not at once reply. He stares at Sartorius, and then hangs his head and gazes stupidly at the floor, morally beggared, with his clasped knuckles between his knees, a living picture of disillusion. Cokane comes sympathetically to him and puts an encouraging hand on his shoulder.*)

Cokane (*gently*). Come, Harry, come! Pull yourself together. You owe a word to Mr. Sartorius.

Trench (*still stupefied, slowly unlaces his fingers; puts his hands on his knees, and lifts himself upright; pulls his waistcoat straight with a tug; and turns to Sartorius with an attempt to take his disenchantment philosophically*). Well, people who live in glass houses have no right to throw stones. But, on my honour, I never knew that my house was a glass one until you pointed it out. I beg your pardon. (*He offers his hand.*)

Sartorius. Say no more, Harry: your feelings do you credit: I assure you I feel exactly as you do, myself. Every man who has a heart must wish that a better state of things was practicable. But unhappily it is not.

Trench (*a little consoled*). I suppose not.

Cokane. Not a doubt of it, my dear sir; not a doubt of it. The increase of the population is at the bottom of it all.

Sartorius (*to Trench*). I trust I have convinced you that you need no more object to Blanche sharing my fortune, than I need object to her sharing yours.

Trench (*with dull wistfulness*). It seems so. We're all in the same swim, it appears. I hope you will excuse my making such a fuss.

Sartorius. Not another word. In fact, I thank you for refraining from explaining the nature of your scru-

ples to Blanche: I admire that in you, Harry. Perhaps it will be as well to leave her in ignorance.

Trench (*anxiously*). But I must explain now. You saw how angry she was.

Sartorius. You had better leave that to me. (*He looks at his watch, and rings the bell.*) Lunch is nearly due: while you are getting ready for it I can see Blanche; and I hope the result will be quite satisfactory to us all. (*The parlour maid answers the bell; he addresses her with his habitual peremptoriness.*) Tell Miss Blanche I want her.

The Parlour Maid (*her face falling expressively*). Yes, sir. (*She turns reluctantly to go.*)

Sartorius (*on second thoughts*). Stop. (*She stops.*) My love to Miss Blanche: and I am alone here and would like to see her for a moment if she is not busy.

The Parlour Maid (*relieved*). Yes, sir. (*She goes out.*)

Sartorius. I will show you your room, Harry. I hope you will soon be perfectly at home in it. You also, Mr. Cokane, must learn your way about here. Let us go before Blanche comes. (*He leads the way to the door.*)

Cokane (*cheerily, following him*). Our little discussion has given me quite an appetite.

Trench (*moodily*). It has taken mine away. (*They go out, Sartorius holding the door for them. He is following when the parlour maid reappears. She is a snivelling, sympathetic creature, and is on the verge of tears.*)

Sartorius. Well, is Miss Blanche coming?

The Parlour Maid. Yes, sir. I think so, sir.

Sartorius. Wait here until she comes; and tell her that I will be back in a moment.

The Parlour Maid. Yes, sir. (*She comes into the room. Sartorius looks suspiciously at her as she passes him. He half closes the door and follows her.*)

Sartorius (*lowering his voice*). What is the matter with you?

The Parlour Maid (*whimpering*). Nothing, sir.

Sartorius (*at the same pitch, more menacingly*). Take care how you behave yourself when there are visitors present. Do you hear?

The Parlour Maid. Yes, sir. (*Sartorius goes out.*)

Sartorius (*outside*). Excuse me: I had a word to say to the servant. (*Trench is heard replying, "Not at all," Cokane "Don't mention it, my dear sir." The murmur of their voices passes out of hearing. The parlour maid sniffs; dries her eyes; goes to one of the bookcases; and takes some brown paper and a ball of string from a drawer. She puts them on the table and wrestles with another sob. Blanche comes in, with a jewel box in her hands. Her expression is that of a strong and determined woman in an intense passion. The maid looks at her with a mixture of abject wounded affection and bodily terror.*)

Blanche (*looking around*). Where's my father?

The Parlour Maid (*tremulously propitiatory*). He left word he'd be back directly, miss. I'm sure he won't be long. Here's the paper and string all ready, miss. (*She spreads the paper on the table.*) Can I do the parcel for you, miss?

Blanche. No. Mind your own business. (*She empties the box on the sheet of brown paper. It contains a packet of letters, a ring, and a set of gold bangles. At sight of them she has a paroxysm of passion, which she relieves by dashing the box to the floor. The maid submissively picks it up and puts it on the table, again sniffing and drying her eyes.*) What are you crying for?

The Parlour Maid (*plaintively*). You speak so brutal to me, Miss Blanche; and I do love you so. I'm sure no one else would stay and put up with what I have to put up with.

Blanche. Then go. I don't want you. Do you hear. Go.

The Parlour Maid (*piteously, falling on her knees*).

Oh no, Miss Blanche. Don't send me away from you: don't——

Blanche (*with fierce disgust*). Agh! I hate the sight of you. (*The maid, wounded to the heart, cries bitterly.*) Hold your tongue. Are those two gentlemen gone?

The Parlour Maid (*weeping*). Oh, how could you say such a thing to me, Miss Blanche—me that——

Blanche (*seizing her by the hair and throat*). Stop that noise, I tell you, unless you want me to kill you.

The Parlour Maid (*protesting and imploring, but in a carefully subdued voice*). Let me go, Miss Blanche: you know you'll be sorry: you always are. Remember how dreadfully my head was cut last time.

Blanche (*raging*). Answer me, will you? Have they gone?

The Parlour Maid. Lickcheese has gone, looking dreadf—— (*she breaks off with a stifled cry as Blanche's fingers tighten furiously on her.*)

Blanche. Did I ask you about Lickcheese? You beast: you know who I mean: you're doing it on purpose.

The Parlour Maid (*in a gasp*). They're staying to lunch.

Blanche (*looking intently into her face*). He?——

The Parlour Maid (*whispering with a sympathetic nod*). Yes, miss. (*Blanche slowly releases her and stands upright with clenched fists and set face. The parlour maid, recognizing the passing of the crisis of passion and fearing no further violence, sits discomfitedly on her heels, and tries to arrange her hair and cap, whimpering a little with exhaustion and soreness.*) Now you've set my hands all trembling; and I shall jingle the things on the tray at lunch so that everybody will notice me. It's too bad of you, Miss Bl—— (*Sartorius coughs outside.*)

Blanche (*quickly*). Sh! Get up. (*The parlour maid hastily gets up, and goes out as demurely as she can, passing Sartorius on her way to the door. He*

glances sternly at her and comes to Blanche. The parlour maid shuts the door softly behind her.)

Sartorius (*mournfully*). My dear: can you not make a little better fight with your temper?

Blanche (*panting with the subsidence of her fit*). No, I can't. I won't. I do my best. Nobody who really cares for me gives me up because of my temper. I never show my temper to any of the servants but that girl; and she is the only one that will stay with us.

Sartorius. But, my dear, remember that we have to meet our visitors at luncheon presently. I have run down before them to say that I have arranged that little difficulty with Trench. It was only a piece of mischief made by Lickcheese. Trench is a young fool; but it is all right now.

Blanche. I don't want to marry a fool.

Sartorius. Then you will have to take a husband over thirty, Blanche. You must not expect too much, my child. You will be richer than your husband, and, I think, cleverer too. I am better pleased that it should be so.

Blanche (*seizing his arm*). Papa.

Sartorius. Yes, my dear.

Blanche. May I do as I like about this marriage; or must I do as you like?

Sartorius (*uneasily*). Blanche——

Blanche. No, papa; you must answer me.

Sartorius (*abandoning his self-control, and giving way recklessly to his affection for her*). You shall do as you like now and always, my beloved child. I only wish to do as my own darling pleases.

Blanche. Then I will not marry him. He has played fast and loose with me. He thinks us beneath him, he is ashamed of us; he dared to object to being benefited by you—as if it were not natural for him to owe you everything; and yet the money tempted him after all. (*Suddenly throwing her arms hysterically*

about his neck.) Papa, I don't want to marry: I only want to stay with you and be happy as we have always been. I hate the thought of being married: I don't care for him: I don't want to leave you. (*Trench and Cokane return; but she can hear nothing but her own voice and does not notice them.*) Only send him away: promise me that you will send him away and keep me here with you as we have always—(*seeing Trench.*) Oh! (*She hides her face on her father's breast.*)

Trench (*nervously*). I hope we are not intruding.

Sartorius (*formidably*). Dr. Trench: my daughter has changed her mind.

Trench (*disconcerted*). Am I to understand——

Cokane (*striking in in his most vinegary manner*). I think, Harry, under the circumstances, we have no alternative but to seek luncheon elsewhere.

Trench. But, Mr. Sartorius, have you explained——

Sartorius (*straight in Trench's face*). I have explained, sir. Good morning. (*Trench, outraged, advances a step. Blanche sinks away from her father into a chair. Sartorius stands his ground rigidly.*)

Trench (*turning away indignantly*). Come on, Cokane.

Cokane. Certainly, Harry, certainly. (*Trench goes out, very angry. The parlour maid, with a tray jingling in her hands, passes outside.*) You have disappointed me, sir, very acutely. Good morning. (*He follows Trench.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

The drawing-room in Sartorius's house in Bedford Square. Winter evening: fire burning, curtains drawn and lamps lighted. Sartorius and Blanche are sitting glumly near the fire. The Parlour Maid, who has just brought in coffee, is placing it on a small table between them. There is a large table in the middle of the room. The pianoforte, a grand, is on the left, with a photographic portrait of Blanche on a miniature easel on the top. Two doors, one on the right further forward than the fireplace, leading to the study; the other at the back, on the left, leading to the lobby. Blanche has her work basket at hand, and is knitting. Sartorius, closer to the fire, has a newspaper. The Parlour Maid goes out.

SARTORIUS. Blanche, my love.

BLANCHE. Yes.

SARTORIUS. I had a long talk to the doctor to-day about our going abroad.

BLANCHE (*impatiently*). I am quite well; and I will not go abroad. I loathe the very thought of the Continent. Why will you bother me so about my health?

SARTORIUS. It was not about your health, Blanche, but about my own.

BLANCHE (*rising*). Yours! (*She goes anxiously to him.*) Oh, papa, there is nothing the matter with you, I hope?

SARTORIUS. There will be—there must be, Blanche, long before you begin to consider yourself an old woman.

BLANCHE. But there is nothing the matter now?

Sartorius. Well, my dear, the doctor says I need change, travel, excitement——

Blanche. Excitement! You need excitement! (*She laughs joylessly, and sits down on the rug at his feet.*) How is it, papa, that you, who are so clever with everybody else, are not a bit clever with me? Do you think I can't see through your little plan to take me abroad? Since I will not be the invalid and allow you to be the nurse, you are to be the invalid and I am to be the nurse.

Sartorius. Well, Blanche, if you will have it that you are well and have nothing preying on your spirits, I must insist on being ill and have something preying on mine. And indeed, my girl, there is no use in our going on as we have for the last four months. You have not been happy; and I have been far from comfortable. (*Blanche's face clouds: she turns away from him and sits dumb and brooding. He waits in vain for some reply; then adds in a lower tone*) Need you be so inflexible, Blanche?

Blanche (*pained and rigid*). I thought you admired inflexibility: you have always prided yourself on it.

Sartorius. Nonsense, my dear, nonsense. I have had to give in often enough. And I could show you plenty of soft fellows who have done as well as I, and enjoyed themselves more, perhaps. If it is only for the sake of inflexibility that you are standing out——

Blanche. I am not standing out. I don't know what you mean. (*She tries to rise and go away.*)

Sartorius (*catching her arm and arresting her on her knees*). Come, my child: you must not trifle with me as if I were a stranger. You are fretting because——

Blanche (*violently twisting herself free and speaking as she rises*). If you say it, papa, I will kill my-

self. It is not true. If he were here on his knees to-night, I would walk out of the house sooner than endure it. (*She goes out excitedly. Sartorius, greatly troubled, turns again to the fire with a heavy sigh.*)

Sartorius (*gazing gloomily into the glow*). Now if I fight it out with her, no more comfort for months! I might as well live with my clerk or my servant. And if I give in now, I shall have to give in always. Well, I can't help it. I have stuck to having my own way all my life; but there must be an end to that drudgery some day. She is young: let her have her turn at it. (*The parlour maid comes in.*)

The Parlour Maid. Please sir, Mr. Lickcheese wants to see you very particular. On important business —your business, he told me to say.

Sartorius. Mr. Lickcheese! Do you mean Lickcheese who used to come here on my business?

The Parlour Maid. Yes, sir. But indeed, sir, you'd scarcely know him.

Sartorius (*frowning*). Hm! Starving, I suppose. Come to beg?

The Parlour Maid (*intensely repudiating the idea*). O-o-o-o-h NO, sir. Quite the gentleman, sir! Sealskin overcoat, sir! Come in a hansom, all shaved and clean! I'm sure he's come into a fortune, sir.

Sartorius. Hm! Show him up.

(*Lickcheese, who has been waiting at the door, instantly comes in. The change in his appearance is dazzling. He is in evening dress, with an overcoat lined throughout with furs presenting all the hues of the tiger. His shirt is fastened at the breast with a single diamond stud. His silk hat is of the glossiest black; a handsome gold watch chain hangs like a garland on his filled out waistcoat; he has shaved his whiskers and grown a moustache, the ends of which are waxed and pointed. As Sartorius stares speechless at him, he stands, smiling, to be admired, intensely enjoying the*

effect he is producing. The parlour maid, hardly less pleased with her own share in this coup-de-théâtre, goes out beaming, full of the news for the kitchen. Lickcheese clinches the situation by a triumphant nod at Sartorius.)

Sartorius (*bracing himself—hostile*). Well?

Lickcheese. Quite well, Sartorius, thankee.

Sartorius. I was not asking after your health, sir, as you know, I think, as well as I do. What is your business?

Lickcheese. Business that I can take elsewhere if I meet with less civility than I please to put up with, Sartorius. You and me is man and man now. It was money that used to be my master, and not you, don't think it. Now that I'm independent in respect of money——

Sartorius (*crossing determinedly to the door, and holding it open*). You can take your independence out of my house, then. I won't have it here.

Lickcheese (*indulgently*). Come, Sartorius, don't be stiffnecked. I come her as a friend to put money in your pocket. No use in your lettin' on to me that you're above money. Eh?

Sartorius (*hesitates, and at last shuts the door, saying guardedly*). How much money?

Lickcheese (*victorious, going to Blanche's chair and beginning to take off his overcoat*). Ah! there you speak like yourself, Sartorius. Now suppose you ask me to sit down and make myself comfortable.

Sartorius (*coming from the door*). I have a mind to put you downstairs by the back of your neck, you infernal blackguard.

Lickcheese (*not a bit ruffled, takes off his overcoat and hangs it on the back of Blanche's chair, pulling a cigar case out of one of his pockets as he does so*). You and me is too much of a pair for me to take anything you say in bad part, Sartorius. 'Ave a cigar.

Sartorius. No smoking here: this is my daughter's room. However, sit down, sit down. (*They sit.*)

Lickcheese. I' bin gittin' orn a little since I saw you last.

Sartorius. So I see.

Lickcheese. I owe it partly to you, you know. Does that surprise you?

Sartorius. It doesn't concern me.

Lickcheese. So you think, Sartorius, because it never did concern you how *I* got on, so long as I got you on by bringing in the rents. But I picked up something for myself down at Robbins's Row.

Sartorius. I always thought so. Have you come to make restitution?

Lickcheese. You wouldn't take it if I offered it to you, Sartorius. It wasn't money: it was knowledge—knowledge of the great public question of the Housing of the Working Classes. You know there's a Royal Commission on it, don't you?

Sartorius. Oh, I see. You've been giving evidence.

Lickcheese. Giving evidence! Not me. What good would that do me! Only my expenses; and that not on the professional scale, neither. No: I gev no evidence. But I'll tell you what I did. I kep' it back, just to oblige one or two people whose feelings would have been hurt by seeing their names in a bluebook as keeping a fever den. Their Agent got so friendly with me over it that he put his name on a bill of mine to the tune of — well, no matter: it gave me a start; and a start was all I ever wanted to get on my feet. I've got a copy of the first report of the Commission in the pocket of my overcoat. (*He rises and gets at his overcoat, from a pocket of which he takes a bluebook.*) I turned down the page to show you: I thought you'd like to see it. (*He doubles the book back at the place indicated, and hands it to Sartorius.*)

Sartorius. So blackmail is the game, eh? (*He puts*

the book on the table without looking at it, and strikes it emphatically with his fist.) I don't care that for my name being in bluebooks. My friends don't read them; and I'm neither a Cabinet Minister nor a candidate for Parliament. There's nothing to be got out of me on that lay.

Lickcheese (*shocked*). Blackmail! Oh, Mr. Sartorius, do you think I would let out a word about your premises? Round on an old pal! no: that ain't Lickcheese's way. Besides, they know all about you already. Them stairs that you and me quarrelled about, they was a whole afternoon examining the clergyman that made such a fuss—you remember?—about the women that was hurt on it. He made the worst he could of it, in an ungentlemanly, unchristian spirit. I wouldn't have that clergyman's disposition for worlds. Oh no: that's not what was in my thoughts.

Sartorius. Come, come, man: what was in your thoughts? Out with it.

Lickcheese (*with provoking deliberation, smiling and looking mysteriously at him*). You ain't spent a few hundreds in repairs since we parted, have you? (*Movement of impatience from Sartorius: Lickcheese goes on soothingly.*) Now don't fly out at me. I know a landlord that owned as beastly a slum as you could find in London, down there by the Tower. By my advice that man put half the houses into first-class repair, and let the other half to a new Company—the North Thames Iced Mutton Depot Company, of which I held a few shares—promoters' shares. And what was the end of it, do you think?

Sartorius. Smash! I suppose.

Lickcheese. Smash! not a bit of it. Compensation, Mr. Sartorius, compensation. Do you understand that?

Sartorius. Compensation for what?

Lickcheese. Why, the land was wanted for an ex-

tension of the Mint; and the Company had to be bought out, and the buildings compensated for. Somebody has to know these things beforehand, you know, no matter how dark they're kept.

Sartorius (*interested, but cautious*). Well?

Lickcheese. Is that all you have to say to me, Mr. Sartorius? "Well"! as if I was next door's dog! Suppose I'd got wind of a new street that would knock down Robbins's Row and turn Burke's Walk into a frontage worth thirty pounds a foot!—would you say no more to me than (*mimicking*) "Well"? (*Sartorius hesitates, looking at him in great doubt: Lickcheese rises and exhibits himself.*) Come, look at my get-up, Mr. Sartorius. Look at this watchchain! Look at the corporation I've got on me! Do you think all that came from keeping my mouth shut? No, it came from keeping my ears and eyes open. (*Blanche comes in, followed by the parlour maid, who has a silver tray on which she collects the coffee cups. Sartorius, impatient at the interruption, rises and motions Lickcheese to the door of the study.*)

Sartorius. Sh. We must talk this over in the study. There is a good fire there, and you can smoke. Blanche: an old friend of ours.

Lickcheese. And a kind one to me. I hope I see you well, Miss Blanche.

Blanche. Why it's Mr. Lickcheese! I hardly knew you.

Lickcheese. I find you a little changed yourself, miss.

Blanche (*hastily*). Oh, I am the same as ever. How are Mrs. Lickcheese and the chil——

Sartorius (*impatiently*). We have business to transact, Blanche. You can talk to Mr. Lickcheese afterwards. Come on. (*Sartorius and Lickcheese go into the study. Blanche, surprised at her father's abruptness, looks after them for a moment. Then, seeing Lick-*

cheese's overcoat on her chair, she takes it up, amused, and looks at the fur.)

The Parlour Maid. Oh, we are fine, ain't we, Miss Blanche? I think Mr. Lickcheese must have come into a legacy. (*Confidentially.*) I wonder what he can want with the master, Miss Blanche! He brought him this big book. (*She shows the bluebook to Blanche.*)

Blanche (*her curiosity roused—taking the book*). Let me see. (*She looks at it.*) There's something about papa in it. (*She sits down and begins to read.*)

The Parlour Maid (*folding the tea-table and putting it out of the way*). He looks ever so much younger, Miss Blanche, don't he. I couldn't help laughing when I saw him with his whiskers shaved off: it do look so silly when you're not accustomed to it. (*No answer from Blanche.*) You haven't finished your coffee, miss: I suppose I may take it away. (*No answer.*) Oh, you are interested in Mr. Lickcheese's book, miss. (*Blanche springs up. The parlour maid looks at her face, and instantly hurries out of the room on tiptoe with her tray.*)

Blanche. So that was why he would not touch the money. (*She tries to tear the book across; but that is impossible; and she throws it violently into the fireplace. It falls into the fender.*) Oh, if only a girl could have no father, no family, just as I have no mother! Clergyman!—beast! "The worst slum landlord in London." "Slum landlord." Oh! (*She covers her face with her hands and sinks shuddering into the chair on which the overcoat lies. The study door opens.*)

Lickcheese (*in the study*). You just wait five minutes. I'll fetch him. (*Blanche snatches a piece of work from her basket and sits erect and quiet, stitching at it. Lickcheese comes back, speaking to Sartorius, who follows him.*) He lodges round the corner in Gower Street; and my private 'ansom's at the door. By your leave, Miss Blanche (*pulling gently at his overcoat.*)

Blanche (*rising*). I beg your pardon. I hope I haven't crushed it.

Lickcheese (*with the coat on*). You're welcome to crush it again now, Miss Blanche. Don't say good evening to me, miss: I'm coming back, presently—me and a friend or two. Ta, ta, Sartorius: I shan't be long. (*He goes out. Sartorius looks about for the bluebook.*)

Blanche. I thought we were done with Lickcheese.

Sartorius. Not quite yet, I think. He left a book here for me to look over—a large book in a blue paper cover. Has the girl put it away? (*He sees it in the fender; looks at Blanche; and adds.*) Have you seen it!

Blanche. No. Yes. (*Angrily.*) No, I have not seen it. What have I to do with it! (*Sartorius picks the book up and dusts it; then sits down quietly to read. After a glance up and down the columns, he nods assentingly, as if he found there exactly what he expected.*)

Sartorius. It's a curious thing, Blanche, that the Parliamentary gentlemen who write such books as these, should be so ignorant of practical business. One would suppose, to read this, that we are the most grasping, grinding, heartless pair in the world, you and I.

Blanche. Is it not true—about the state of the houses, I mean?

Sartorius (*calmly*). Oh, quite true.

Blanche. Then is it not our fault?

Sartorius. My dear, if we made the houses any better, the rents would have to be raised so much that the poor people would be unable to pay, and would be thrown homeless on the streets.

Blanche. Well, turn them out and get in a respectable class of people. Why should we have the disgrace of harbouring such wretches?

Sartorius (*opening his eyes*). That sounds a little hard on them, doesn't it, my child?

Blanche. Oh, I hate the poor. At least, *I* hate

those dirty, drunken, disreputable people who live like pigs. If they must be provided for, let other people look after them. How can you expect any one to think well of us when such things are written about us in that infamous book?

Sartorius (*coldly and a little wistfully*). I see I have made a real lady of you, Blanche.

Blanche (*defiantly*). Well, are you sorry for that?

Sartorius. No, my dear, of course not. But do you know, Blanche, that my mother was a very poor woman, and that her poverty was not her fault?

Blanche. I suppose not; but the people we want to mix with now don't know that. And it was not my fault; so I don't see why *I* should be made to suffer for it.

Sartorius (*enraged*). Who makes you suffer for it, miss? What would you be now but for what your grandmother did for me when she stood at her wash-tub for thirteen hours a day and thought herself rich when she made fifteen shillings a week?

Blanche (*angrily*). I suppose I should have been down on her level instead of being raised above it, as I am now. Would you like us to go and live in that place in the book for the sake of grandmamma? I hate the idea of such things. I don't want to know about them. I love you because you brought me up to something better. (*Half aside, as she turns away from him.*) I should hate you if you had not.

Sartorius (*giving in*). Well, my child, I suppose it is natural for you to feel that way, after your bringing up. It is the ladylike view of the matter. So don't let us quarrel, my girl. You shall not be made to suffer any more. I have made up my mind to improve the property, and get in quite a new class of tenants. There! does that satisfy you? I am only waiting for the consent of the ground landlord, Lady Roxdale.

Blanche. Lady Roxdale!

Sartorius. Yes. But I shall expect the mortgagee to take his share of the risk.

Blanche. The mortgagee! Do you mean—— (*She cannot finish the sentence: Sartorius does it for her.*)

Sartorius. Harry Trench. Yes. And remember, Blanche: if he consents to join me in the scheme, I shall have to be friends with him.

Blanche. And to ask him to the house?

Sartorius. Only on business. You need not meet him unless you like.

Blanche (*overwhelmed*). When is he coming?

Sartorius. There is no time to be lost. Lickcheese has gone to ask him to come round.

Blanche (*in dismay*). Then he will be here in a few minutes! What shall I do?

Sartorius. I advise you to receive him as if nothing had happened, and then go out and leave us to our business. You are not afraid to meet him?

Blanche. Afraid! No, most certainly not. But ——(*Lickcheese's voice is heard without*). Here they are. Don't say I'm here, papa. (*She rushes away into the study. Lickcheese comes in with Trench and Cokane. Cokane shakes hands effusively with Sartorius. Trench, who is coarsened and sullen, and has evidently not been making the best of his disappointment, bows shortly and resentfully. Lickcheese covers the embarrassment of the position by talking cheerfully until they are all seated round the large table, Trench on the right, Cokane on the left; the other two between them, with Lickcheese next to Cokane.*)

Lickcheese. Here we are, all friends round St. Paul's. You remember Mr. Cokane: he does a little business for me now as a friend, and gives me a help with my correspondence—sekketary we call it. I've no litery style, and that's the truth; so Mr. Cokane kindly puts it into my letters and draft prospectuses and advertisements and the like. Don't you, Cokane? Of course

you do: why shouldn't you? He's been helping me tonight to persuade his old friend, Dr. Trench, about the matter we were speaking of.

Cokane (*austerely*). No, Mr. Lickcheese, not trying to persuade him. No: this is a matter of principle with me. I say it is your duty, Henry—your duty—to put those abominable buildings into proper and habitable repair. As a man of science you owe it to the community to perfect the sanitary arrangements. In questions of duty there is no room for persuasion, even from the oldest friend.

Sartorius (*to Trench*). I certainly feel, as Mr. Cokane puts it, that it is our duty: one which I have perhaps too long neglected out of regard for the poorest class of tenants.

Lickcheese. Not a doubt of it, gents, a dooty. I can be as sharp as any man when it's a question of business; but dooty's another thing.

Trench. Well, I don't see that it is any more my duty now than it was four months ago. I look at it simply as a question of so much money.

Cokane. Shame, Harry, shame! Shame!

Trench. Oh, shut up, you fool. (*Cokane springs up. Lickcheese catches his coat and holds him.*)

Lickcheese. Steady, steady, Mr. Sekketary. Dr. Trench is only joking.

Cokane. I insist on the withdrawal of that expression. I have been called a fool.

Trench (*morosely*). So you are a fool.

Cokane. Then you are a damned fool. Now, sir!

Trench. All right. Now we've settled that. (*Cokane, with a snort, sits down.*) What I mean is this. Don't let's have any nonsense about this job. As I understand it, Robbins's Row is to be pulled down to make way for the new street into the Strand; and the straight tip now is to go for compensation.

Lickcheese (*chuckling*). That's so, Dr. Trench. That's it.

Trench (*continuing*). Well, it appears that the dirtier a place is, the more rent you get; and the decenter it is, the more compensation you get. So we're to give up dirt and go in for decency.

Sartorius. I should not put it exactly in that way; but——

Cokane. Quite right, Mr. Sartorius, quite right. The case could not have been stated with worse taste or with less tact.

Lickcheese. Sh-sh-sh-sh!

Sartorius. I do not quite go with you there, Mr. Cokane. Dr. Trench puts the case frankly as a man of business. I take the wider view of a public man. We live in a progressive age; and humanitarian ideas are advancing and must be taken into account. But my practical conclusion is the same as his. I should hardly feel justified in making a large claim for compensation under existing circumstances.

Lickcheese. Of course not: and you wouldn't get it if you did. You see, it's like this, Dr. Trench. There's no doubt that the Vestries has legal powers to play old Harry with slum properties, and spoil the housenacking game if they please. That didn't matter in the good old times, because the Vestries used to be ourselves. Nobody ever knew a word about the election; and we used to get ten of us into a room and elect one another, and do what we liked. Well, that cock won't fight any longer; and, to put it short, the game is up for men in the position of you and Mr. Sartorius. My advice to you is, take the present chance of getting out of it. Spend a little money on the block at the Cribbs Market end—enough to make it look like a model dwelling; and let the other block to me on fair terms for a depot of the North Thames Iced Mutton Company. They'll be knocked down inside of two year to make room for the new north and south main thoroughfare; and you'll be compensated to the tune of

double the present valuation, with the cost of the improvements thrown in. Leave things as they are; and you stand a good chance of being fined, or condemned, or pulled down before long. Now's your time.

Cokane. Hear, hear! Hear, hear! Hear, hear! Admirably put from the business point of view! I recognize the uselessness of putting the moral point of view to you, Trench; but even you must feel the cogency of Mr. Lickcheese's business statement.

Trench. But why can't you act without me? What have I got to do with it? I am only a mortgagee.

Sartorius. There is a certain risk in this compensation investment, Dr. Trench. The County Council may alter the line of the new street. If that happens, the money spent in improving the houses will be thrown away—simply thrown away. Worse than thrown away, in fact; for the new buildings may stand unlet or half let for years. But you will expect your seven per cent as usual.

Trench. A man must live.

Cokane. Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.

Trench. Shut up, Billy; or else speak some language you understand. No, Mr. Sartorius: I should be very glad to stand in with you if I could afford it; but I can't; so there's an end of that.

Lickcheese. Well, all I can say is that you're a very foolish young man.

Cokane. What did I tell you, Harry?

Trench. I don't see that it's any business of yours, Mr. Lickcheese.

Lickcheese. It's a free country: every man has a right to his opinion. (*Cokane cries* Hear, hear!) Come, where's your feelings for them poor people, Dr. Trench? Remember how it went to your heart when I first told you about them. What! are you going to turn hard?

Trench. No: it won't do: you can't get over me that way. You proved to me before that there was no use

in being sentimental over that slum shop of ours; and it's no good your turning round on the philanthropic tack now that you want me to put my capital into your speculation. I've had my lesson; and I'm going to stick to my present income. It's little enough for me as it is.

Sartorius. It really matters nothing to me, Dr. Trench, how you decide. I can easily raise the money elsewhere and pay you off. Then, since you are resolved to run no risks, you can invest your £10,000 in Consols and get £250 a year for it instead of £700. (*Trench, completely outwitted, stares at them in consternation. Cokane breaks the silence.*)

Cokane. This is what comes of being avaricious, Harry. Two thirds of your income gone at one blow. And I must say it serves you right.

Trench. That's all very fine; but I don't understand it. If you can do this to me, why didn't you do it long ago?

Sartorius. Because, as I should probably have had to borrow at the same rate, I should have saved nothing; whereas you would have lost over £400—a very serious matter for you. I had no desire to be unfriendly; and even now I should be glad to let the mortgage stand, were it not that the circumstances mentioned by Mr. Lickcheese force my hand. Besides, Dr. Trench, I hoped for some time that our interests might be joined by closer ties even than those of friendship.

Lickcheese (*jumping up, relieved*). There! Now the murder's out. Excuse me, Dr. Trench. Ex-cuse me, Mr. Sartorius: excuse my freedom. Why not Dr. Trench marry Miss Blanche, and settle the whole affair that way? (*Sensation. Lickcheese sits down triumphant.*)

Cokane. You forget, Mr. Lickcheese, that the young lady, whose taste has to be considered, decisively objected to him.

Trench. Oh! Perhaps you think she was struck with you.

Cokane. I did not say so, Trench. No man of any delicacy would suggest such a thing. You have an untutored mind, Trench, an untutored mind.

Trench. Well, Cokane: I've told you my opinion of you already.

Cokane (*rising wildly*). And I have told you my opinion of you. I will repeat it if you wish. I am ready to repeat it.

Lickcheese. Come, Mr. Sekketary: you and me, as married men, is out of the 'unt as far as young ladies is concerned. I know Miss Blanche: she has her father's eye for business. Explain this job to her; and she'll make it up with Dr. Trench. Why not have a bit of romance in business when it costs nothing? We all have our feelings: we ain't mere calculating machines.

Sartorius (*revolted*). Do you think, Lickcheese, that my daughter is to be made part of a money bargain between you and these gentlemen?

Lickcheese. Oh, come, Sartorius: don't talk as if you was the only father in the world. I have a daughter too; and my feelings in that matter is just as fine as yours. I propose nothing but what is for Miss Blanche's advantage and Dr. Trench's.

Cokane. Lickcheese expresses himself roughly, Mr. Sartorius; but his is a sterling nature; and what he says is to the point. If Miss Sartorius can really bring herself to care for Harry, I am far from desiring to stand in the way of such an arrangement.

Trench. Why, what have you got to do with it?

Lickcheese. Easy, Dr. Trench, easy. We want your opinion. Are you still on for marrying Miss Blanche if she's agreeable?

Trench (*shortly*). I don't know that I am. (*Sartorius rises indignantly.*)

Lickcheese. Easy one moment, Mr. Sartorius. (*To*

Trench) Come, Dr. Trench: you say you don't know that you are. But do you know that you ain't: that's what we want to know?

Trench (*sulkily*). I won't have the relations between Miss Sartorius and myself made part of a bargain. (*He rises to leave the table.*)

Lickcheese (*rising*). That's enough: a gentleman could say no less. (*Insinuatingly.*) Now, would you mind me and Cokane and the gov'nor steppin' into the study to arrange about the lease to the North Thames Iced Mutton Company?

Trench. Oh, *I* don't mind. I'm going home. There's nothing else to say.

Lickcheese. No, don't go. Only just a minute: me and Cokane will be back in no time to see you home. You'll wait for us, won't you? there's a good fellow.

Trench. Well, if you wish, yes.

Lickcheese (*cheerily*). Didn't I know you would!

Sartorius (*at the study door, to Cokane*). After you, sir. (*Cokane bows formally and goes into the study.*)

Lickcheese (*at the door, aside to Sartorius*). You never 'ad such a managin' man as me, Sartorius. (*He goes into the study chuckling, followed by Sartorius.*)

(*Trench, left alone, looks round carefully and listens a moment. Then he goes on tiptoe to the piano and leans upon it with folded arms, gazing at Blanche's portrait. Blanche herself appears presently at the study door. When she sees how he is occupied, she closes it softly and steals over to him, watching him intently. He rises from his leaning attitude, and takes the portrait from the easel, holding it out before him at arm's length; then, taking a second look round to reassure himself that nobody is watching him, finds Blanche close upon him. He drops the portrait and stares at her without the least presence of mind.*)

Blanche (*shrewishly*). Well? So you have come

back here. You have had the meanness to come into this house again. (*He flushes and retreats a step. She follows him up remorselessly.*) What a poor-spirited creature you must be! Why don't you go? (*Red and wincing, he starts huffily to get his hat from the table; but when he turns to the door with it she deliberately gets in his way, so that he has to stop.*) *I* don't want you to stay. (*For a moment they stand face to face, quite close to one another, she provocative, taunting, half defying, half inviting him to advance, in a flush of undisguised animal excitement. It suddenly flashes on him that all this ferocity is erotic — that she is making love to him. His eye lights up: a cunning expression comes into the corner of his mouth: with a heavy assumption of indifference he walks straight back to his chair, and plants himself in it with his arms folded. She comes down the room after him.*) But I forgot: you have found that there is some money to be made here. Lickcheese told you. You, who were so disinterested, so independent, that you could not accept anything from my father! (*At the end of every sentence she waits to see what execution she has done.*) I suppose you will try to persuade me that you have come down here on a great philanthropic enterprise—to befriend the poor by having those houses rebuilt, eh? (*Trench maintains his attitude and makes no sign.*) Yes, when my father makes you do it. And when Lickcheese has discovered some way of making it profitable. Oh, I know papa; and I know you. And for the sake of that, you come back here—into the house where you were refused—ordered out. (*Trench's face darkens: her eyes gleam as she sees it.*) Aha! you remember that. You know it is true: you cannot deny it. (*She sits down, and softens her tone a little as she affects to pity him.*) Ah, let me tell you that you cut a poor figure, a very, very poor figure, Harry. (*At the word "Harry," he relaxes the fold of his arms; and a faint grin of anticipated victory appears on his face.*) And

you, too, a gentleman!—so highly connected!—with such distinguished relations!—so particular as to where your money comes from! I wonder at you. I really wonder at you. I should have thought that if your family brought you nothing else, it might at least have brought you some sense of personal dignity. Perhaps you think you look dignified at present, eh? (*No reply.*) Well, I can assure you that you don't: you look most ridiculous —as foolish as a man could look—you don't know what to say; and you don't know what to do. But after all, I really don't see what anyone could say in defence of such conduct. (*He looks straight in front of him, and purses up his lips as if whistling. This annoys her; and she becomes affectedly polite.*) I am afraid I am in your way, Dr. Trench. (*She rises.*) I shall not intrude on you any longer. You seem so perfectly at home that I need make no apology for leaving you to yourself. (*She makes a feint of going to the door; but he does not budge; and she returns and comes behind his chair.*) Harry. (*He does not turn. She comes a step nearer.*) Harry: I want you to answer me a question. (*Earnestly, stooping over him.*) Look me in the face. (*No reply.*) Do you hear? (*Putting her hand on his shoulder.*) Look —me—in—the—face. (*He still stares straight in front of him. She suddenly kneels down beside him with her breast against his right shoulder; taking his face in her hands, and twisting it sharply towards her.*) Harry: what were you doing with my photograph just now, when you thought you were alone? (*His face writhes as he tries hard not to smile. She flings her arms round him, and crushes him in an ecstatic embrace as she adds, with furious tenderness*) How dare you touch anything belonging to me? (*The study door opens and voices are heard.*)

Trench. I hear some one coming. (*She regains her chair with a bound, and pushes it back as far as possible. Cokane, Lickcheese, and Sartorius come from the study.*

Sartorius and Lickcheese come to Trench. Cokane crosses to Blanche in his most killing manner.)

Cokane. How do you do, Miss Sartorius? Nice weather for the return of l'enfant prodigue, eh?

Blanche. Capital, Mr. Cokane. So glad to see you. (*She gives him her hand, which he kisses with gallantry.*)

Lickcheese (*on Trench's left, in a low voice*). Any noos for us, Mr. Trench?

Trench (*to Sartorius, on his right*). I'll stand in, compensation or no compensation. (*Shakes Sartorius's hand. The parlour maid has just appeared at the door.*)

Blanche. Supper is ready, papa.

Cokane. Allow me.

(*Exeunt omnes: Blanche on Cokane's arm; Lickcheese jocosely taking Sartorius on one arm and Trench on the other.*)

CURTAIN.

THE PHILANDERER

THE PHILANDERER

ACT I

A lady and gentleman are making love to one another in the drawing-room of a flat in Ashly Gardens in the Victoria district of London. It is past ten at night. The walls are hung with theatrical engravings and photographs—Kemble as Hamlet, Mrs. Siddons as Queen Katharine pleading in court, Macready as Werner (after Maclise), Sir Henry Irving as Richard III (after Long), Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ada Rehan, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. A. W. Pinero, Mr. Sydney Grundy, and so on, but not the Signora Duse or anyone connected with Ibsen. The room is not a perfect square, the right hand corner at the back being cut off diagonally by the doorway, and the opposite corner rounded by a turret window filled up with a stand of flowers surrounding a statue of Shakespear. The fireplace is on the right, with an armchair near it. A small round table, further forward on the same side, with a chair beside it, has a yellow-backed French novel lying open on it. The piano, a grand, is on the left, open, with the keyboard in full view at right angles to the wall. The piece of music on the desk is "When other lips." Incandescent lights, well shaded, are on the piano and mantelpiece. Near the piano is a sofa, on which the lady and gentleman are seated affectionately side by side, in one another's arms.

The lady, Grace Tranfield, is about 32, slight of build,

delicate of feature, and sensitive in expression. She is just now given up to the emotion of the moment; but her well closed mouth, proudly set brows, firm chin, and elegant carriage show plenty of determination and self respect. She is in evening dress.

The gentleman, Leonard Charteris, a few years older, is unconventionally but smartly dressed in a velvet jacket and cashmere trousers. His collar, dyed Wotan blue, is part of his shirt, and turns over a garnet coloured scarf of Indian silk, secured by a torquoise ring. He wears blue socks and leather sandals. The arrangement of his tawny hair, and of his moustaches and short beard, is apparently left to Nature; but he has taken care that Nature shall do him the fullest justice. His amative enthusiasm, at which he is himself laughing, and his clever, imaginative, humorous ways, contrast strongly with the sincere tenderness and dignified quietness of the woman.

Charteris (*impulsively clasping Grace*). My dearest love.

Grace (*responding affectionately*). My darling. Are you happy?

Charteris. In Heaven.

Grace. My own.

Charteris. My heart's love. (*He sighs happily, and takes her hands in his, looking quaintly at her.*) That must positively be my last kiss, Grace, or I shall become downright silly. Let us talk. (*Releases her and sits a little apart from her.*) Grace: is this your first love affair?

Grace. Have you forgotten that I am a widow? Do you think I married Tranfield for money?

Charteris. How do I know? Besides, you might have married him not because you loved him, but because you didn't love anybody else. When one is young, one marries out of mere curiosity, just to see what it's like.

Grace. Well, since you ask me, I never was in love

with Tranfield, though I only found that out when I fell in love with you. But I used to like him for being in love with me. It brought out all the good in him so much that I have wanted to be in love with some one ever since. I hope, now that I am in love with you, you will like me for it just as I liked Tranfield.

Charteris. My dear, it is because I like you that I want to marry you. I could love anybody—any pretty woman, that is.

Grace. Do you really mean that, Leonard?

Charteris. Of course. Why not?

Grace (*reflecting*). Never mind why. Now tell me, is this your first love affair?

Charteris (*amazed at the simplicity of the question*). No, bless my soul. No—nor my second, nor my third.

Grace. But I mean your first serious one.

Charteris (*with a certain hesitation*). Yes. (*There is a pause. She is not convinced. He adds, with a very perceptible load on his conscience.*) It is the first in which *I* have been serious.

Grace (*searchingly*). I see. The other parties were always serious.

Charteris. No, not always—heaven forbid!

Grace. How often?

Charteris. Well, once.

Grace. Julia Craven?

Charteris (*recoiling*). Who told you that? (*She shakes her head mysteriously, and he turns away from her moodily and adds*) You had much better not have asked.

Grace (*gently*). I'm sorry, dear. (*She puts out her hand and pulls softly at him to bring him near her again.*)

Charteris (*yielding mechanically to the pull, and allowing her hand to rest on his arm, but sitting squarely without the least attempt to return the caress*). Do I feel harder to the touch than I did five minutes ago?

Grace. What nonsense!

Charteris. I feel as if my body had turned into the toughest of hickory. That is what comes of reminding me of Julia Craven. (*Brooding, with his chin on his right hand and his elbow on his knee.*) I have sat alone with her just as I am sitting with you——

Grace (*shrinking from him*). Just!

Charteris (*sitting upright and facing her steadily*). Just exactly. She has put her hands in mine, and laid her cheek against mine, and listened to me saying all sorts of silly things. (*Grace, chilled to the soul, rises from the sofa and sits down on the piano stool, with her back to the keyboard.*) Ah, you don't want to hear any more of the story. So much the better.

Grace (*deeply hurt, but controlling herself*). When did you break it off?

Charteris (*guiltily*). Break it off?

Grace (*firmly*). Yes, break it off.

Charteris. Well, let me see. When did I fall in love with you?

Grace. Did you break it off then?

Charteris (*mischievously, making it plainer and plainer that it has not been broken off*). It was clear then, of course, that it must be broken off.

Grace. And did you break it off?

Charteris. Oh, yes: *I* broke it off.

Grace. But did she break it off?

Charteris (*rising*). As a favour to me, dearest, change the subject. Come away from the piano: I want you to sit here with me. (*Takes a step towards her.*)

Grace. No. I also have grown hard to the touch—much harder than hickory for the present. Did she break it off?

Charteris. My dear, be reasonable. It was fully explained to her that it was to be broken off.

Grace. Did she accept the explanation?

Charteris. She did what a woman like Julia al-

ways does. When I explained personally, she said it was not my better self that was speaking, and that she knew I still really loved her. When I wrote it to her with brutal explicitness, she read the letter carefully and then sent it back to me with a note to say that she had not had the courage to open it, and that I ought to be ashamed of having written it. (*Comes beside Grace, and puts his left hand caressingly round her neck.*) You see, dearie, she won't look the situation in the face.

Grace (*shaking off his hand and turning a little away on the stool*). I am afraid, from the light way in which you speak of it, you did not sound the right chord.

Charteris. My dear, when you are doing what a woman calls breaking her heart, you may sound the very prettiest chords you can find on the piano; but to her ears it is just like this—(*Sits down on the bass end of the keyboard. Grace puts her fingers in her ears. He rises and moves away from the piano, saying*) No, my dear: I've been kind; I've been frank; I've been everything that a goodnatured man could be: she only takes it as the making up of a lover's quarrel. (*Grace winces.*) Frankness and kindness: one is as the other—especially frankness. I've tried both. (*He crosses to the fireplace, and stands facing the fire, looking at the ornaments on the mantelpiece and warming his hands.*)

Grace (*Her voice a little strained*). What are you going to try now?

Charteris (*on the hearthrug, turning to face her*). Action, my dear! Marriage! ! In that she must believe. She won't be convinced by anything short of it, because, you see, I have had some tremendous philanderings before, and have gone back to her after them.

Grace. And so that is why you want to marry me?

Charteris. I cannot deny it, my love. Yes: it is your mission to rescue me from Julia.

Grace (*rising*). Then, if you please, I decline to be

made use of for any such purpose. I will not steal you from another woman. (*She begins to walk up and down the room with ominous disquiet.*)

Charteris. Steal me! (*Comes towards her.*) Grace: I have a question to put to you as an advanced woman. Mind! as an advanced woman. Does Julia belong to me? Am I her owner—her master?

Grace. Certainly not. No woman is the property of a man. A woman belongs to herself and to nobody else.

Charteris. Quite right. Ibsen for ever! That's exactly my opinion. Now tell me, do I belong to Julia; or have I a right to belong to myself?

Grace (*puzzled*). Of course you have; but——

Charteris (*interrupting her triumphantly*). Then how can you steal me from Julia if I don't belong to her? (*Catching her by the shoulders and holding her out at arm's length in front of him.*) Eh, little philosopher? No, my dear: if Ibsen sauce is good for the goose, it's good for the gander as well. Besides (*coaxing her*) it was nothing but a philander with Julia—nothing else in the world, I assure you.

Grace (*breaking away from him*). So much the worse! I hate your philanderings: they make me ashamed of you and of myself. (*Goes to the sofa and sits in the right hand corner of it, leaning gloomily on her elbow with her face averted.*)

Charteris. Grace: you utterly misunderstand the origin of my philanderings. (*Sits down beside her.*) Listen to me: am I a particularly handsome man?

Grace (*turning to him as if astonished at his conceit*). No!

Charteris (*triumphantly*). You admit it. Am I a well dressed man?

Grace. Not particularly.

Charteris. Of course not. Have I a romantic mysterious charm about me?—do I look as if a secret sorrow preyed on me?—am I gallant to women?

Grace. Not in the least.

Charteris. Certainly not. No one can accuse me of it. Then whose fault is it that half the women I speak to fall in love with me? Not mine: I hate it: it bores me to distraction. At first it flattered me—delighted me—that was how Julia got me, because she was the first woman who had the pluck to make me a declaration. But I soon had enough of it; and at no time have I taken the initiative and persecuted women with my advances as women have persecuted me. Never. Except, of course, in your case.

Grace. Oh, you need not make any exception. I had a good deal of trouble to induce you to come and see us. You were very coy.

Charteris (*fondly, taking her hand*). With you, dearest, the coyness was sheer coquetry. I loved you from the first, and fled only that you might pursue. But come! let us talk about something really interesting. (*Takes her in his arms.*) Do you love me better than anyone else in the world?

Grace. I don't think you like to be loved too much.

Charteris. That depends on who the person is. You (*pressing her to his heart*) cannot love me too much: you cannot love me half enough. I reproach you every day for your coldness—your—— (*Violent double knock heard without. They start and listen, still in one another's arms, hardly daring to breathe.*) Who the deuce is calling at this hour?

Grace. I can't imagine. (*They listen guiltily. The door of the flat is opened without. They hastily get away from one another.*)

A Woman's Voice Outside. Is Mr. Charteris here?

Charteris (*springing up*). Julia! The devil! (*Stands at the left of the sofa with his hands on it, bending forward with his eyes fixed on the door.*)

Grace (*rising also*). What can she want?

The Voice. Never mind: I will announce myself.

(*A beautiful, dark, tragic looking woman, in mantle and bonnet, appears at the door, raging furiously.*) Oh, this is charming. I have interrupted a pretty tête-à-tête. Oh, you villain! (*She comes straight at Grace. Charteris runs across behind the sofa and stops her. She struggles furiously with him. Grace preserves her self possession, but retreats quietly to the piano. Julia, finding Charteris too strong for her, gives up her attempt to get at Grace, but strikes him in the face as she frees herself.*)

Charteris (*shocked*). Oh, Julia, Julia! This is too bad.

Julia. Is it, indeed, too bad? What are you doing up here with that woman? You scoundrel! But now listen to me; Leonard: you have driven me to desperation; and I don't care what I do, or who hears me. I'll not bear it. She shall not have my place with you——

Charteris. Sh-sh!

Julia. No, no: I don't care: I will expose her true character before everybody. You belong to me: you have no right to be here; and she knows it.

Charteris. I think you had better let me take you home, Julia.

Julia. I will not. I am not going home: I am going to stay here—here—until I have made you give her up.

Charteris. My dear, you must be reasonable. You really cannot stay in Mrs. Tranfield's house if she objects. She can ring the bell and have us both put out.

Julia. Let her do it then. Let her ring the bell if she dares. Let us see how this pure virtuous creature will face the scandal of what I will declare about her. Let us see how you will face it. I have nothing to lose. Everybody knows how you have treated me: you have boasted of your conquests, you poor pitiful, vain creature —I am the common talk of your acquaintances and hers. Oh, I have calculated my advantage (*tearing off her mantle*): I am a most unhappy and injured woman; but

I am not the fool you take me to be. I am going to stay—see! (*She flings the mantle on the round table; puts her bonnet on it, and sits down.*) Now, Mrs. Tranfield: there is the bell: (*pointing to the button beside the fireplace*) why don't you ring? (*Grace, looking attentively at Charteris, does not move.*) Ha! ha! I thought so.

Charteris (*quietly, without relaxing his watch on Julia*). Mrs. Tranfield: I think you had better go into another room. (*Grace makes a movement towards the door, but stops and looks inquiringly at Charteris as Julia springs up. He advances a step so as to prevent her from getting to the door.*)

Julia. She shall not. She shall stay here. She shall know what you are, and how you have been in love with me—how it is not two days since you kissed me and told me that the future would be as happy as the past. (*Screaming at him*) You did: deny it if you dare.

Charteris (*to Grace in a low voice*). Go!

Grace (*with nonchalant disgust—going*). Get her away as soon as you can, Leonard.

(*Julia, with a stifled cry of rage, rushes at Grace, who is crossing behind the sofa towards door. Charteris seizes her and prevents her from getting past the sofa. Grace goes out. Charteris, holding Julia fast, looks around to the door to see whether Grace is safely out of the room.*)

Julia (*suddenly ceasing to struggle and speaking with the most pathetic dignity*). Oh, there is no need to be violent. (*He passes her across to the left end of the sofa, and leans against the right end, panting and mopping his forehead*). That is worthy of you!—to use brute force—to humiliate me before her! (*She breaks down and bursts into tears.*)

Charteris (*to himself with melancholy conviction*). This is going to be a cheerful evening. Now patience,

patience, patience! (*Sits on a chair near the round table.*)

Julia (*in anguish*). Leonard, have you no feeling for me?

Charteris. Only an intense desire to get you safely out of this.

Julia (*fiercely*). I am not going to stir.

Charteris (*wearily*). Well, well. (*Heaves a long sigh. They sit silent for awhile, Julia struggling, not to regain her self control, but to maintain her rage at boiling point.*)

Julia (*rising suddenly*). I am going to speak to that woman.

Charteris (*jumping up*). No, no. Hang it, Julia, don't let's have another wrestling match. I have the strength, but not the wind: you're too young for me. Sit down or else let me take you home. Suppose her father comes in.

Julia. I don't care. It rests with you. I am ready to go if she will give you up: until then I stay. Those are my terms: you owe me that. (*She sits down determinedly. Charteris looks at her for a moment; then, making up his mind, goes resolutely to the couch, sits down near the right hand end of it, she being at the left; and says with biting emphasis*)—

Charteris. I owe you just exactly nothing.

Julia (*reproachfully*). Nothing! You can look me in the face and say that? Oh, Leonard!

Charteris. Let me remind you, Julia, that when first we became acquainted, the position you took up was that of a woman of advanced views.

Julia. That should have made you respect me the more.

Charteris (*placably*). So it did, my dear. But that is not the point. As a woman of advanced views, you were determined to be free. You regarded marriage as a degrading bargain, by which a woman sold herself to

a man for the social status of a wife and the right to be supported and pensioned in old age out of his income. That's the advanced view—our view. Besides, if you had married me, I might have turned out a drunkard, a criminal, an imbecile, a horror to you; and you couldn't have released yourself. Too big a risk, you see. That's the rational view—our view. Accordingly, you reserved the right to leave me at any time if you found our companionship incompatible with—what was the expression you used?—with your full development as a human being: I think that was how you put the Ibsenist view—our view. So I had to be content with a charming philander, which taught me a great deal, and brought me some hours of exquisite happiness.

Julia. Leonard: you confess then that you owe me something?

Charteris (*haughtily*). No: what I received, I paid. Did you learn nothing from me?—was there no delight for you in our friendship?

Julia (*vehemently and movingly; for she is now sincere*). No. You made me pay dearly for every moment of happiness. You revenged yourself on me for the humiliation of being the slave of your passion for me. I was never sure of you for a moment. I trembled whenever a letter came from you, lest it should contain some stab for me. I dreaded your visits almost as much as I longed for them. I was your plaything, not your companion. (*She rises, exclaiming*) Oh, there was such suffering in my happiness that I hardly knew joy from pain. (*She sinks on the piano stool, and adds, as she buries her face in her hands and turns away from him*) Better for me if I had never met you!

Charteris (*rising indignantly*). You ungenerous wretch! Is this your gratitude for the way I have just been flattering you? What have I not endured from you—endured with angelic patience? Did I not find out, before our friendship was a fortnight old, that all

your advanced views were merely a fashion picked up and followed like any other fashion, without understanding or meaning a word of them? Did you not, in spite of your care for your own liberty, set up claims on me compared to which the claims of the most jealous wife would have been trifles. Have I a single woman friend whom you have not abused as old, ugly, vicious——

Julia (*quickly looking up*). So they are.

Charteris. Well, then, I'll come to grievances that even you can understand. I accuse you of habitual and intolerable jealousy and ill temper; of insulting me on imaginary provocation: of positively beating me; of stealing letters of mine——

Julia (*rising*). Yes, nice letters.

Charteris. ——of breaking your solemn promises not to do it again; of spending hours—aye, days! piecing together the contents of my waste paper basket in your search for more letters; and then representing yourself as an ill used saint and martyr wantonly betrayed and deserted by a selfish monster of a man.

Julia. I was justified in reading your letters. Our perfect confidence in one another gave me the right to do it.

Charteris. Thank you. Then I hasten to break off a confidence which gives such rights. (*Sits down sulkily on sofa.*)

Julia (*with her right hand on the back of the sofa, bending over him threateningly*). You have no right to break it off.

Charteris. I have. You refused to marry me because——

Julia. I did not. You never asked me. If we were married, you would never dare treat me as you are doing now.

Charteris (*laboriously going back to his argument*). It was understood between us as people of advanced

views that we were not to marry because, as the law stands, I might have become a drunkard, a——

Julia. ——a criminal, an imbecile or a horror. You said that before. (*Sits down beside him with a fling.*)

Charteris (*politely*). I beg your pardon, my dear. I know I have a habit of repeating myself. The point is that you reserved your freedom to give me up when you pleased.

Julia. Well, what of that? I do not please to give you up; and I will not. You have not become a drunkard or a criminal.

Charteris. You don't see the point yet, Julia. You seem to forget that in reserving your freedom to leave me in case I should turn out badly, you also reserved my freedom to leave you in case you should turn out badly.

Julia. Very ingenious. And pray, have *I* become a drunkard, or a criminal, or an imbecile?

Charteris (*rising*). You have become what is infinitely worse than all three together—a jealous termagant.

Julia (*shaking her head bitterly*). Yes, abuse me—call me names.

Charteris. I now assert the right I reserved—the right of breaking with you when I please. Advanced views, Julia, involve advanced duties: you cannot be an advanced woman when you want to bring a man to your feet, and a conventional woman when you want to hold him there against his will. Advanced people form charming friendships: conventional people marry. Marriage suits a good deal of people; and its first duty is fidelity. Friendship suits some people; and its first duty is unhesitating, uncomplaining acceptance of a notice of a change of feeling from either side. You chose friendship instead of marriage. Now do your duty, and accept your notice.

Julia. Never! We are engaged in the eye of—the eye of——

Charteris (*sitting down quickly beside her*). Yes,

Julia. Can't you get it out? In the eye of something that advanced women don't believe in, eh?

Julia (*throwing herself at his feet*). O Leonard, don't be cruel. I am too miserable to argue—to think. I only know I love you. You reproach me with not wanting to marry you. I would have married you at any time after I came to love you, if you had asked me. I will marry you now if you will.

Charteris. I won't, my dear. That's flat. We're intellectually incompatible.

Julia. But why? We could be so happy. You love me—I know you love me—I feel it. You say 'My dear" to me: you have said it several times this evening. I know I have been wicked, odious, bad. I say nothing in defence of myself. But don't be hard on me. I was distracted by the thought of losing you. I can't face life without you Leonard. I was happy when I met you: I had never loved anyone; and if you had only let me alone I could have gone on contentedly by myself. But I can't now. I must have you with me. Don't cast me off without a thought of all I have at stake. I could be a friend to you if you would only let me—if you would only tell me your plans—give me a share in your work—treat me as something more than the amusement of an idle hour. Oh Leonard, Leonard, you've never given me a chance: indeed you haven't. I'll take pains; I'll read; I'll try to think; I'll conquer my jealousy; I'll—— (*She breaks down, rocking her head desperately on his knee and writhing.*) Oh, I'm mad: I'm mad: you'll kill me if you desert me.

Charteris (*petting her*). My dear love, don't cry—don't go on in this way. You know I can't help it.

Julia (*sobbing as he rises and coaxingly lifts her with him*). Oh, you can, you can. One word from you will make us happy for ever.

Charteris (*diplomatically*). Come, my dear: we really must go. We can't stay until Cuthbertson comes.

(*Releases her gently and takes her mantle from the table.*) Here is your mantle: put it on and be good. You have given me a terrible evening: you must have some consideration for me.

Julia (*dangerous again*). Then I am to be cast off.

Charteris (*coaxingly*). You are to put on your bonnet, dearest. (*He puts the mantle on her shoulders.*)

Julia (*with a bitter half laugh, half sob*). Well, I suppose I must do what I am told. (*She goes to the table, and looks for her bonnet. She sees the yellow-backed French novel.*) Ah, look at that! (*holds it out to him.*) Look—look at what the creature reads—filthy, vile French stuff that no decent woman would touch. And you—you have been reading it with her.

Charteris. You recommended that book to me yourself.

Julia. Faugh! (*Dashes it on the floor.*)

Charteris (*running anxiously to the book*). Don't damage property, Julia. (*He picks it up and dusts it.*) Making scenes is an affair of sentiment: damaging property is serious. (*Replaces it on the table.*) And now do pray come along.

Julia (*implacably*). You can go: there is nothing to prevent you. I will not stir. (*She sits down stubbornly on the sofa.*)

Charteris (*losing patience*). Oh come! I am not going to begin all this over again. There are limits even to my forbearance. Come on.

Julia. I will not, I tell you.

Charteris. Then good night. (*He makes resolutely for the door. With a rush, she gets there before him, and bars his way.*) I thought you wanted me to go.

Julia (*at the door*). You shall not leave me here alone.

Charteris. Then come with me.

Julia. Not until you have sworn to me to give up that woman.

Charteris. My dear, I will swear anything if you will only come away and put an end to this.

Julia (*perplexed—doubting him*). You will swear?

Charteris. Solemnly. Propose the oath. I have been on the point of swearing for the last half hour.

Julia (*despairingly*). You are only making fun of me. I want no oaths. I want your promise—your sacred word of honour.

Charteris. Certainly—anything you demand, on condition that you come away immediately. On my sacred word of honour as a gentleman—as an Englishman—as anything you like—I will never see her again, never speak to her, never think of her. Now come.

Julia. But are you in earnest? Will you keep your word?

Charteris (*smiling subtly*). Now you are getting unreasonable. Do come along without any more nonsense. At any rate, I am going. I am not strong enough to carry you home; but I am strong enough to make my way through that door in spite of you. You will then have a new grievance against me for my brutal violence. (*He takes a step towards the door.*)

Julia (*solemnly*). If you do, I swear I will throw myself from that window, Leonard, as you pass out.

Charteris (*unimpressed*). That window is at the back of the building. I shall pass out at the front; so you will not hurt me. Good night. (*He approaches the door.*)

Julia. Leonard: have you no pity?

Charteris. Not in the least. When you condescend to these antics you force me to despise you. How can a woman who behaves like a spoiled child and talks like a sentimental novel have the audacity to dream of being a companion for a man of any sort of sense or character? (*She gives an inarticulate cry and throws herself sobbing on his breast.*) Come, don't cry, my dear Julia: you don't look half so beautiful as when you're happy;

and it takes all the starch out of my shirt front. Come along.

Julia (*affectionately*). I'll come, dear, if you wish it. Give me one kiss.

Charteris (*exasperated*). This is too much. No: I'm dashed if I will. Here, let me go, Julia. (*She clings to him.*) Will you come without another word if I give you a kiss?

Julia. I will do anything you wish, darling.

Charteris. Well, here. (*He takes her in his arms and gives her an unceremonious kiss.*) Now remember your promise. Come along.

Julia. That was not a nice kiss, dearest. I want one of our old real kisses.

Charteris (*furious*). Oh, go to the deuce. (*He disengages himself impulsively; and she, as if he had flung her down, falls pathetically with a stifled moan. With an angry look at her, he strides out and slams the door. She raises herself on one hand, listening to his retreating footsteps. They stop. Her face lights up with eager, triumphant cunning. The steps return hastily. She throws herself down again as before. Charteris reappears, in the utmost dismay, exclaiming*) Julia: we're done. Cuthbertson's coming upstairs with your father —(*she sits up quickly*) do you hear?—the two fathers.

Julia (*sitting on the floor*). Impossible. They don't know one another.

Charteris (*desperately*). I tell you they are coming up together like brothers. What on earth are we to do?

Julia (*scrambling up with the help of his hand*). Quick, the lift: we can go down in that. (*She rushes to the table for her bonnet.*)

Charteris. No, the man's gone home; and the lift's locked.

Julia (*putting on bonnet at express speed*). Let's go up to the next floor.

Charteris. There's no next floor. We're at the top

of the house. No, no, you must invent some thumping lie. I can't think of one: you can, Julia. Exercise all your genius. I'll back you up.

Julia. But——

Charteris. Sh-sh! Here they are. Sit down and look at home. (*Julia tears off her bonnet and mantle; throws them on the table; and darts to the piano at which she seats herself.*)

Julia. Come and sing. (*She plays the symphony to "When other lips." He stands at the piano, as if about to sing. Two elderly gentlemen enter. Julia stops playing.*)

The elder of the two gentlemen, Colonel Daniel Craven, affects the bluff, simple veteran, and carries it off pleasantly and well, having a fine upright figure, and being, in fact, a goodnaturedly impulsive, credulous person who, after an entirely thoughtless career as an officer and a gentleman, is now being startled into some sort of self-education by the surprising proceedings of his children.

His companion, Mr. Joseph Cuthbertson, Grace's father, has none of the Colonel's boyishness. He is a man of fervent idealistic sentiment, so frequently outraged by the facts of life, that he has acquired an habitually indignant manner, which unexpectedly becomes enthusiastic or affectionate when he speaks.

The two men differ greatly in expression. The Colonel's face is lined with weather, with age, with eating and drinking, and with the cumulative effects of many petty vexations, but not with thought: he is still fresh, and he has by no means full expectations of pleasure and novelty. Cuthbertson has the lines of sedentary London brain work, with its chronic fatigue and longing for rest and recreative emotion, and its disillusioned indifference to adventure and enjoyment, except as a means of recuperation.

They are both in evening dress; and Cuthbertson wears

his fur collared overcoat, which, with his vigilant, irascible eye, piled up hair, and the honorable earnestness with which he takes himself, gives him an air of considerable consequence.

Cuthbertson (*with a hospitable show of delight at finding visitors*). Don't stop, Miss Craven. Go on, Charteris. (*He comes down behind the sofa, and hangs his overcoat on it, after taking an opera glass and a theatre programme from the pockets, and putting them down on the piano. Craven meanwhile goes to the fireplace and stands on the hearthrug.*)

Charteris. No, thank you. Miss Craven has just been taking me through an old song; and I've had enough of it. (*He takes the song off the piano desk and lays it aside; then closes the lid over the keyboard.*)

Julia (*passing between the sofa and piano to shake hands with Cuthbertson*). Why, you've brought Daddy! What a surprise! (*Looking across to Craven.*) So glad you've come, Dad. (*She takes a chair near the window, and sits there.*)

Cuthbertson. Craven: let me introduce you to Mr. Leonard Charteris, the famous Ibsenist philosopher.

Craven. Oh, we know one another already. Charteris is quite at home at our house, Jo.

Cuthbertson. I beg both your pardons. (*Charteris sits down on the piano stool.*) He's quite at home here too. By the bye, where's Grace?

Julia and Charteris. Er—— (*They stop and look at one another.*)

Julia (*politely*). I beg your pardon, Mr. Charteris: I interrupted you.

Charteris. Not at all, Miss Craven. (*An awkward pause.*)

Cuthbertson (*to help them out*). You were going to tell about Grace, Charteris.

Charteris. I was only going to say that I didn't know that you and Craven were acquainted.

Craven. Why, *I* didn't know it until to-night. It's a most extraordinary thing. We met by chance at the theatre; and he turns out to be my oldest friend.

Cuthbertson (*energetically*). Yes, Craven; and do you see how this proves what I was saying to you about the breaking up of family life? Here are all our young people—Grace and Miss Julia and the rest—bosom friends, inseparables; and yet we two, who knew each other before they were born, might never have met again if you hadn't popped into the stall next to mine to-night by pure chance. Come, sit down (*bustling over to him affectionately and pushing him into the arm chair above the fire*): there's your place, by my fireside, whenever you choose to fill it. (*He posts himself at the right end of the sofa, leaning against it and admiring Craven.*) Just imagine your being Dan Craven!

Craven. Just imagine your being Jo Cuthbertson, though! That's a far more extraordinary coincidence, because I'd got it into my head that your name was Tranfield.

Cuthbertson. Oh, that's my daughter's name. She's a widow, you know. How uncommonly well you look, Dan! The years haven't hurt you much.

Craven (*suddenly becoming unnaturally gloomy*). I look well. I even feel well. But my days are numbered.

Cuthbertson (*alarmed*). Oh don't say that, my dear fellow. I hope not.

Julia (*with anguish in her voice*). Daddy! (*Cuthbertson looks inquiringly around at her.*)

Craven. There, there, my dear: I was wrong to talk of it. It's a sad subject. But it's better that Cuthbertson should know. We used to be very close friends, and are so still, I hope. (*Cuthbertson goes to Craven and presses his hand silently; then returns to sofa and sits, pulling out his handkerchief and displaying some emotion.*)

Charteris (*a little impatiently*). The fact is, Cuth-

bertson, Craven's a devout believer in the department of witchcraft called medical science. He's celebrated in all the medical schools as an example of the newest sort of liver complaint. The doctors say he can't last another year; and he has fully made up his mind not to survive next Easter, just to oblige them.

Craven (*with military affectation*). It's very kind of you to try to keep up my spirits by making light of it, Charteris. But I shall be ready when my time comes. I'm a soldier. (*A sob from Julia.*) Don't cry, Julia.

Cuthbertson (*huskily*). I hope you may long be spared, Dan.

Craven. To oblige me, Jo, change the subject. (*He gets up and again posts himself on the hearthrug with his back to the fire.*)

Charteris. Try and persuade him to join our club, Cuthbertson. He mopes.

Julia. It's no use. Sylvia and I are always at him to join; but he won't.

Craven. My child, I have my own club.

Charteris (*contemptuously*). Yes, the Junior Army and Navy! Do you call that a club? Why, they daren't let a woman cross the doorstep!

Craven (*a little ruffled*). Clubs are a matter of taste, Charteris. You like a cock and hen club: I don't. It's bad enough to have Julia and her sister—a girl under twenty—spending half their time at such a place. Besides, now really, such a name for a club! The Ibsen club! I should be laughed out of London. The Ibsen club! Come, Cuthbertson, back me up. I'm sure you agree with me.

Charteris. Cuthbertson's a member.

Craven (*amazed*). No! Why, he's been talking to me all the evening about the way in which everything is going to the dogs through advanced ideas in the younger generation.

Charteris. Of course. He's been studying it in the club. He's always there.

Cuthbertson (*warmly*). Not always. Don't exaggerate, Charteris. You know very well that though I joined the club on Grace's account, thinking that her father's presence there would be a protection and a—a sort of sanction, as it were—I never approved of it.

Craven (*tactlessly harping on Cuthbertson's inconsistency*). Well, you know, this is unexpected: now it's really very unexpected. I should never have thought it from hearing you talk, Jo. Why, you said the whole modern movement was abhorrent to you because your life had been passed in witnessing scenes of suffering nobly endured and sacrifice willingly rendered by womanly women and manly men and deuce knows what else. Is it at the Ibsen club that you see all this manliness and womanliness?

Charteris. Certainly not: the rules of the club forbid anything of that sort. Every candidate for membership must be nominated by a man and a woman, who both guarantee that the candidate, if female, is not womanly, and if male, is not manly.

Craven (*chuckling cunningly and stooping to press his heated trousers against his legs, which are chilly*). Won't do, Charteris. Can't take me in with so thin a story as that.

Cuthbertson (*vehemently*). It's true. It's monstrous, but it's true.

Craven (*with rising indignation, as he begins to draw the inevitable inferences*). Do you mean to say that somebody had the audacity to guarantee that my Julia is not a womanly woman?

Charteris (*darkly*). It sounds incredible; but a man was found ready to take that inconceivable lie on his conscience.

Julia (*firing up*). If he has nothing worse than that on his conscience, he may sleep pretty well. In what

way am I more womanly than any of the rest of them, I should like to know? They are always saying things like that behind my back—I hear of them from Sylvia. Only the other day a member of the committee said I ought never to have been elected—that you (*to Charteris*) had smuggled me in. I should like to see her say it to my face: that's all.

Craven. But, my precious, I most sincerely hope she was right. She paid you the highest compliment. Why, the place must be a den of infamy.

Cuthbertson (*emphatically*). So it is, Craven, so it is.

Charteris. Exactly. That's what keeps it so select: nobody but people whose reputations are above suspicion dare belong to it. If we once got a good name, we should become a mere whitewashing shop for all the shady characters in London. Better join us, Craven. Let me put you up.

Craven. What! Join a club where there's some scoundrel who guaranteed my daughter to be an unwomanly woman! If I weren't an invalid, I'd kick him.

Charteris. Oh don't say that. It was I who did it.

Craven (*reproachfully*). You! Now upon my soul, Charteris, this is very vexing. Now how could you bring yourself to do such a thing?

Charteris. She made me. Why, I had to guarantee Cuthbertson as unmanly; and he's the leading representative of manly sentiment in London.

Craven. That didn't do Jo any harm: but it took away my Julia's character.

Julia (*outraged*). Daddy!

Charteris. Not at the Ibsen club, quite the contrary. After all, what can we do? You know what breaks up most clubs for men and women. There's a quarrel—a scandal—cherchez la femme—always a woman at the bottom of it. Well, we knew this when we founded the club; but we noticed that the woman at the bottom of it

was always a womanly woman. The unwomanly women who work for their living and know how to take care of themselves never give any trouble. So we simply said we wouldn't have any womanly women; and when one gets smuggled in she has to take care not to behave in a womanly way. We get on all right. (*He rises.*) Come to lunch with me there tomorrow and see the place.

Cuthbertson (*rising*). No, he's engaged to me. But you can join us.

Charteris. What hour?

Cuthbertson. Any time after twelve. (*To Craven*) It's at 90 Cork street, at the other end of the Burlington Arcade.

Craven (*making a note*). 90, you say. After twelve. (*He suddenly relapses into gloom.*) By the bye, don't order anything special for me. I'm not allowed wine—only Apollinaris. No meat either—only a scrap of fish occasionally. I'm to have a short life, but not a merry one. (*Sighing.*) Well, well. (*Bracing himself up.*) Now, Julia, it's time for us to be off. (*Julia rises.*)

Cuthbertson. But where on earth is Grace? I must go and look for her. (*He turns to the door.*)

Julia (*stopping him*). Oh, pray don't disturb her, Mr. Cuthbertson. She's so tired.

Cuthbertson. But just for a moment to say good night. (*Julia and Charteris look at one another in dismay. Cuthbertson looks quickly at them, perceiving that something is wrong.*)

Charteris. We must make a clean breast of it, I see.

Cuthbertson. Clean breast?

Charteris. The truth is, Cuthbertson, Mrs. Tranfield, who is, as you know, the most thoughtful of women, took it into her head that I—well, that I particularly wanted to speak to Miss Craven alone. So she said she was tired and wanted to go to bed.

Craven (*scandalized*). Tut! tut!

Cuthbertson. Oho! is that it? Then it's all right.

She never goes to bed as early as this. I'll fetch her in a moment. (*He goes out confidently, leaving Charteris aghast.*)

Julia. Now you've done it. (*She rushes to the round table and snatches up her mantle and bonnet.*) I'm off. (*She makes for the door.*)

Craven (*horrified*). What are you doing, Julia? You can't go until you've said good night to Mrs. Tranfield. It would be horribly rude.

Julia. You can stay if you like, Daddy: I can't. I'll wait for you in the hall. (*She hurries out.*)

Craven (*following her*). But what on earth am I to say? (*Stopping as she disappears, and turning to Charteris grumbling*) Now really you know, Charteris, this is devilish awkward, upon my life it is. That was a most indelicate thing of you to say plump out before us all—that about you and Julia.

Charteris. I'll explain it all to-morrow. Just at present we'd really better follow Julia's example and bolt. (*He starts for the door.*)

Craven (*intercepting him*). Stop! don't leave me like this: I shall look like a fool. Now I shall really take it in bad part if you run away, Charteris.

Charteris (*resignedly*). All right. I'll stay. (*Lifts himself on to the shoulder of the grand piano and sits there swinging his legs and contemplating Craven resignedly.*)

Craven (*pacing up and down*). I'm excessively vexed about Julia's conduct, I am indeed. She can't bear to be crossed in the slightest thing, poor child. I'll have to apologize for her you know: her going away is a downright slap in the face for these people here. Cuthbertson may be offended already for all I know.

Charteris. Oh never mind about him. Mrs. Tranfield bosses this establishment.

Craven (*cunningly*). Ah, that's it, is it? He's just the sort of fellow that would have no control over his

daughter. (*He goes back to his former place on the hearthrug with his back to the fire.*) By the bye, what the dickens did he mean by all that about passing his life amid—what was it?—" scenes of suffering nobly endured and sacrifice willingly rendered by womanly women and manly men " and a lot more of the same sort? I suppose he's something in a hospital.

Charteris. Hospital! Nonsense: he's a dramatic critic. Didn't you hear me say that he was the leading representative of manly sentiment in London?

Craven. You don't say so. Now really, who'd have thought it! How jolly it must be to be able to go to the theatre for nothing! I must ask him to get me a few tickets occasionally. But isn't it ridiculous for a man to talk like that! I'm hanged if he don't take what he sees on the stage quite seriously.

Charteris. Of course: that's why he's a good critic. Besides, if you take people seriously off the stage, why shouldn't you take them seriously on it, where they're under some sort of decent restraint? (*He jumps down off piano and goes up to the window. Cuthbertson comes back.*)

Cuthbertson (*to Craven, rather sheepishly*). The fact is, Grace has gone to bed. I must apologize to you and Miss—— (*He turns to Julia's seat, and stops on seeing it vacant.*)

Craven (*embarrassed*). It is I who have to apologize for Julia, Jo. She——

Charteris (*interrupting*). She said she was quite sure that if we didn't go, you'd persuade Mrs. Tranfield to get up to say good night for the sake of politeness; so she went straight off.

Cuthbertson. Very kind of her indeed. I'm really ashamed——

Craven. Don't mention it, Jo, don't mention it. She's waiting for me below. (*Going.*) Good night. Good night, Charteris.

Charteris. Good night.

Cuthbertson (*seeing Craven out*). Good night. Say good night and thanks to Miss Craven for me. To-morrow any time after twelve, remember. (*They go out; and Charteris with a long sigh crosses to the fireplace, thoroughly tired out.*)

Craven (*outside*). All right.

Cuthbertson (*outside*). Take care of the stairs; they're rather steep. Good night. (*The outside door shuts; and Cuthbertson returns. Instead of entering, he stands in the doorway with one hand in the breast of his waistcoat, eyeing Charteris sternly.*)

Charteris. What's the matter?

Cuthbertson (*sternly*). Charteris: what's been going on here? I insist on knowing. Grace has not gone to bed: I have seen and spoken with her. What is it all about?

Charteris. Ask your theatrical experience, Cuthbertson. A man, of course.

Cuthbertson (*coming forward and confronting him*). Don't play the fool with me, Charteris: I'm too old a hand to be amused by it. I ask you, seriously, what's the matter?

Charteris. I tell you, seriously, I'm the matter. Julia wants to marry me: I want to marry Grace. I came here to-night to sweetheart Grace. Enter Julia. Alarums and excursions. Exit Grace. Enter you and Craven. Subterfuges and excuses. Exeunt Craven and Julia. And here we are. That's the whole story. Sleep over it. Good night. (*He leaves.*)

Cuthbertson (*staring after him*). Well I'll be—— (*The act drop descends.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

Next day at noon, in the Library of the Ibsen club. A spacious room, with glass doors right and left. At the back, in the middle, is the fireplace, surmounted by a handsome mantelpiece, with a bust of Ibsen, and decorated inscriptions of the titles of his plays. There are circular recesses at each side of fireplace, with divan seats running round them, and windows at the top, the space between the divan and the window sills being lined with books. A long settee is placed before the fire. Along the back of the settee, and touching it, is a green table, littered with journals. A revolving bookcase stands in the foreground, a little to the left, with an easy chair close to it. On the right, between the door and the recess, is a light library stepladder. Placards inscribed "silence" are conspicuously exhibited here and there.

(Cuthbertson is seated in the easy chair at the revolving bookstand, reading the "Daily Graphic." Dr. Paramore is on the divan in the right hand recess, reading "The British Medical Journal." He is young as age is counted in the professions—barely forty. His hair is wearing bald on his forehead; and his dark arched eyebrows, coming rather close together, give him a conscientiously sinister appearance. He wears the frock coat and cultivates the "bedside manner" of the fashionable physician with scrupulous conventionality. Not at all a happy or frank man, but not consciously unhappy nor intentionally insincere, and highly self satisfied intellectually.

Sylvia Craven is sitting in the middle of the settee be-

fore the fire, only the back of her head being visible. She is reading a volume of Ibsen. She is a girl of eighteen, small and trim, wearing a smart tailor-made dress, rather short, and a Newmarket jacket, showing a white blouse with a light silk sash and a man's collar and watch chain so arranged as to look as like a man's waistcoat and shirt-front as possible without spoiling the prettiness of the effect. A Page Boy's voice, monotonously calling for Dr. Paramore, is heard approaching outside on the right.)

Page (*outside*). Dr. Paramore, Dr. Paramore, Dr. Paramore. (*He enters carrying a salver with a card on it.*) Dr. Par——

Paramore (*sharply, sitting up*). Here, boy. (*The boy presents the salver. Paramore takes the card and looks at it.*) All right: I'll come down to him. (*The boy goes. Paramore rises, and comes from the recess, throwing his paper on the table.*) Good morning, Mr. Cuthbertson (*stopping to pull out his cuffs and shake his coat straight*) Mrs. Tranfield quite well, I hope?

Sylvia (*turning her head indignantly*). Sh—sh—sh! (*Paramore turns, surprised. Cuthbertson rises energetically and looks across the bookstand to see who is the author of this impertinence.*)

Paramore (*to Sylvia—stiffly*) I beg your pardon, Miss Craven: I did not mean to disturb you.

Sylvia (*flustered and self assertive*). You may talk as much as you like if you will only have the common consideration to first ask whether the other people object. What I protest against is your assumption that my presence doesn't matter because I'm only a female member. That's all. Now go on, pray: you don't disturb me in the least. (*She turns to the fire, and again buries herself in Ibsen.*)

Cuthbertson (*with emphatic dignity*). No gentleman would have dreamt of objecting to our exchanging a few words, madam. (*She takes no notice. He resumes*

angrily.) As a matter of fact I was about to say to Dr. Paramore that if he would care to bring his visitor up here, *I* should not object. The impudence! (*Dashes his paper down on the chair.*)

Paramore. Oh, many thanks; but it's only an instrument maker.

Cuthbertson. Any new medical discoveries, doctor?

Paramore. Well, since you ask me, yes—perhaps a most important one. I have discovered something that has hitherto been overlooked—a minute duct in the liver of the guinea pig. Miss Craven will forgive my mentioning it when I say that it may throw an important light on her father's case. The first thing, of course, is to find out what the duct is there for.

Cuthbertson (*reverently—feeling that he is in the presence of science*). Indeed. How will you do that?

Paramore. Oh, easily enough, by simply cutting the duct and seeing what will happen to the guinea pig. (*Sylvia rises, horrified.*) I shall require a knife specially made to get at it. The man who is waiting for me downstairs has brought me a few handles to try before fitting it and sending it to the laboratory. I am afraid it would not do to bring such weapons up here.

Sylvia. If you attempt such a thing, Dr. Paramore, I will complain to the committee. The majority of the committee are anti-vivisectionists. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. (*She flounces out at the right hand door.*)

Paramore (*with patient contempt*). That's the sort of thing we scientific men have to put up with nowadays, Mr. Cuthbertson. Ignorance, superstition, sentimentality: they are all one. A guinea pig's convenience is set above the health and lives of the entire human race.

Cuthbertson (*vehemently*). It's not ignorance or superstition, Paramore: it's sheer downright Ibsenism: that's what it is. I've been wanting to sit comfortably at the fire the whole morning; but I've never had a chance

with that girl there. I couldn't go and plump myself down on a seat beside her: goodness knows what she'd think I wanted. That's one of the delights of having women in the club: when they come in here they all want to sit at the fire and adore that bust. I sometimes feel that I should like to take the poker and fetch it a wipe across the nose—ugh!

Paramore. I must say I prefer the elder Miss Craven to her sister.

Cuthbertson (*his eyes lighting up*). Ah, Julia! I believe you. A splendid fine creature—every inch a woman. No Ibsenism about her!

Paramore. I quite agree with you there, Mr. Cuthbertson. Er—by the way, do you think is Miss Craven attached to Charteris at all?

Cuthbertson. What, that fellow! Not he. He hangs about after her; but he's not man enough for her. A woman of that sort likes a strong, manly, deep-throated, broad-chested man.

Paramore (*anxiously*). Hm, a sort of sporting character, you think?

Cuthbertson. Oh, no, no. A scientific man, perhaps, like yourself. But you know what I mean—a MAN. (*Strikes himself a sounding blow on the chest.*)

Paramore. Of course; but Charteris is a man.

Cuthbertson. Pah! you don't see what I mean. (*The Page Boy returns with his salver.*)

Page Boy (*calling monotonously as before*). Mr. Cuthbertson, Mr. Cuthbertson, Mr. Cuth——

Cuthbertson. Here, boy. (*He takes a card from the salver.*) Bring the gentleman up here. (*The boy goes out.*) It's Craven. He's coming to lunch with me and Charteris. You might join us if you've nothing better to do, when you've finished with the instrument man. If Julia turns up I'll ask her too.

Paramore (*flushing with pleasure*). I shall be very happy. Thank you. (*He is going out at the right hand*

door when Craven enters.) Good morning, Colonel Craven.

Craven (*at the door*). Good morning—glad to see you. I'm looking for Cuthbertson.

Paramore (*smiling*). There he is. (*He goes out.*)

Cuthbertson (*greeting Craven effusively*). Delighted to see you. Now will you come to the smoking room, or will you sit down here and have a chat while we're waiting for Charteris. If you like company, the smoking room is always full of women. Here we shall have it pretty well all to ourselves until about three o'clock.

Craven. I don't like to see women smoking. I'll make myself comfortable here. (*Sits in an easy chair on the right.*)

Cuthbertson (*taking a chair beside him, on his left*). Neither do I. There's not a room in this club where I can enjoy a pipe quietly without a woman coming in and beginning to roll a cigarette. It's a disgusting habit in a woman: it's not natural to her sex.

Craven (*sighing*). Ah, Jo, times have changed since we both courted Molly Ebden all those years ago. I took my defeat well, old chap, didn't I?

Cuthbertson (*with earnest approval*). You did, Dan. The thought of it has often helped me to behave well myself: it has, on my honour.

Craven. Yes, you always believe in hearth and home, Jo—in a true English wife and a happy wholesome fireside. How did Molly turn out?

Cuthbertson (*trying to be fair to Molly*). Well, not bad. She might have been worse. You see I couldn't stand her relations: all the men were roaring cads; and she couldn't get on with my mother. And then she hated being in town; and of course I couldn't live in the country on account of my work. But we hit it off as well as most people, until we separated.

Craven (*taken aback*). Separated! (*He is irresis-*

tibly amused.) Oh, that was the end of the hearth and home, Jo, was it?

Cuthbertson *(warmly).* It was not my fault, Dan. *(Sentimentally.)* Some day the world will know how I loved that woman. But she was incapable of valuing a true man's affection. Do you know, she often said she wished she'd married you instead.

Craven *(sobered by the suggestion).* Dear me, dear me! Well, perhaps it was better as it was. You heard about my marriage, I suppose.

Cuthbertson. Oh yes: we all heard of it.

Craven. Well, Jo, I may as well make a clean breast of it—everybody knew it. *I* married for money.

Cuthbertson *(encouragingly).* And why not, Dan, why not? We can't get on without it, you know.

Craven *(with sincere feeling).* I got to be very fond of her, Jo. I had a home until she died. Now everything's changed. Julia's always here. Sylvia's of a different nature; but she's always here too.

Cuthbertson *(sympathetically).* I know. It's the same with Grace. She's always here.

Craven. And now they want me to be always here. They're at me every day to join the club—to stop my grumbling, I suppose. That's what I want to consult you about. Do you think I ought to join?

Cuthbertson. Well, if you have no conscientious objection——

Craven *(testily interrupting him).* I object to the existence of the place on principle; but what's the use of that? Here it is in spite of my objection, and I may as well have the benefit of any good that may be in it.

Cuthbertson *(soothing him).* Of course: that's the only reasonable view of the matter. Well, the fact is, it's not so inconvenient as you might think. When you're at home, you have the house more to yourself; and when you want to have your family about you, you can dine with them at the club.

Craven (*not much attracted by this*). True.

Cuthbertson. Besides, if you don't want to dine with them, you needn't.

Craven (*convinced*). True, very true. But don't they carry on here, rather?

Cuthbertson. Oh, no, they don't exactly carry on. Of course the usual tone of the club is low, because the women smoke and earn their own living and all that; but still there's nothing actually to complain of. And it's convenient, certainly. (*Charteris comes in, looking round for them.*)

Craven (*rising*). Do you know, I've a great mind to join, just to see what it's like. Would you mind putting me up?

Cuthbertson. Delighted, Dan, delighted. (*He grasps Craven's hand.*)

Charteris (*putting one hand on Craven's shoulder and the other on Cuthbertson's*). Bless you, my children! (*Cuthbertson, a little wounded in his dignity, moves away. The Colonel takes the jest in the utmost good humor.*)

Craven (*cordially*). Hallo!

Charteris (*to Craven*). Hope I haven't disturbed your chat by coming too soon.

Craven. Not at all. Welcome, dear boy. (*Shakes his hand.*)

Charteris. That's right. I'm earlier than I intended. The fact is, I have something rather pressing to say to Cuthbertson.

Craven. Private!

Charteris. Not particularly. (*To Cuthbertson.*) Only what we were speaking of last night.

Cuthbertson. Well, Charteris, I think that is private, or ought to be.

Craven (*going up towards the table*). I'll just take a look at the Times——

Charteris (*stopping him*). Oh, it's no secret: every-

body in the club guesses it. (*To Cuthbertson.*) Has Grace never mentioned to you that she wants to marry me?

Cuthbertson (*indignantly*). She has mentioned that you want to marry her.

Charteris. Ah; but then it's not what I want, but what Grace wants, that will weigh with you.

Craven (*a little shocked*). Excuse me Charteris: this is private. I'll leave you to yourselves. (*Again moves towards the table.*)

Charteris. Wait a bit, Craven: you're concerned in this. Julia wants to marry me too.

Craven (*in a tone of the strongest remonstrance*). Now really! Now upon my life and soul!

Charteris. It's a fact, I assure you. Didn't it strike you as rather odd, our being up there last night and Mrs. Tranfield not with us?

Craven. Well, yes it did. But you explained it. And now really, Charteris, I must say your explanation was in shocking bad taste before Julia.

Charteris. Never mind. It was a good, fat, healthy, bouncing lie.

Craven and Cuthbertson. Lie!

Charteris. Didn't you suspect that?

Craven. Certainly not. Did you, Jo?

Cuthbertson. No, most emphatically.

Craven. What's more, I don't believe you. I'm sorry to have to say such a thing; but you forget that Julia was present and didn't contradict you.

Charteris. She didn't want to.

Craven. Do you mean to say that my daughter deceived me?

Charteris. Delicacy towards me compelled her to, Craven.

Craven (*taking a very serious tone*). Now look here, Charteris: have you any proper sense of the fact that you're standing between two fathers?

Cuthbertson. Quite right, Dan, quite right. I repeat the question on my own account.

Charteris. Well, I'm a little dazed still by standing for so long between two daughters; but I think I grasp the situation. (*Cuthbertson flings away with an exclamation of disgust.*)

Craven. Then I'm sorry for your manners, Charteris: that's all. (*He turns away sulkily; then suddenly fires up and turns on Charteris.*) How dare you tell me my daughter wants to marry you. Who are you, pray, that she should have any such ambition?

Charteris. Just so; she couldn't have made a worse choice. But she won't listen to reason. I've talked to her like a father myself—I assure you, my dear Craven. I've said everything that you could have said; but it's no use: she won't give me up. And if she won't listen to me, what likelihood is there of her listening to you?

Craven (*in angry bewilderment*). Cuthbertson: did you ever hear anything like this?

Cuthbertson. Never! Never!

Charteris. Oh, bother? Come, don't behave like a couple of conventional old fathers: this is a serious affair. Look at these letters (*producing a letter and a letter-card.*) This (*showing the card*) is from Grace—by the way, Cuthbertson, I wish you'd ask her not to write on letter-cards: the blue colour makes it so easy for Julia to pick the bits out of my waste paper basket and piece them together. Now listen. "My dear Leonard: Nothing could make it worth my while to be exposed to such scenes as last night's. You had much better go back to Julia and forget me. Yours sincerely, Grace Tranfield."

Cuthbertson (*infuriated*). Damnation!

Charteris (*turning to Craven and preparing to read the letter*). Now for Julia. (*The Colonel turns away to hide his face from Charteris, anticipating a shock, and puts his hand on a chair to steady himself.*) "My

dearest boy. Nothing will make me believe that this odious woman can take my place in your heart. I send some of the letters you wrote me when we first met; and I ask you to read them. They will recall what you felt when you wrote them. You cannot have changed so much as to be indifferent to me: whoever may have struck your fancy for the moment, your heart is still mine"—and so on: you know the sort of thing—"Ever and always your loving Julia." (*The Colonel sinks on the chair and covers his face with his hand.*) You don't suppose she's serious, do you: that's the sort of thing she writes me three times a day. (*To Cuthbertson*) Grace is in earnest though, confound it. (*He holds out Grace's letter.*) A blue card as usual! This time I shall not trust the waste paper basket. (*He goes to the fire, and throws the letters into it.*)

Cuthbertson (*facing him with folded arms as he comes down again*). May I ask, Mr. Charteris, is this the New Humour?

Charteris (*still too preoccupied with his own difficulty to have any sense of the effect he is producing on the others*). Oh, stuff! Do you suppose it's a joke to be situated as I am? You've got your head so stuffed with the New Humour and the New Woman and the New This, That and the Other, all mixed up with your own old Adam, that you've lost your senses.

Cuthbertson (*strenuously*). Do you see that old man, grown grey in the honoured service of his country, whose last days you have blighted?

Charteris (*surprised, looking at Craven and realizing his distress with genuine concern*). I'm very sorry. Come, Craven; don't take it to heart. (*Craven shakes his head.*) I assure you it means nothing: it happens to me constantly.

Cuthbertson. There is only one excuse for you. You are not fully responsible for your actions. Like all advanced people, you have got neurasthenia.

Charteris (*appalled*). Great Heavens! what's that?

Cuthbertson. I decline to explain. You know as well as I do. I am going downstairs now to order lunch. I shall order it for three; but the third place is for Paramore, whom I have invited, not for you. (*He goes out through the left hand door.*)

Charteris (*putting his hand on Craven's shoulder*). Come, Craven; advise me. You've been in this sort of fix yourself probably.

Craven. Charteris: no woman writes such letters to a man unless he has made advances to her.

Charteris (*mournfully*). How little you know the world, Colonel! The New Woman is not like that.

Craven. I can only give you very old fashioned advice, my boy; and that is that it's well to be off with the Old Woman before you're on with the New. I'm sorry you told me. You might have waited for my death: it's not far off now. (*His head droops again. Julia and Paramore enter on the right. Julia stops as she catches sight of Charteris, her face clouding and her breast heaving. Paramore, seeing the Colonel apparently ill, hurries down to him with the bedside manner in full play.*)

Charteris (*seeing Julia*). Oh Lord! (*He retreats under the lee of the revolving bookstand.*)

Paramore (*sympathetically to the Colonel*). Allow me. (*Takes his wrist and begins to count his pulse.*)

Craven (*looking up*). Eh? (*Withdraws his hand and rises rather crossly.*) No, Paramore: it's not my liver now: it's private business. (*A chase now begins between Julia and Charteris, all the more exciting to them because the huntress and her prey must alike conceal the real object of their movements from the others. Charteris first makes for the right hand door. Julia immediately moves back to it, barring his path. He doubles back round the bookstand, setting it whirling as he makes for the left door, Julia crossing in pursuit of him. He is about to escape when he is cut off by the return of*

Cuthbertson. He turns back and sees Julia close upon him. There being nothing else for it, he bolts up into the recess to the left of the fireplace.)

Cuthbertson. Good morning, Miss Craven. (*They shake hands.*) Won't you join us at lunch? Paramore's coming too.

Julia. Thanks: I shall be very pleased. (*She goes up with affected purposelessness towards the recess. Charteris, almost trapped in it, crosses to the right hand recess by way of the fender, knocking down the fire irons with a crash as he does so.*)

Craven (*who has crossed to the whirling bookcase and stopped it*). What the dickens are you doing there, Charteris?

Charteris. Nothing. It's such a confounded room to get about in.

Julia (*maliciously*). Yes, isn't it. (*She is moving back to guard the right hand door, when Cuthbertson appears at it.*)

Cuthbertson. May I take you down? (*He offers her his arm.*)

Julia. No, really: you know it's against the rules of the club to coddle women in any way. Whoever is nearest to the door goes first.

Cuthbertson. Oh well, if you insist. Come, gentlemen: let us go to lunch in the Ibsen fashion — the unsexed fashion. (*He goes out on the left followed by Paramore, laughing. Craven goes last. He turns at the door to see whether Julia is coming, and stops when he sees she is not.*)

Craven. Come, Julia.

Julia (*with patronizing affection*). Yes, Daddy, dear, presently. (*Charteris is meanwhile stealing to the right hand door.*) Don't wait for me: I'll come in a moment. (*The Colonel hesitates.*) It's all right, Daddy.

Craven (*very gravely*). Don't be long, my dear. (*He goes out.*)

Charteris. I'm off. (*Makes a dash for the right hand door.*)

Julia (*darting at him and seizing his wrist*). Aren't you coming?

Charteris. No. Unhand me Julia. (*He tries to get away: she holds him.*) If you don't let me go, I'll scream for help.

Julia (*reproachfully*). Leonard! (*He breaks away from her.*) Oh, how can you be so rough with me, dear. Did you get my letter?

Charteris. Burnt it—(*she turns away, struck to the heart, and buries her face in her hands*) — along with hers.

Julia (*quickly turning again*). Her's! Has she written to you?

Charteris. Yes, to break off with me on your account.

Julia (*her eyes gleaming*). Ah!

Charteris. You are pleased. Wretch! Now you have lost the last scrap of my regard. (*He turns to go, but is stopped by the return of Sylvia. Julia turns away and stands pretending to read a paper which she picks up from the table.*)

Sylvia (*offhandedly*). Hallo, Charteris: how are you getting on? (*She takes his arm familiarly and walks down the room with him.*) Have you seen Grace Tranfield this morning? (*Julia drops the paper and comes a step nearer to listen.*) You generally know where she is to be found.

Charteris. I shall never know any more, Sylvia. She's quarrelled with me.

Sylvia. Sylvia! How often am I to tell you that I am not Sylvia at the club?

Charteris. I forgot. I beg your pardon, Craven, old chap (*slaps her on the shoulder*).

Sylvia. That's better—a little overdone, but better.

Julia. Don't be a fool, Silly.

Sylvia. Remember, Julia, if you please, that here we are members of the club, not sisters. I don't take liberties with you here on family grounds: don't you take any with me. (*She goes to the settee and resumes her former place.*)

Charteris. Quite right, Craven. Down with the tyranny of the elder sister!

Julia. You ought to know better than to encourage a child to make herself ridiculous, Leonard, even at my expense.

Charteris (*seating himself on the edge of the table*). Your lunch will be cold, Julia. (*Julia is about to retort furiously when she is checked by the reappearance of Cuthbertson at the left hand door.*)

Cuthbertson. What has become of you, Miss Craven? Your father is getting quite uneasy. We're all waiting for you.

Julia. So I have just been reminded, thank you. (*She goes out angrily past him, Sylvia looking round to see.*)

Cuthbertson (*looking first after her, then at Charteris*). More neurasthenia. (*He follows her.*)

Sylvia (*jumping up on her knees on the settee and speaking over the back of it*). What's up, Charteris? Julia been making love to you?

Charteris (*speaking to her over his shoulder*). No. Blowing me up for making love to Grace.

Sylvia. Serve you right. You are an awful devil for philandering.

Charteris (*calmly*). Do you consider it good club form to talk that way to a man who might nearly be your father?

Sylvia (*knowingly*). Oh, I know you, my lad.

Charteris. Then you know that I never pay any special attention to any woman.

Sylvia (*thoughtfully*). Do you know, Leonard, I really believe you. I don't think you care a bit more for one woman than for another.

Charteris. You mean I don't care a bit less for one woman than another.

Sylvia. That makes it worse. But what I mean is that you never bother about their being only women: you talk to them just as you do to me or any other fellow. That's the secret of your success. You can't think how sick they get of being treated with the respect due to their sex.

Charteris. Ah, if Julia only had your wisdom, Craven! (*He gets off the table with a sigh and perches himself reflectively on the stepladder.*)

Sylvia. She can't take things easy, can she, old man? But don't you be afraid of breaking her heart: she gets over her little tragedies. We found that out at home when our great sorrow came.

Charteris. What was that?

Sylvia. I mean when we learned that poor papa had Paramore's disease. But it was too late to inoculate papa. All they could do was to prolong his life for two years more by putting him on a strict diet. Poor old boy! they cut off his liquor; and he's not allowed to eat meat.

Charteris. Your father appears to me to be uncommonly well.

Sylvia. Yes, you would think he was a great deal better. But the microbes are at work, slowly but surely. In another year it will be all over. Poor old Dad! it's unfeeling to talk about him in this attitude: I must sit down properly. (*She comes down from the settee and takes the chair near the bookstand.*) I should like papa to live for ever just to take the conceit out of Paramore. I believe he's in love with Julia.

Charteris (*starting up excitedly*). In love with Julia! A ray of hope on the horizon! Do you really mean it?

Sylvia. I should think I do. Why do you suppose he's hanging about the club to-day in a beautiful new coat and tie instead of attending to his patients? That lunch with Julia will finish him. He'll ask Daddy's consent

before they come back—I'll bet you three to one he will, in anything you please.

Charteris. Gloves?

Sylvia. No: cigarettes.

Charteris. Done! But what does she think about it? Does she give him any encouragement?

Sylvia. Oh, the usual thing. Enough to keep any other woman from getting him.

Charteris. Just so. I understand. Now listen to me: I am going to speak as a philosopher. Julia is jealous of everybody—everybody. If she saw you flirting with Paramore she'd begin to value him directly. You might play up a little, Craven, for my sake—eh?

Sylvia (*rising*). You're too awful, Leonard. For shame? However, anything to oblige a fellow Ibsenite. I'll bear your affair in mind. But I think it would be more effective if you got Grace to do it.

Charteris. Think so? Hm! perhaps you're right.

Page Boy (*outside as before*). Dr. Paramore, Dr. Paramore, Dr. Paramore——

Sylvia. They ought to get that boy's voice properly cultivated: it's a disgrace to the club. (*She goes into the recess on Ibsen's left. The page enters carrying the British Medical Journal.*)

Charteris (*calling to the page*). Dr. Paramore is in the dining room.

Page Boy. Thank you, sir. (*He is about to go into the dining room when Sylvia swoops on him.*)

Sylvia. Here: where are you taking that paper? It belongs to this room.

Page Boy. It's Dr. Paramore's particular orders, miss. The British Medical Journal has always to be brought to him dreckly it comes.

Sylvia. What cheek? Charteris: oughtn't we to stop this on principle?

Charteris. Certainly not. Principle's the poorest reason I know for making yourself nasty.

Sylvia. Bosh! Ibsen!

Charteris (*to the page*). Off with you, my boy: Dr. Paramore's waiting breathless with expectation.

Page Boy (*seriously*). Indeed, sir. (*He hurries off.*)

Charteris. That boy will make his way in this country. He has no sense of humour. (*Grace comes in. Her dress, very convenient and businesslike, is made to please herself and serve her own purposes without the slightest regard to fashion, though by no means without a careful concern for her personal elegance. She enters briskly, like an habitually busy woman.*)

Sylvia (*running to her*). Here you are at last Tranfield, old girl. I've been waiting for you this last hour. I'm starving.

Grace. All right, dear. (*To Charteris.*) Did you get my letter?

Charteris. Yes. I wish you wouldn't write on those confounded blue letter cards.

Sylvia (*to Grace*). Shall I go down first and secure a table?

Charteris (*taking the reply out of Grace's mouth*). Do, old boy.

Sylvia. Don't be too long. (*She goes into the dining room.*)

Grace. Well?

Charteris. I'm afraid to face you after last night. Can you imagine a more horrible scene? Don't you hate the very sight of me after it?

Grace. Oh, no.

Charteris. Then you ought to. Ugh! it was hideous —an insult—an outrage. A nice end to all my plans for making you happy—for making you an exception to all the women who swear I have made them miserable!

Grace (*sitting down placidly*). I am not at all miserable. I'm sorry; but I shan't break my heart.

Charteris. No: yours is a thoroughbred heart: you

don't scream and cry every time it's pinched. That's why you are the only possible woman for me.

Grace (*shaking her head*). Not now. Never any more.

Charteris. Never! What do you mean?

Grace. What I say, Leonard.

Charteris. Jilted again! The fickleness of women I love is only equaled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me. Well, well! I see how it is, Grace: you can't get over that horrible scene last night. Imagine her saying I had kissed her within the last two days!

Grace (*rising eagerly*). Was that not true?

Charteris. True! No: a thumping lie.

Grace. Oh, I'm so glad. That was the only thing that really hurt me.

Charteris. Just why she said it. How adorable of you to care! My darling. (*He seizes her hands and presses them to his breast.*)

Grace. Remember! it's all broken off.

Charteris. Ah yes: you have my heart in your hands. Break it. Throw my happiness out of the window.

Grace. Oh, Leonard, does your happiness really depend on me?

Charteris (*tenderly*). Absolutely. (*She beams with delight. A sudden revulsion comes to him at the sight: he recoils, dropping her hands and crying*) Ah no: why should I lie to you? (*He folds his arms and adds firmly*) My happiness depends on nobody but myself. I can do without you.

Grace (*nerving herself*). So you shall. Thank you for the truth. Now *I* will tell you the truth.

Charteris (*unfolding his arms and again recoiling*). No, please. Don't. As a philosopher, it's my business to tell other people the truth; but it's not their business to tell it to me. I don't like it: it hurts.

Grace (*quietly*). It's only that I love you.

Charteris. Ah! that's not a philosophic truth. You may tell me that as often as you like. (*He takes her in his arms.*)

Grace. Yes, Leonard; but I'm an advanced woman. (*He checks himself and looks at her in some consternation.*) I'm what my father calls a New Woman. (*He lets her go and stares at her.*) I quite agree with all your ideas.

Charteris (*scandalized*). That's a nice thing for a respectable woman to say! You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Grace. I am quite in earnest about them too, though you are not; and I will never marry a man I love too much. It would give him a terrible advantage over me: I should be utterly in his power. That's what the New Woman is like. Isn't she right, Mr. Philosopher?

Charteris. The struggle between the Philosopher and the Man is fearful, Grace. But the Philosopher says you are right.

Grace. I know I am right. And so we must part.

Charteris. Not at all. You must marry some one else; and then I'll come and philander with you. (*Sylvia comes back.*)

Sylvia (*holding the door open*). Oh, I say: come along. I'm starving.

Charteris. So am I. I'll lunch with you if I may.

Sylvia. I thought you would. I've ordered soup for three. (*Grace passes out. Sylvia continues, to Charteris*) You can watch Paramore from our table: he's pretending to read the British Medical Journal; but he must be making up his mind for the plunge: he looks green with nervousness.

Charteris. Good luck to him. (*He goes out, followed by Sylvia.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

Still the library. Ten minutes later. Julia, angry and miserable, comes in from the dining room, followed by Craven. She crosses the room tormentedly, and throws herself into a chair.

Craven (*impatiently*). What is the matter? Has everyone gone mad to-day? What do you mean by suddenly getting up from the table and tearing away like that? What does Paramore mean by reading his paper and not answering when he's spoken to? (*Julia writhes impatiently.*) Come, come (*tenderly*): won't my pet tell her own father what— (*irritably*) what the devil is wrong with everybody? Do pull yourself straight, Julia, before Cuthbertson comes. He's only paying the bill: he'll be here in a moment.

Julia. I couldn't bear it any longer. Oh, to see them sitting there at lunch together, laughing, chatting, making game of me! I should have screamed out in another moment—I should have taken a knife and killed her—I should have—(*Cuthbertson appears with the luncheon bill in his hand. He stuffs it into his waistcoat pocket as he comes to them. He begins speaking the moment he enters.*)

Cuthbertson. I'm afraid you've had a very poor lunch, Dan. It's disheartening to see you picking at a few beans and drinking soda water. I wonder how you live!

Julia. That's all he ever takes, Mr. Cuthbertson, I assure you. He hates to be bothered about it.

Craven. Where's Paramore?

Cuthbertson. Reading his paper. I asked him wasn't he coming; but he didn't hear me. It's amazing how anything scientific absorbs him. Clever man! Monstrously clever man!

Craven (*pettishly*). Oh yes, that's all very well, Jo; but it's not good manners at table: he should shut up the shop sometimes. Heaven knows I am only too anxious to forget his science, since it has pronounced my doom. (*He sits down with a melancholy air.*)

Cuthbertson (*compassionately*). You mustn't think about that, Craven: perhaps he was mistaken. (*He sighs deeply and sits down.*) But he is certainly a very clever fellow. He thinks twice before he commits himself. (*They sit in silence, full of the gloomiest thoughts. Suddenly Paramore enters, pale and in the utmost disorder, with the British Medical Journal in his clenched hand. They rise in alarm. He tries to speak, but chokes, clutches at his throat, and staggers. Cuthbertson quickly takes his chair and places it behind Paramore, who sinks into it as they crowd about him, Craven at his right shoulder, Cuthbertson on his left, and Julia behind Craven.*)

Craven. What's the matter, Paramore?

Julia. Are you ill?

Cuthbertson. No bad news, I hope?

Paramore (*despairingly*). The worst of news! Terrible news! Fatal news! My disease——

Craven (*quickly*). Do you mean my disease?

Paramore (*fiercely*). I mean my disease—Paramore's disease—the disease I discovered—the work of my life. Look here (*pointing to the B. M. J. with a ghastly expression of horror.*) If this is true, it was all a mistake: there is no such disease. (*Cuthbertson and Julia look at one another, hardly daring to believe the good news.*)

Craven (*in strong remonstrance*). And you call this bad news! Now really, Paramore——

Paramore (*cutting him short hoarsely*). It's natural

for you to think only of yourself. I don't blame you: all invalids are selfish. Only a scientific man can feel what I feel now. (*Writhing under a sense of intolerable injustice.*) It's the fault of the wickedly sentimental laws of this country. I was not able to make experiments enough—only three dogs and a monkey. Think of that, with all Europe full of my professional rivals—men burning to prove me wrong! There is freedom in France—enlightened republican France. One Frenchman experiments on two hundred monkeys to disprove my theory. Another sacrifices £36—three hundred dogs at three francs apiece—to upset the monkey experiments. A third proves them to be both wrong by a single experiment in which he gets the temperature of a camel's liver 60 degrees below zero. And now comes this cursed Italian who has ruined me. He has a government grant to buy animals with, besides the run of the largest hospital in Italy. (*With desperate resolution*) But I won't be beaten by any Italian. I'll go to Italy myself. I'll rediscover my disease: I know it exists; I feel it; and I'll prove it if I have to experiment on every mortal animal that's got a liver at all. (*He folds his arms and breathes hard at them.*)

Craven (*his sense of injury growing upon him*). Am I to understand, Paramore, that you took it on yourself to pass sentence of death—yes, of Death—on me, on the strength of three dogs and an infernal monkey?

Paramore (*utterly contemptuous of Craven's narrow personal view of the matter*). Yes. That was all I could get a license for.

Craven. Now upon my soul, Paramore, I'm vexed at this. I don't wish to be unfriendly; but I'm extremely vexed, really. Why, confound it, do you realize what you've done? You've cut off my meat and drink for a year—made me an object of public scorn—a miserable vegetarian and a teetotaller.

Paramore (*rising*). Well, you can make up for lost

time now. (*Bitterly, shewing Craven the Journal*) There! you can read for yourself. The camel was fed on beef dissolved in alcohol; and he gained weight under it. Eat and drink as much as you please. (*Still unable to stand without support, he makes his way past Cuthbertson to the revolving bookcase and stands there with his back to them, leaning on it with his head on his hand.*)

Craven (*grumbling*). Oh yes, it's very easy for you to talk, Paramore. But what am I to say to the Humanitarian societies and the Vegetarian societies that have made me a Vice President?

Cuthbertson (*chuckling*). Aha! You made a virtue of it, did you, Dan?

Craven (*warmly*). I made a virtue of necessity, Jo. No one can blame me.

Julia (*soothing him*). Well, never mind, Daddy. Come back to the dining room and have a good beefsteak.

Craven (*shuddering*). Ugh! (*Plaintively*) No: I've lost my old manly taste for it. My very nature's been corrupted by living on pap. (*To Paramore.*) That's what comes of all this vivisection. You go experimenting on horses; and of course the result is that you try to get me into condition by feeding me on beans.

Paramore (*curtly, without changing his position*). Well, if they've done you good, so much the better for you.

Craven (*querulously*). That's all very well; but it's very vexing. You don't half see how serious it is to make a man believe that he has only another year to live: you really don't, Paramore: I can't help saying it. I've made my will, which was altogether unnecessary; and I've been reconciled to a lot of people I'd quarrelled with —people I can't stand under ordinary circumstances. Then I've let the girls get round me at home to an extent I should never have done if I'd had my life before me. I've done a lot of serious thinking and reading and extra church going. And now it turns out simple waste of

time. On my soul, it's too disgusting: I'd far rather die like a man when I said I would.

Paramore (*as before*). Perhaps you may. Your heart's shaky, if that's any satisfaction to you.

Craven (*offended*). You must excuse me, Paramore, if I say that I no longer feel any confidence in your opinion as a medical man. (*Paramore's eye flashes: he straightens himself and listens.*) I paid you a pretty stiff fee for that consultation when you condemned me; and I can't say I think you gave me value for it.

Paramore (*turning and facing Craven with dignity*). That's unanswerable, Colonel Craven. I shall return the fee.

Craven. Oh, it's not the money; but I think you ought to realize your position. (*Paramore turns stiffly away. Craven follows him impulsively, exclaiming remorsefully*) Well, perhaps it was a nasty thing of me to allude to it. (*He offers Paramore his hand.*)

Paramore (*conscientiously taking it*). Not at all. You are quite in the right, Colonel Craven. My diagnosis was wrong; and I must take the consequences.

Craven (*holding his hand*). No, don't say that. It was natural enough: my liver is enough to set any man's diagnosis wrong. (*A long handshake, very trying to Paramore's nerves. Paramore then retires to the recess on Ibsen's left, and throws himself on the divan with a half suppressed sob, bending over the British Medical Journal with his head on his hands and his elbows on his knees.*)

Cuthbertson (*who has been rejoicing with Julia at the other side of the room*). Well, let's say no more about it. I congratulate you, Craven, and hope you may long be spared. (*Craven offers his hand.*) No, Dan: your daughter first. (*He takes Julia's hand gently and hands her across to Craven, into whose arms she flies with a gush of feeling.*)

Julia. Dear old Daddy!

Craven. Ah, is Julia glad that the old Dad is let off for a few years more?

Julia (*almost crying*). Oh, so glad: so glad! (*Cuthbertson sobs audibly. The Colonel is affected. Sylvia, entering from the dining room, stops abruptly at the door on seeing the three. Paramore, in the recess, escapes her notice.*)

Sylvia. Hallo!

Craven. Tell her the news, Julia: it would sound ridiculous from me. (*He goes to the weeping Cuthbertson, and pats him consolingly on the shoulder.*)

Julia. Silly: only think! Dad's not ill at all. It was only a mistake of Dr. Paramore's. Oh, dear! (*She catches Craven's left hand and stoops to kiss it, his right hand being still on Cuthbertson's shoulder.*)

Sylvia (*contemptuously*). I knew it. Of course it was nothing but eating too much. I always said Paramore was an ass. (*Sensation. Cuthbertson, Craven and Julia turn in consternation.*)

Paramore (*without malice*). Never mind, Miss Craven. That is what is being said all over Europe now. Never mind.

Sylvia (*a little abashed*). I'm so sorry, Dr. Paramore. You must excuse a daughter's feelings.

Craven (*huffed*). It evidently doesn't make much difference to you, Sylvia.

Sylvia. I'm not going to be sentimental over it, Dad, you may bet. (*Coming to Craven.*) Besides, I knew it was nonsense all along. (*Petting him.*) Poor dear old Dad! why should your days be numbered any more than any one else's? (*He pats her cheek, mollified. Julia impatiently turns away from them.*) Come to the smoking room, and let's see what you can do after teetotalling for a year.

Craven (*playfully*). Vulgar little girl! (*He pinches her ear.*) Shall we come, Jo! You'll be the better for a pick-me-up after all this emotion.

Cuthbertson. I'm not ashamed of it, Dan. It has done me good. (*He goes up to the table and shakes his fist at the bust over the mantelpiece.*) It would do you good too if you had eyes and ears to take it in.

Craven (*astonished*). Who?

Sylvia. Why, good old Henrik, of course.

Craven (*puzzled*). Henrik?

Cuthbertson (*impatiently*). Ibsen, man: Ibsen. (*He goes out by the staircase door followed by Sylvia, who kisses her hand to the bust as she passes. Craven stares blankly after her, and then up at the bust. Giving the problem up as insoluble, he shakes his head and follows them. Near the door he checks himself and comes back.*)

Craven (*softly*). By the way, Paramore?—

Paramore (*rousing himself with an effort*). Yes?

Craven. You weren't in earnest that time about my heart, were you?

Paramore. Oh, nothing, nothing. There's a slight murmur—mitral valves a little worn, perhaps; but they'll last your time if you're careful. Don't smoke too much.

Craven. What! More privations! Now really, Paramore, really——

Paramore (*rising distractedly*). Excuse me: I can't pursue the subject. I—I——

Julia. Don't worry him now, Daddy.

Craven. Well, well: I won't. (*He comes to Paramore, who is pacing restlessly up and down the middle of the room.*) Come, Paramore, I'm not selfish, believe me: I can feel for your disappointment. But you must face it like a man. And after all, now really, doesn't this shew that there's a lot of rot about modern science? Between ourselves, you know, it's horribly cruel: you must admit that it's a deuced nasty thing to go ripping up and crucifying camels and monkeys. It must blunt all the finer feelings sooner or later.

Paramore (*turning on him*). How many camels and

horses and men were ripped up in that Soudan campaign where you won your Victoria Cross, Colonel Craven?

Craven (*firing up*). That was fair fighting—a very different thing, Paramore.

Paramore. Yes, Martinis and machine guns against naked spearmen.

Craven (*hotly*). I took my chance with the rest, Dr. Paramore. I risked my own life: don't forget that.

Paramore (*with equal spirit*). And I have risked mine, as all doctors do, oftener than any soldier.

Craven. That's true. I didn't think of that. I beg your pardon, Paramore: I'll never say another word against your profession. But I hope you'll let me stick to the good old-fashioned shaking up treatment for my liver—a clinking run across country with the hounds.

Paramore (*with bitter irony*). Isn't that rather cruel —a pack of dogs ripping up a fox?

Julia (*coming coaxingly between them*). Oh, please don't begin arguing again. Do go to the smoking room, Daddy: Mr. Cuthbertson will wonder what has become of you.

Craven. Very well, very well: I'll go. But you're really not reasonable to-day, Paramore, to talk that way of fair sport——

Julia. Sh—sh (*coaxing him toward the door*).

Craven. Well, well, I'm off. (*He goes good-humoredly, pushed out by Julia.*)

Julia (*turning at the door with her utmost witchery of manner*). Don't look so disappointed, Dr. Paramore. Cheer up. You've been most kind to us; and you've done papa a lot of good.

Paramore (*delighted, rushing over to her*). How beautiful it is of you to say that to me, Miss Craven!

Julia. I hate to see any one unhappy. I can't bear unhappiness. (*She runs out, casting a Parthian glance at him as she flies. Paramore stands enraptured, gazing after her through the glass door. Whilst he is thus ab-*

sorbed Charteris comes in from the dining room and touches him on the arm.)

Paramore (*starting*). Eh! What's the matter?

Charteris (*significantly*). Charming woman, isn't she, Paramore? (*Looking admiringly at him.*) How have you managed to fascinate her?

Paramore. I! Do you really mean— (*He looks at him; then recovers himself and adds coldly.*) Excuse me: this is a subject I do not care to jest about. (*He walks away from Charteris down the side of the room, and sits down in an easy chair reading his Journal to intimate that he does not wish to pursue the conversation.*)

Charteris (*ignoring the hint and coolly taking a chair beside him*). Why don't you get married, Paramore? You know it's a scandalous thing for a man in your profession to be single.

Paramore (*shortly, still pretending to read*). That's my own business, not yours.

Charteris. Not at all: it's pre-eminently a social question. You're going to get married, aren't you?

Paramore. Not that I am aware of.

Charteris (*alarmed*). No! Don't say that. Why?

Paramore (*rising angrily and rapping one of the* silence *placards*). Allow me to call your attention to that. (*He crosses to the easy chair near the revolving bookstand, and flings himself into it with determined hostility.*)

Charteris (*following him, too deeply concerned to mind the rebuff*). Paramore: you alarm me more than I can say. You've been and muffed this business somehow. I know perfectly well what you've been up to; and I fully expected to find you a joyful accepted suitor.

Paramore (*angrily*). Yes, you have been watching me because you admire Miss Craven yourself. Well, you may go in and win now. You will be pleased to hear that I am a ruined man.

Charteris. You! Ruined! How? The turf?

Paramore (*contemptuously*). The turf!! Certainly not.

Charteris. Paramore: if the loan of all I possess will help you over this difficulty, you're welcome to it.

Paramore (*rising in surprise*). Charteris! I— (*suspiciously.*) Are you joking?

Charteris. Why on earth do you always suspect me of joking? I never was more serious in my life.

Paramore (*shamed by Charteris's generosity*). Then I beg your pardon. I thought the news would please you.

Charteris (*deprecating this injustice to his good feeling*). My dear fellow——!

Paramore. I see I was wrong. I am really very sorry. (*They shake hands.*) And now you may as well learn the truth. I had rather you heard it from me than from the gossip of the club. My liver discovery has been—er—er—(*he cannot bring himself to say it*).

Charteris (*helping him out*). Confirmed? (*Sadly.*) I see: the poor Colonel's doomed.

Paramore. No: on the contrary, it has been—er—called in question. The Colonel now believes himself to be in perfectly good health; and my friendly relations with the Cravens are entirely spoiled.

Charteris. Who told him about it?

Paramore. I did, of course, the moment I read the news in this. (*He shews the Journal and puts it down on the bookstand.*)

Charteris. Why, man, you've been a messenger of glad tidings! Didn't you congratulate him?

Paramore (*scandalized*). Congratulate him! Congratulate a man on the worst blow pathological science has received for the last three hundred years!

Charteris. No, no, no. Congratulate him on having his life saved. Congratulate Julia on having her father spared. Swear that your discovery and your reputation are as nothing to you compared with the pleasure of restoring happiness to the household in which the best

hopes of your life are centred. Confound it, man, you'll never get married if you can't turn things to account with a woman in these little ways.

Paramore (*gravely*). Excuse me; but my self-respect is dearer to me even than Miss Craven. I cannot trifle with scientific questions for the sake of a personal advantage. (*He turns away coldly and goes toward the table.*)

Charteris. Well, this beats me! The nonconformist conscience is bad enough; but the scientific conscience is the very devil. (*He follows Paramore and puts his arm familiarly round his shoulder, bringing him back again whilst he speaks.*) Now look here, Paramore: I've got no conscience in that sense at all: I loathe it as I loathe all the snares of idealism; but I have some common humanity and common sense. (*He replaces him in the easy chair and sits down opposite him.*) Come: what is a really scientific theory?—a true theory, isn't it?

Paramore. No doubt.

Charteris. For instance, you have a theory about Craven's liver, eh?

Paramore. I still believe that to be a true theory, though it has been upset for the moment.

Charteris. And you have a theory that it would be pleasant to be married to Julia?

Paramore. I suppose so—in a sense.

Charteris. That theory also will be upset, probably, before you're a year older.

Paramore. Always cynical, Charteris.

Charteris. Never mind that. Now it's a perfectly damnable thing for you to hope that your liver theory is true, because it amounts to hoping that Craven will die an agonizing death. (*This strikes Paramore as paradoxical; but it startles him.*) But it's amiable and human to hope that your theory about Julia is right, because it amounts to hoping that she may live happily ever after.

Paramore. I do hope that with all my soul—(*correcting himself*) I mean with all my function of hoping.

Charteris. Then, since both theories are equally scientific, why not devote yourself, as a humane man, to proving the amiable theory rather than the damnable one?

Paramore. But how?

Charteris. I'll tell you. You think I'm fond of Julia myself. So I am; but then I'm fond of everybody; so I don't count. Besides, if you try the scientific experiment of asking her whether she loves me, she'll tell you that she hates and despises me. So I'm out of the running. Nevertheless, like you, I hope that she may be happy with all my—what did you call your soul?

Paramore (*impatiently*). Oh, go on, go on: finish what you were going to say.

Charteris (*suddenly affecting complete indifference, and rising carelessly*). I don't know that I have anything more to say. If I were you I should invite the Cravens to tea in honor of the Colonel's escape from a horrible doom. By the way, if you've done with that British Medical Journal, I should like to see how they've smashed your theory up.

Paramore (*wincing as he also rises*). Oh, certainly, if you wish it. I have no objection. (*He takes the Journal from the bookstand.*) I admit that the Italian experiments apparently upset my theory. But please remember that it is doubtful—extremely doubtful—whether anything can be proved by experiments on animals. (*He hands Charteris the Journal.*)

Charteris (*taking it*). It doesn't matter: I don't intend to make any. (*He retires to the recess on Ibsen's right, picking up the step ladder as he passes and placing it so that he is able to use it for a leg rest as he settles himself to read on the divan with his back to the corner of the mantelpiece. Paramore goes to the left hand door, and is about to leave the library when he meets Grace entering.*)

Grace. How do you do, Dr. Paramore. So glad to see you. (*They shake hands.*)

Paramore. Thanks. Quite well, I hope?

Grace. Quite, thank you. You're looking overworked. We must take more care of you, Doctor.

Paramore. You are very kind.

Grace.. It is you who are too kind—to your patients. You sacrifice yourself. Have a little rest. Come and talk to me—tell me all about the latest scientific discoveries, and what I ought to read to keep myself up to date. But perhaps you're busy.

Paramore. No, not at all. Only too delighted. (*They go into the recess on Ibsen's left, and sit there chatting in whispers, very confidentially.*)

Charteris. How they all love a doctor! They can say what they like to him! (*Julia returns. He takes his feet down from the ladder and sits up.*) Whew! (*Julia wanders down his side of the room, apparently looking for someone. Charteris steals after her.*)

Charteris (*in a low voice*). Looking for me, Julia?

Julia (*starting violently*). Oh! How you startled me!

Charteris. Sh! I want to shew you something. Look! (*He points to the pair in the recess.*)

Julia (*jealously*). That woman!

Charteris. My young woman, carrying off your young man.

Julia. What do you mean? Do you dare insinuate—

Charteris. Sh—sh—sh! Don't disturb them. (*Paramore rises; takes down a book; and sits on a footstool at Grace's feet.*)

Julia. Why are they whispering like that?

Charteris. Because they don't want anyone to hear what they are saying to one another. (*Paramore shews Grace a picture in the book. They both laugh heartily over it.*)

Julia. What is he shewing her?

Charteris. Probably a diagram of the liver. (*Julia, with an exclamation of disgust makes for the recess. Charteris catches her sleeve.*) Stop: be careful, Julia. (*She frees herself by giving him a push which upsets him into the easy chair; then crosses to the recess and stands looking down at Grace and Paramore from the corner next the fireplace.*)

Julia (*with suppressed fury*). You seem to have found a very interesting book, Dr. Paramore. (*They look up, astonished.*) May I ask what it is? (*She stoops swiftly; snatches the book from Paramore; and comes down to the table quickly to look at it whilst they rise in amazement.*) Good Words! (*She flings it on the table and sweeps back past Charteris, exclaiming contemptuously*) You fool! (*Paramore and Grace, meanwhile, come from the recess; Paramore bewildered, Grace very determined.*)

Charteris (*aside to Julia as he gets out of the easy chair*). Idiot! She'll have you turned out of the club for this.

Julia (*terrified*). She can't—can she?

Paramore. What is the matter, Miss Craven?

Charteris (*hastily*). Nothing—my fault—a stupid, practical joke. I beg your pardon and Mrs. Tranfield's.

Grace (*firmly*). It is not your fault in the least, Mr. Charteris. Dr. Paramore: will you oblige me by finding Sylvia Craven for me, if you can?

Paramore (*hesitating*). But——

Grace. I want you to go now, if you please.

Paramore (*succumbing*). Certainly. (*He bows and goes out by the staircase door.*)

Grace. You are going with him, Charteris.

Julia. You will not leave me here to be insulted by this woman, Mr. Charteris. (*She takes his arm as if to go with him.*)

Grace. When two ladies quarrel in this club, it is against the rules to settle it when there are gentlemen

present—especially the gentleman they are quarrelling about. I presume you do not wish to break that rule, Miss Craven. (*Julia sullenly drops Charteris's arm. Grace turns to Charteris and adds*) Now! Trot off.

Charteris. Certainly, certainly. (*He follows Paramore ignominiously.*)

Grace (*to Julia, with quiet peremptoriness*). Now: what have you to say to me?

Julia (*suddenly throwing herself tragically on her knees at Grace's feet*). Don't take him from me. Oh don't—don't be so cruel. Give him back to me. You don't know what you're doing—what our past has been—how I love him. You don't know——

Grace. Get up; and don't be a fool. Suppose anyone comes in and sees you in that ridiculous attitude!

Julia. I hardly know what I'm doing. I don't care what I'm doing: I'm too miserable. Oh, won't you listen to me?

Grace. Do you suppose I am a man to be imposed on by this sort of rubbish?

Julia (*getting up and looking darkly at her*). You intend to take him from me, then?

Grace. Do you expect me to help you to keep him after the way you have behaved?

Julia (*trying her theatrical method in a milder form—reasonable and impulsively goodnatured instead of tragic*). I know I was wrong to act as I did last night. I beg your pardon. I am sorry. I was mad.

Grace. Not a bit mad. You calculated to an inch how far you could go. When he is present to stand between us and play out the scene with you, I count for nothing. When we are alone you fall back on your natural way of getting anything you want—crying for it like a baby until it is given to you.

Julia (*with unconcealed hatred*). You learnt this from him.

Grace. I learnt it from yourself, last night and now.

How I hate to be a woman when I see, by you, what wretched childish creatures we are! Those two men would cut you dead and have you turned out of the club if you were a man and had behaved in such a way before them. But because you are only a woman, they are forbearing, sympathetic, gallant—Oh, if you had a scrap of self-respect, their indulgence would make you creep all over. I understand now why Charteris has no respect for women.

Julia. How dare you say that?

Grace. Dare! I love him. And I have refused his offer to marry me.

Julia (*incredulous but hopeful*). You have refused!

Grace. Yes: because I will not give myself to any man who has learnt how to treat women from you and your like. I can do without his love, but not without his respect; and it is your fault that I cannot have both. Take his love then; and much good may it do you! Run to him and beg him to have mercy on you and take you back.

Julia. Oh, what a liar you are! He loved me before he ever saw you—before he ever dreamt of you, you pitiful thing. Do you think *I* need go down on my knees to men to make them come to me? That may be your experience, you creature with no figure: it is not mine. There are dozens of men who would give their souls for a look from me. I have only to lift my finger.

Grace. Lift it then; and see whether he will come.

Julia. How I should like to kill you! I don't know why I don't.

Grace. Yes: you like to get out of your difficulties cheaply—at other people's expense. It is something to boast of, isn't it, that dozens of men would make love to you if you invited them?

Julia (*sullenly*). I suppose it's better to be like you, with a cold heart and a serpent's tongue. Thank Heaven, I have a heart: that is why you can hurt me as I cannot

hurt you. And you are a coward. You are giving him up to me without a struggle.

Grace. Yes, it is for you to struggle. I wish you success. (*She turns away contemptuously and is going to the dining-room door when Sylvia enters on the opposite side, followed by Cuthbertson and Craven, who come to Julia, whilst Sylvia crosses to Grace.*)

Sylvia. Here I am, sent by the faithful Paramore. He hinted that I'd better bring the elder members of the family too: here they are. What's the row?

Grace (*quietly*). Nothing, dear. There's no row.

Julia (*hysterically, tottering and stretching out her arms to Craven*). Daddy!

Craven (*taking her in his arms*). My precious! What's the matter?

Julia (*through her tears*). She's going to have me expelled from the club; and we shall all be disgraced. Can she do it, Daddy?

Craven. Well, really, the rules of this club are so extraordinary that I don't know. (*To Grace.*) May I ask, Mrs. Tranfield, whether you have any complaint to make of my daughter's conduct?

Grace. Yes, Colonel Craven. I am going to complain to the committee.

Sylvia. I knew you'd overdo it some day, Julia. (*Craven, at a loss, looks at Cuthbertson.*)

Cuthbertson. Don't look at me, Dan. Within these walls a father's influence counts for nothing.

Craven. May I ask the ground of complaint, Mrs. Tranfield?

Grace. Simply that Miss Craven is essentially a womanly woman, and, as such, not eligible for membership.

Julia. It's false. I'm not a womanly woman. I was guaranteed when I joined just as you were.

Grace. By Mr. Charteris, I think, at your own request. I shall call him as a witness to your thoroughly

womanly conduct just now in his presence and Dr. Paramore's.

Craven. Cuthbertson: are they joking; or am I dreaming?

Cuthbertson (*grimly*). It's real, Dan: you're awake.

Sylvia (*taking Craven's left arm and hugging it affectionately*). Dear old Rip Van Winkle!

Craven. Well, Mrs. Tranfield, all I can say is that I hope you will succeed in establishing your complaint, and that Julia may soon see the last of this most outrageous institution. (*Sylvia, still caressing his arm, laughs at him; Charteris returns.*)

Charteris (*at the door*). May I come in?

Sylvia (*releasing the Colonel*). Yes: you're wanted here as a witness. (*Charteris comes in.*) It's a bad case of womanliness.

Grace (*half aside to him, significantly*). You understand. (*Julia, watching them jealously, leaves her father and gets close to Charteris. Grace adds aloud*) I shall expect your support before the committee.

Julia. If you have a scrap of manhood you will take my part.

Charteris. But then I shall be expelled for being a manly man. Besides, I'm on the committee myself; I can't act as judge and witness, too. You must apply to Paramore: he saw it all.

Grace. Where is Dr. Paramore?

Charteris. Just gone home.

Julia (*with sudden resolution*). What is Dr. Paramore's number in Savile Row?

Charteris. Seventy-nine. (*Julia goes out quickly by the staircase door, to their astonishment. Charteris follows her to the door, which swings back in his face, leaving him staring after her through the glass. Sylvia runs to Grace.*)

Sylvia. Grace: go after her. Don't let her get beforehand with Paramore. She'll tell him the most heart-

breaking stories about how she's been treated, and get him round completely.

Craven (*thundering*). Sylvia! Is that the way to speak of your sister, miss? (*Grace squeezes Sylvia's hand to console her, and sits down calmly. Sylvia posts herself behind Grace's chair, leaning over the back to watch the ensuing colloquy between the three men.*) I assure you, Mrs. Tranfield, Dr. Paramore has just invited us all to take afternoon tea with him; and if my daughter has gone to his house, she is simply taking advantage of his invitation to extricate herself from a very embarrassing scene here. We're all going there. Come, Sylvia. (*He turns to go, followed by Cuthbertson.*)

Charteris (*in consternation*). Stop! (*He gets between Craven and Cuthbertson.*) What hurry is there? Can't you give the man time?

Craven. Time! What for?

Charteris (*talking foolishly in his agitation*). Well, to get a little rest, you know—a busy professional man like that! He's not had a moment to himself all day.

Craven. But Julia's with him.

Charteris. Well, no matter: she's only one person. And she ought to have an opportunity of laying her case before him. As a member of the committee, I think that's only just. Be reasonable, Craven: give him half an hour.

Cuthbertson (*sternly*). What do you mean by this, Charteris?

Charteris. Nothing, I assure you. Only common consideration for poor Paramore.

Cuthbertson. You've some motive. Craven: I strongly advise that we go at once. (*He grasps the door handle.*)

Charteris (*coaxingly*). No, no. (*He puts his hand persuasively on Craven's arm, adding*) It's not good for your liver, Craven, to rush about immediately after lunch.

Cuthbertson. His liver's cured. Come on, Craven. (*He opens the door.*)

Charteris (*catching Cuthbertson by the sleeve*). Cuthbertson, you're mad. Paramore's going to propose to Julia. We must give him time: he's not the man to come to the point in three minutes as you or I would. (*Turning to Craven*) Don't you see?—that will get me out of the difficulty we were speaking of this morning—you and I and Cuthbertson. You remember?

Craven. Now, is this a thing to say plump out before everybody, Charteris? Confound it, have you no decency?

Cuthbertson (*severely*). None whatever.

Charteris (*turning to Cuthbertson*). No—don't be unkind, Cuthbertson. Back me up. My future, her future, Mrs. Tranfield's future, Craven's future, everybody's future depends on our finding Julia Paramore's affianced bride when we go over to Savile Row. He's certain to propose if you'll only give him time. You know you're a kindly and sensible man as well as a deucedly clever one, Cuthbertson, in spite of all your nonsense. Say a word for me.

Craven. I'm quite willing to leave the decision to Cuthbertson; and I have no doubt whatever as to what that decision will be. (*Cuthbertson carefully shuts the door, and comes back into the room with an air of weighty reflection.*)

Cuthbertson. I am now going to speak as a man of the world: that is, without moral responsibility.

Craven. Quite so, Jo. Of course.

Cuthbertson. Therefore, though I have no sympathy whatever with Charteris's views, I think we can do no harm by waiting—say ten minutes or so. (*He sits down.*)

Charteris (*delighted*). Ah, there's nobody like you after all, Cuthbertson, when there's a difficult situation to be judged.

Craven (*deeply disappointed*). Oh, well, Jo, if that is your decision, I must keep my word and abide by it.

Better sit down and make ourselves comfortable, I suppose. (*He sits also, under protest.*)

Charteris (*fidgeting about*). I can't sit down: I'm too restless. The fact is, Julia has made me so nervous that I can't answer for myself until I know her decision. Mrs. Tranfield will tell you what a time I've had lately. Julia's really a most determined woman, you know.

Craven (*starting up*). Well, upon my life! Upon my honor and conscience!! Now really!!! I shall go this instant. Come on, Sylvia. Cuthbertson: I hope you'll mark your sense of this sort of thing by coming on to Paramore's with us at once. (*He marches to the door.*)

Charteris (*desperately*). Craven: you're trifling with your daughter's happiness. I only ask five minutes more.

Craven. Not five seconds, sir. Fie for shame, Charteris! (*He goes out.*)

Cuthbertson (*to Charteris, as he passes him on his way to the door*). Bungler! (*He follows Craven.*)

Sylvia. Serve you right, you duffer! (*She follows Cuthbertson.*)

Charteris. Oh, these headstrong old men! (*To Grace*) Nothing to be done now but go with them and delay the Colonel as much as possible. So I'm afraid I must leave you.

Grace (*rising*). Not at all. Paramore invited me, too, when we were talking over there.

Charteris (*aghast*). You don't mean to say you're coming!

Grace. Most certainly. Do you suppose I will let that woman think I am afraid to meet her? (*Charteris sinks on a chair with a prolonged groan.*) Come: don't be silly: you'll not overtake the Colonel if you delay any longer.

Charteris. Why was I ever born, child of misfortune that I am! (*He rises despairingly.*) Well, if you must come, you must. (*He offers his arm, which she takes.*) By the way, what happened after I left you?

Grace. I gave her a lecture on her behavior which she will remember to the last day of her life.

Charteris (*approvingly*). That was right, darling. (*He slips his arm round her waist.*) Just one kiss—to soothe me.

Grace (*complacently offering her cheek*). Foolish boy! (*He kisses her.*) Now come along. (*They go out together.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV

Sitting-room in Paramore's apartments in Savile Row. The darkly respectable furniture is, so to speak, en suite with Paramore's frock coat and cuffs. Viewing the room from the front windows, the door is seen in the opposite wall near the left hand corner. Another door, a light, noiseless partition one covered with a green baize, is in the right hand wall toward the back, leading to Paramore's consulting room. The fireplace is on the left. At the nearest corner of it a couch is placed at right angles to the wall, settlewise. On the right the wall is occupied by a bookcase, further forward than the green baize door. Beyond the door is a cabinet of anatomical preparations, with a framed photograph of Rembrandt's School of Anatomy hanging on the wall above it. In front, a little to the right, a tea-table.

Paramore is seated in a round-backed chair, on castors, pouring out tea. Julia sits opposite him, with her back to the fire. He is in high spirits: she very downcast.

PARAMORE (*handing her the cup he has just filled*). There! Making tea is one of the few things I consider myself able to do thoroughly well. Cake?

JULIA. No, thank you. I don't like sweet things. (*She sets down the cup untasted.*)

PARAMORE. Anything wrong with the tea?

JULIA. No, it's very nice.

PARAMORE. I'm afraid I'm a very bad entertainer. The fact is, I'm too professional. I only shine in consultation. I almost wish you had something the matter

with you; so that you might call out my knowledge and sympathy. As it is, I can only admire you, and feel how pleasant it is to have you here.

Julia (*bitterly*). And pet me, and say pretty things to me! I wonder you don't offer me a saucer of milk at once?

Paramore (*astonished*). Why?

Julia. Because you seem to regard me very much as if I were a Persian cat.

Paramore (*in strong remonstrance*). Miss Cra——

Julia (*cutting him short*). Oh, you needn't protest. I'm used to it: It's the only sort of attachment I seem always to inspire. (*Ironically*) You can't think how flattering it is!

Paramore. My dear Miss Craven, what a cynical thing to say! You! who are loved at first sight by the people in the street as you pass. Why, in the club I can tell by the faces of the men whether you have been lately in the room or not.

Julia (*shrinking fiercely*). Oh, I hate that look in their faces. Do you know that I have never had one human being care for me since I was born?

Paramore. That's not true, Miss Craven. Even if it were true of your father, and of Charteris, who loves you madly in spite of your dislike for him, it is not true of me.

Julia (*startled*). Who told you that about Charteris?

Paramore. Why, he himself.

Julia (*with deep, poignant conviction*). He cares for only one person in the world; and that is himself. There is not in his whole nature one unselfish spot. He would not spend one hour of his real life with— (*a sob chokes her: she rises passionately, crying*) You are all alike, every one of you. Even my father only makes a pet of me. (*She goes away to the fireplace and stands with her back to him.*)

Paramore (*following her humbly*). I don't deserve this from you: indeed I do not.

Julia (*rating him*). Then why do you talk about me with Charteris, behind my back?

Paramore. We said nothing disparaging of you. Nobody shall ever do that in my presence. We spoke of the subject nearest our hearts.

Julia. His heart! Oh, God, his heart! (*She sits down on the couch and hides her face.*)

Paramore (*sadly*). I am afraid you love him, for all that, Miss Craven.

Julia (*raising her head instantly*). If he says that, he lies. If ever you hear it said that I cared for him, contradict it: it is false.

Paramore (*quickly advancing to her*). Miss Craven: is the way clear for me then?

Julia (*pettishly—losing interest in the conversation and looking crossly into the fire*). What do you mean?

Paramore (*impetuously*). You must see what I mean. Contradict the rumour of your attachment to Charteris, not by words—it has gone too far for that—but by becoming my wife. (*Earnestly.*) Believe me: it is not merely your beauty that attracts me: (*Julia, interested, looks up at him quickly*) I know other beautiful women. It is your heart, your sincerity, your sterling reality, (*Julia rises and gazes at him, breathless with a new hope*) your great gifts of character that are only half developed because you have never been understood by those about you.

Julia (*looking intently at him, and yet beginning to be derisively sceptical in spite of herself*). Have you really seen all that in me?

Paramore. I have felt it. I have been alone in the world; and I need you, Julia. That is how I have divined that you, also, are alone in the world.

Julia (*with theatrical pathos*). You are right there. I am indeed alone in the world.

Paramore (*timidly approaching her*). With you I should not be alone. And you?—with me?

Julia. You! (*She gets quickly out of his reach, taking refuge at the tea-table.*) No, no. I can't bring myself— (*She breaks off, perplexed, and looks uneasily about her.*) Oh, I don't know what to do. You will expect too much from me. (*She sits down.*)

Paramore. I have more faith in you than you have in yourself. Your nature is richer than you think.

Julia (*doubtfully*). Do you really believe that I am not the shallow, jealous, devilish tempered creature they all pretend I am?

Paramore. I am ready to place my happiness in your hands. Does that prove what I think of you?

Julia. Yes: I believe you really care for me. (*He approaches her eagerly: she has a violent revulsion, and rises with her hand raised as if to beat him off, crying*) No, no, no, no. I cannot. It's impossible. (*She goes towards the door.*)

Paramore (*looking wistfully after her*). Is it Charteris?

Julia (*stopping and turning*). Ah, you think that! (*She comes back.*) Listen to me. If I say yes, will you promise not to touch me—to give me time to accustom myself to the idea of our new relations?

Paramore. I promise most faithfully. I would not press you for the world.

Julia. Then—then—yes: I promise. (*He is about to utter his rapture; she will not have it.*) Now, not another word of it. Let us forget it. (*She resumes her seat at the table.*) Give me some more tea. (*He hastens to his former seat. As he passes, she puts her left hand on his arm and says*) Be good to me, Percy, I need it sorely.

Paramore (*transported*). You have called me Percy! Hurrah! (*Charteris and Craven come in. Paramore hastens to meet them, beaming.*) Delighted to see you here with me, Colonel Craven. And you, too, Charteris. Sit down. (*The Colonel sits down on the end of the couch.*) Where are the others?

Charteris. Sylvia has dragged Cuthbertson off into the Burlington Arcade to buy some caramels. He likes to encourage her in eating caramels: he thinks it's a womanly taste. Besides, he likes them himself. They'll be here presently. (*He strolls across to the cabinet and pretends to study the Rembrandt photograph, so as to be as far out of Julia's reach as possible.*)

Craven. Yes; and Charteris has been trying to persuade me that there's a short cut between Cork Street and Savile Row somewhere in Conduit Street. Now did you ever hear such nonsense? Then he said my coat was getting shabby, and wanted me to go into Poole's and order a new one. Paramore: is my coat shabby?

Paramore. Not that I can see.

Craven. I should think not. Then he wanted to draw me into a dispute about the Egyptian war. We should have been here quarter of an hour ago only for his nonsense.

Charteris (*still contemplating Rembrandt*). I did my best to keep him from disturbing you, Paramore.

Paramore (*gratefully*). You have come in the nick of time. Colonel Craven: I have something very particular to say to you.

Craven (*springing up in alarm*). In private, Paramore: now really it must be in private.

Paramore (*surprised*). Of course. I was about to suggest my consulting room: there's nobody there. Miss Craven: will you excuse me: Charteris will entertain you until I return. (*He leads the way to the green baize door.*)

Charteris (*aghast*). Oh, I say, hadn't you better wait until the others come?

Paramore (*exultant*). No need for further delay now, my best friend. (*He wrings Charteris's hand.*) Will you come, Colonel?

Craven. At your service, Paramore: at your service. (*Craven and Paramore go into the consulting room.*

Julia turns her head and stares insolently at Charteris. His nerves play him false: he is completely out of countenance in a moment. She rises suddenly. He starts, and comes hastily forward between the table and the bookcase. She crosses to that side behind the table; and he immediately crosses to the opposite side in front of it, dodging her.)

Charteris (*nervously*). Don't, Julia. Now don't abuse your advantage. You've got me here at your mercy. Be good for once; and don't make a scene.

Julia (*contemptuously*). Do you suppose I am going to touch you?

Charteris. No. Of course not. (*She comes forward on her side of the table. He retreats on his side of it. She looks at him with utter scorn; sweeps across to the couch; and sits down imperially. With a great sigh of relief he drops into Paramore's chair.*)

Julia. Come here. I have something to say to you.

Charteris. Yes? (*He rolls the chair a few inches towards her.*)

Julia. Come here, I say. I am not going to shout across the room at you. Are you afraid of me?

Charteris. Horribly. (*He moves the chair slowly, with great misgiving, to the end of the couch.*)

Julia (*with studied insolence*). Has that woman told you that she has given you up to me without an attempt to defend her conquest?

Charteris (*whispering persuasively*). Shew that you are capable of the same sacrifice. Give me up, too.

Julia. Sacrifice! And so you think I'm dying to marry you, do you?

Charteris. I am afraid your intentions have been honourable, Julia.

Julia. You cad!

Charteris (*with a sigh*). I confess I am something either more or less than a gentleman, Julia. You once gave me the benefit of the doubt.

Julia. Indeed! *I* never told you so. If you cannot behave like a gentleman, you had better go back to the society of the woman who has given you up—if such a cold-blooded, cowardly creature can be called a woman. (*She rises majestically; he makes his chair fly back to the table.*) I know you now, Leonard Charteris, through and through, in all your falseness, your petty spite, your cruelty and your vanity. The place you coveted has been won by a man more worthy of it.

Charteris (*springing up, and coming close to her, gasping with eagerness*). What do you mean? Out with it. Have you accep——

Julia. I am engaged to Dr. Paramore.

Charteris (*enraptured*). My own Julia! (*He attempts to embrace her.*)

Julia (*recoiling—he catching her hands and holding them*). How dare you! Are you mad? Do you wish me to call Dr. Paramore?

Charteris. Call everybody, my darling—everybody in London. Now I shall no longer have to be brutal—to defend myself—to go in fear of you. How I have looked forward to this day! You know now that I don't want you to marry me or to love me: Paramore can have all that. I only want to look on and rejoice disinterestedly in the happiness of (*kissing her hand*) my dear Julia (*kissing the other*), my beautiful Julia. (*She tears her hands away and raises them as if to strike him, as she did the night before at Cuthbertson's.*) No use to threaten me now: I am not afraid of those hands—the loveliest hands in the world.

Julia. How have you the face to turn round like this after insulting and torturing me!

Charteris. Never mind, dearest: you never did understand me; and you never will. Our vivisecting friend has made a successful experiment at last.

Julia (*earnestly*). It is you who are the vivisector —a far crueller, more wanton vivisector than he.

Charteris. Yes; but then I learn so much more from my experiments than he does! And the victims learn as much as I do. That's where my moral superiority comes in.

Julia (*sitting down again on the couch with rueful humour*). Well, you shall not experiment on me any more. Go to your Grace if you want a victim. She'll be a tough one.

Charteris (*reproachfully sitting down beside her*). And you drove me to propose to her to escape from you! Suppose she had accepted me, where should I be now?

Julia. Where *I* am, I suppose, now that I have accepted Paramore.

Charteris. But I should have made Grace unhappy. (*Julia sneers*). However, now I come to think of it, you'll make Paramore unhappy. And yet if you refused him he would be in despair. Poor devil!

Julia (*her temper flashing up for a moment again*). He is a better man than you.

Charteris (*humbly*). I grant you that, my dear.

Julia (*impetuously*). Don't call me your dear. And what do you mean by saying that I shall make him unhappy? Am I not good enough for him?

Charteris (*dubiously*). Well, that depends on what you mean by good enough.

Julia (*earnestly*). You might have made me good if you had chosen to. You had a great power over me. I was like a child in your hands; and you knew it.

Charteris (*with comic acquiescence*). Yes, my dear. That means that whenever you got jealous and flew into a violent rage, I could always depend on it's ending happily if I only waited long enough, and petted you very hard all the time. When you had had your fling, and called the object of your jealousy every name you could lay your tongue to, and abused me to your heart's content for a couple of hours, then the reaction would come; and you would at last subside into a soothing rap-

ture of affection which gave you a sensation of being angelically good and forgiving. Oh, I know that sort of goodness! You may have thought on these occasions that I was bringing out your latent amiability; but I thought you were bringing out mine, and using up rather more than your fair share of it.

Julia. According to you, then, I have no good in me! I am an utterly vile, worthless woman. Is that it?

Charteris. Yes, if you are to be judged as you judge others. From the conventional point of view, there's nothing to be said for you, Julia—nothing. That's why I have to find some other point of view to save my self-respect when I remember how I have loved you. Oh, what I have learnt from you!—from you, who could learn nothing from me! I made a fool of you; and you brought me wisdom: I broke your heart; and you brought me joy: I made you curse your womanhood; and you revealed my manhood to me. Blessings forever and ever on my Julia's name! (*With genuine emotion, he takes her hand to kiss it again.*)

Julia (*snatching her hand away in disgust*). Oh, stop talking that nasty sneering stuff.

Charteris (*laughingly appealing to the heavens*). She calls it nasty sneering stuff! Well, well: I'll never talk like that to you again, dearest. It only means that you are a beautiful woman, and that we all love you.

Julia. Don't say that: I hate it. It sounds as if I were a mere animal.

Charteris. Hm! A fine animal is a very wonderful thing. Don't let us disparage animals, Julia.

Julia. That is what you really think me.

Charteris. Come, Julia: you don't expect me to admire you for your moral qualities, do you? (*She turns and looks hard at him. He starts up apprehensively and backs away from her. She rises and follows him up slowly and intently.*)

Julia (*deliberately*). I have seen you very much in-

fatuated with this depraved creature who has no moral qualities.

Charteris (*retreating*). Keep off, Julia. Remember your new obligations to Paramore.

Julia (*overtaking him in the middle of the room*). Never mind Paramore: that is my business. (*She grasps the lappels of his coat in her hands, and looks fixedly at him.*) Oh, if the people you talk so cleverly to could only know you as I know you! Sometimes I wonder at myself for ever caring for you.

Charteris (*beaming at her*). Only sometimes?

Julia. You fraud! You humbug! You miserable little plaster saint! (*He looks delighted.*) Oh! (*In a paroxysm half of rage, half of tenderness, she shakes him, growling over him like a tigress over her cub. Paramore and Craven at this moment return from the consulting room, and are thunderstruck at the spectacle.*)

Craven (*shouting, utterly scandalized*). Julia!! (*Julia releases Charteris, but stands her ground disdainfully as they come forward, Craven on her left, Paramore on her right.*)

Paramore. What's the matter?

Charteris. Nothing, nothing. You'll soon get used to this, Paramore.

Craven. Now really, Julia, this is a very extraordinary way to behave. It's not fair to Paramore.

Julia (*coldly*). If Dr. Paramore objects he can break off our engagement. (*To Paramore*) Pray don't hesitate.

Paramore (*looking doubtfully and anxiously at her*). Do you wish me to break it off?

Charteris (*alarmed*). Nonsense! don't act so hastily. It was my fault. I annoyed Miss Craven—insulted her. Hang it all, don't go and spoil everything like this.

Craven. This is most infernally perplexing. I can't believe that you insulted Julia, Charteris. I've no doubt

you annoyed her—you'd annoy anybody: upon my soul you would—but insult!—now what do you mean by that?

Paramore (*very earnestly*). Miss Craven: in all delicacy and sincerity I ask you to be frank with me. What are the relations between you and Charteris?

Julia. Ask him. (*She goes to the fireplace, turning her back on them.*)

Charteris. Certainly: I'll confess. I'm in love with Miss Craven—always have been; and I've persecuted her with my addresses ever since I knew her. It's been no use: she utterly despises me. A moment ago the spectacle of a rival's happiness stung me to make a nasty, sneering speech; and she—well, she just shook me a little, as you saw.

Paramore (*chivalrously*). I shall never forget that you helped me to win her, Charteris. (*Julia turns quickly, a spasm of fury in her face.*)

Charteris. Sh! For Heaven's sake don't mention it.

Craven. This is a very different story to the one you told Cuthbertson and myself this morning. You'll excuse my saying that it sounds much more like the truth. Come: you were humbugging us, weren't you?

Charteris. Ask Julia. (*Paramore and Craven turn to Julia. Charteris remains doggedly looking straight before him.*)

Julia. It's quite true. He has been in love with me; he has persecuted me; and I utterly despise him.

Craven. Don't rub it in, Julia: it's not kind. No man is quite himself when he's crossed in love. (*To Charteris.*) Now listen to me, Charteris. When I was a young fellow, Cuthbertson and I fell in love with the same woman. She preferred Cuthbertson. I was taken aback: I won't deny it. But I knew my duty; and I did it. I gave her up and wished Cuthbertson joy. He told me this morning, when we met after many years, that he

has respected and liked me ever since for it. And I believe him and feel the better for it. (*Impressively.*) Now, Charteris, Paramore and you stand to-day where Cuthbertson and I stood on a certain July evening thirty-five years ago. How are you going to take it?

Julia (*indignantly*). How is he going to take it, indeed! Really, papa, this is too much. If Mrs. Cuthbertson wouldn't have you, it may have been very noble of you to make a virtue of giving her up, just as you made a virtue of being a teetotaller when Percy cut off your wine. But he shan't be virtuous over me. I have refused him; and if he doesn't like it he can—he can——

Charteris. I can lump it. Precisely. Craven: you can depend on me. I'll lump it. (*He moves off nonchalantly, and leans against the bookcase with his hands in his pockets.*)

Craven (*hurt*). Julia: you don't treat me respectfully. I don't wish to complain; but that was not a becoming speech.

Julia (*bursting into tears and throwing herself into the large chair*). Is there anyone in the world who has any feeling for me—who does not think me utterly vile? (*Craven and Paramore hurry to her in the greatest consternation.*)

Craven (*remorsefully*). My pet: I didn't for a moment mean——

Julia. Must I stand to be bargained for by two men —passed from one to the other like a slave in the market, and not say a word in my own defence?

Craven. But, my love——

Julia. Oh, go away, all of you. Leave me. I—oh— (*She gives way to a passion of tears.*)

Paramore (*reproachfully to Craven*). You've wounded her cruelly, Colonel Craven—cruelly.

Craven. But I didn't mean to: I said nothing. Charteris: was I harsh?

Charteris. You forget the revolt of the daughters,

Craven. And you certainly wouldn't have gone on like that to any grown up woman who was not your daughter.

Craven. Do you mean to say that I am expected to treat my daughter the same as I would any other girl?

Paramore. I should say certainly, Colonel Craven.

Craven. Well, dash me if I will. There!

Paramore. If you take that tone, I have nothing more to say. (*He crosses the room with offended dignity and posts himself with his back to the bookcase beside Charteris.*)

Julia (*with a sob*). Daddy.

Craven (*turning solicitously to her*). Yes, my love.

Julia (*looking up at him tearfully and kissing his hand*). Don't mind them. You didn't mean it, Daddy, did you?

Craven. No, no, my precious. Come: don't cry.

Paramore (*to Charteris, looking at Julia with delight*). How beautiful she is!

Charteris (*throwing up his hands*). Oh, Lord help you, Paramore! (*He leaves the bookcase and sits at the end of the couch farthest from the fire. Meanwhile Sylvia arrives.*)

Sylvia (*contemplating Julia*). Crying again! Well, you are a womanly one!

Craven. Don't worry your sister, Sylvia. You know she can't bear it.

Sylvia. I speak for her good, Dad. All the world can't be expected to know that she's the family baby.

Julia. You will get your ears boxed presently, Silly.

Craven. Now, now, now, my dear children, really now! Come, Julia: put up your handkerchief before Mrs. Tranfield sees you. She's coming along with Jo.

Julia (*rising*). That woman again!

Sylvia. Another row! Go it, Julia!

Craven. Hold your tongue, Sylvia. (*He turns commandingly to Julia.*) Now look here, Julia.

Charteris. Hallo! A revolt of the fathers!

Craven. Silence, Charteris. (*To Julia, unanswerably.*) The test of a man or woman's breeding is how they behave in a quarrel. Anybody can behave well when things are going smoothly. Now you said to-day, at that iniquitous club, that you were not a womanly woman. Very well: I don't mind. But if you are not going to behave like a lady when Mrs. Tranfield comes into this room, you've got to behave like a gentleman; or fond as I am of you, I'll cut you dead exactly as I would if you were my son.

Paramore (*remonstrating*). Colonel Craven——

Craven (*cutting him short*). Don't be a fool, Paramore.

Julia (*tearfully excusing herself*). I'm sure, Daddy——

Craven. Stop snivelling. I'm not speaking as your Daddy now: I'm speaking as your commanding officer.

Sylvia. Good old Victoria Cross! (*Craven turns sharply on her; and she darts away behind Charteris, and presently seats herself on the couch, so that she and Charteris are shoulder to shoulder, facing opposite ways. Cuthbertson arrives with Grace, who remains near the door whilst her father joins the others.*)

Craven. Ah, Jo, here you are. Now, Paramore, tell 'em the news.

Paramore. Mrs. Tranfield—Cuthbertson—allow me to introduce you to my future wife.

Cuthbertson (*coming forward to shake hands with Paramore*). My heartiest congratulations! (*Paramore goes to shake hands with Grace.*) Miss Craven: you will accept Grace's congratulations as well as mine, I hope.

Craven. She will, Jo. (*In a tone of command.*) Now, Julia. (*Julia slowly rises.*)

Cuthbertson. Now, Grace. (*He conducts her to Julia's right; then posts himself on the hearthrug, with his back to the fire, watching them. The Colonel keeps guard on the other side.*)

Grace (*speaking in a low voice to Julia alone*). So you have shewn him that you can do without him! Now I take back everything I said. Will you shake hands with me? (*Julia gives her hand painfully, with her face averted.*) They think this a happy ending, Julia—these men—our lords and masters! (*The two stand silent, hand in hand.*)

Sylvia (*leaning back across the couch, aside to Charteris*). Has she really chucked you? (*He nods assent. She looks at him dubiously, and adds*) I expect you chucked her.

Cuthbertson. And now, Paramore, mind you don't stand any chaff from Charteris about this. He's in the same predicament himself. He's engaged to Grace.

Julia (*dropping Grace's hand, and speaking with breathless anguish, but not violently*). Again!

Charteris (*rising hastily*). Don't be alarmed. It's all off.

Sylvia (*rising indignantly*). What! You've chucked Grace too! What a shame! (*She goes to the other side of the room, fuming.*)

Charteris (*following her and putting his hand soothingly on her shoulder*). She won't have me, old chap—that is (*turning to the others*) unless Mrs. Tranfield has changed her mind again.

Grace. No: we shall remain very good friends, I hope; but nothing would induce me to marry you. (*She goes to chair above the fireplace and sits down with perfect composure.*)

Julia. Ah! (*She sits down with a great sigh of relief.*)

Sylvia (*consoling Charteris*). Poor old Leonard!

Charteris. Yes: this is the doom of the philanderer. I shall have to go on philandering now all my life. No domesticity, no fireside, no little ones, nothing at all in Cuthbertson's line! Nobody will marry me—unless you, Sylvia—eh?

Sylvia. Not if I know it, Charteris.

Charteris (*to them all*). You see!

Craven (*coming between Charteris and Sylvia*). Now you really shouldn't make a jest of these things: upon my life and soul you shouldn't, Charteris.

Cuthbertson (*on the hearthrug*). The only use he can find for sacred things is to make a jest of them. That's the New Order. Thank Heaven, we belong to the Old Order, Dan!

Charteris. Cuthbertson: don't be symbolic.

Cuthbertson (*outraged*). Symbolic! That is an accusation of Ibsenism. What do you mean?

Charteris. Symbolic of the Old Order. Don't persuade yourself that you represent the Old Order. There never was any Old Order.

Craven. There I flatly contradict you and stand up for Jo. I'd no more have behaved as you do when I was a young man than I'd have cheated at cards. *I* belong to the Old Order.

Charteris. You're getting old, Craven; and you want to make a merit of it, as usual.

Craven. Come, now, Charteris: you're not offended, I hope. (*With a conciliatory outburst.*) Well, perhaps I shouldn't have said that about cheating at cards. I withdraw it (*offering his hand*).

Charteris (*taking Craven's hand*). No offence, my dear Craven: none in the world. I didn't mean to shew any temper. But (*aside, after looking round to see whether the others are listening*) only just consider!—the spectacle of a rival's happiness!

Craven (*aloud, decisively*). Charteris: now you've got to behave like a man. Your duty's plain before you. (*To Cuthbertson.*) Am I right, Jo?

Cuthbertson (*firmly*). You are, Dan.

Craven (*to Charteris*). Go straight up and congratulate Julia. And do it like a gentleman, smiling.

Charteris. Colonel: I will. Not a muscle shall betray the conflict within.

Craven. Julia: Charteris has not congratulated you yet. He's coming to do it. (*Julia rises and fixes a dangerous look on Charteris.*)

Sylvia (*whispering quickly behind Charteris as he is about to advance*). Take care. She's going to hit you. I know her. (*Charteris stops and looks cautiously at Julia, measuring the situation. They regard one another steadfastly for a moment. Grace softly rises and gets close to Julia.*)

Charteris (*whispering over his shoulder to Sylvia*). I'll chance it. (*He walks confidently up to Julia.*) Julia? (*He proffers his hand.*)

Julia (*exhausted, allowing herself to take it*). You are right. I am a worthless woman.

Charteris (*triumphant, and gaily remonstrating*). Oh, why?

Julia. Because I am not brave enough to kill you.

Grace (*taking her in her arms as she sinks, almost fainting, away from him*). Oh, no. Never make a hero of a philanderer. (*Charteris, amused and untouched, shakes his head laughingly. The rest look at Julia with concern, and even a little awe, feeling for the first time the presence of a keen sorrow.*)

CURTAIN.

MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION

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ACT I

Summer afternoon in a cottage garden on the eastern slope of a hill a little south of Haslemere in Surrey. Looking up the hill, the cottage is seen in the left hand corner of the garden, with its thatched roof and porch, and a large latticed window to the left of the porch. Farther back a little wing is built out, making an angle with the right side wall. From the end of this wing a paling curves across and forward, completely shutting in the garden, except for a gate on the right. The common rises uphill beyond the paling to the sky line. Some folded canvas garden chairs are leaning against the side bench in the porch. A lady's bicycle is propped against the wall, under the window. A little to the right of the porch, a hammock is slung from two posts. A big canvas umbrella, stuck in the ground, keeps the sun off the hammock, in which a young lady lies reading and making notes, her head towards the cottage and her feet towards the gate. In front of the hammock, and within reach of her hand, is a common kitchen chair, with a pile of serious-looking books and a supply of writing paper upon it.

A gentleman walking on the common comes into sight from behind the cottage. He is hardly past middle age, with something of the artist about him, unconventionally but carefully dressed, and clean-shaven except for a

moustache, with an eager, susceptible face and very amiable and considerate manners. He has silky black hair, with waves of grey and white in it. His eyebrows are white, his moustache black. He seems not certain of his way. He looks over the paling; takes stock of the place; and sees the young lady.

The Gentleman (*taking off his hat*). I beg your pardon. Can you direct me to Hindhead View—Mrs. Alison's?

The Young Lady (*glancing up from her book*). This is Mrs. Alison's. (*She resumes her work.*)

The Gentleman. Indeed! Perhaps—may I ask are you Miss Vivie Warren?

The Young Lady (*sharply, as she turns on her elbow to get a good look at him*). Yes.

The Gentleman (*daunted and conciliatory*). I'm afraid I appear intrusive. My name is Praed. (*Vivie at once throws her books upon the chair, and gets out of the hammock.*) Oh, pray don't let me disturb you.

Vivie (*striding to the gate and opening it for him*). Come in, Mr. Praed. (*He comes in.*) Glad to see you. (*She proffers her hand and takes his with a resolute and hearty grip. She is an attractive specimen of the sensible, able, highly-educated young middle-class Englishwoman. Age 22. Prompt, strong, confident, self-possessed. Plain, business-like dress, but not dowdy. She wears a chatelaine at her belt, with a fountain pen and a paper knife among its pendants.*)

Praed. Very kind of you indeed, Miss Warren. (*She shuts the gate with a vigorous slam: he passes in to the middle of the garden, exercising his fingers, which are slightly numbed by her greeting.*) Has your mother arrived?

Vivie (*quickly, evidently scenting aggression*). Is she coming?

Praed (*surprised*). Didn't you expect us?

Vivie. No.

Praed. Now, goodness me, I hope I've not mistaken the day. That would be just like me, you know. Your mother arranged that she was to come down from London and that I was to come over from Horsham to be introduced to you.

Vivie (*not at all pleased*). Did she? H'm! My mother has rather a trick of taking me by surprise—to see how I behave myself when she's away, I suppose. I fancy I shall take my mother very much by surprise one of these days, if she makes arrangements that concern me without consulting me beforehand. She hasn't come.

Praed (*embarrassed*). I'm really very sorry.

Vivie (*throwing off her displeasure*). It's not your fault, Mr. Praed, is it? And I'm very glad you've come, believe me. You are the only one of my mother's friends I have asked her to bring to see me.

Praed (*relieved and delighted*). Oh, now this is really very good of you, Miss Warren!

Vivie. Will you come indoors; or would you rather sit out here whilst we talk?

Praed. It will be nicer out here, don't you think?

Vivie. Then I'll go and get you a chair. (*She goes to the porch for a garden chair.*)

Praed (*following her*). Oh, pray, pray! Allow me. (*He lays hands on the chair.*)

Vivie (*letting him take it*). Take care of your fingers: they're rather dodgy things, those chairs. (*She goes across to the chair with the books on it; pitches them into the hammock; and brings the chair forward with one swing.*)

Praed (*who has just unfolded his chair*). Oh, now do let me take that hard chair! I like hard chairs.

Vivie. So do I. (*She sits down.*) Sit down, Mr. Praed. (*This invitation is given with genial peremptoriness, his anxiety to please her clearly striking her as a sign of weakness of character on his part.*)

Praed. By the way, though, hadn't we better go to the station to meet your mother?

Vivie (*coolly*). Why? She knows the way. (*Praed hesitates, and then sits down in the garden chair, rather disconcerted.*) Do you know, you are just like what I expected. I hope you are disposed to be friends with me?

Praed (*again beaming*). Thank you, my dear Miss Warren; thank you. Dear me! I'm so glad your mother hasn't spoilt you!

Vivie. How?

Praed. Well, in making you too conventional. You know, my dear Miss Warren, I am a born anarchist. I hate authority. It spoils the relations between parent and child—even between mother and daughter. Now I was always afraid that your mother would strain her authority to make you very conventional. It's such a relief to find that she hasn't.

Vivie. Oh! have I been behaving unconventionally?

Praed. Oh, no: oh, dear no. At least not conventionally unconventionally, you understand. (*She nods. He goes on, with a cordial outburst.*) But it was so charming of you to say that you were disposed to be friends with me! You modern young ladies are splendid—perfectly splendid!

Vivie (*dubiously*) Eh? (*watching him with dawning disappointment as to the quality of his brains and character.*)

Praed. When I was your age, young men and women were afraid of each other: there was no good fellowship —nothing real—only gallantry copied out of novels, and as vulgar and affected as it could be. Maidenly reserve! —gentlemanly chivalry!—always saying no when you meant yes!—simple purgatory for shy and sincere souls!

Vivie. Yes, I imagine there must have been a frightful waste of time—especially women's time.

Praed. Oh, waste of life, waste of everything. But

things are improving. Do you know, I have been in a positive state of excitement about meeting you ever since your magnificent achievements at Cambridge—a thing unheard of in my day. It was perfectly splendid, your tieing with the third wrangler. Just the right place, you know. The first wrangler is always a dreamy, morbid fellow, in whom the thing is pushed to the length of a disease.

Vivie. It doesn't pay. I wouldn't do it again for the same money.

Praed (*aghast*). The same money!

Vivie. I did it for £50. Perhaps you don't know how it was. Mrs. Latham, my tutor at Newnham, told my mother that I could distinguish myself in the mathematical tripos if I went for it in earnest. The papers were full just then of Phillipa Summers beating the senior wrangler—you remember about it; and nothing would please my mother but that I should do the same thing. I said flatly that it was not worth my while to face the grind since I was not going in for teaching; but I offered to try for fourth wrangler or thereabouts for £50. She closed with me at that, after a little grumbling; and I was better than my bargain. But I wouldn't do it again for that. £200 would have been nearer the mark.

Praed (*much damped*). Lord bless me! That's a very practical way of looking at it.

Vivie. Did you expect to find me an unpractical person?

Praed. No, no. But surely it's practical to consider not only the work these honors cost, but also the culture they bring.

Vivie. Culture! My dear Mr. Praed: do you know what the mathematical tripos means? It means grind, grind, grind, for six to eight hours a day at mathematics, and nothing but mathematics. I'm supposed to know something about science; but I know nothing except the

mathematics it involves. I can make calculations for engineers, electricians, insurance companies, and so on; but I know next to nothing about engineering or electricity or insurance. I don't even know arithmetic well. Outside mathematics, lawn-tennis, eating, sleeping, cycling, and walking, I'm a more ignorant barbarian than any woman could possibly be who hadn't gone in for the tripos.

Praed (*revolted*). What a monstrous, wicked, rascally system! I knew it! I felt at once that it meant destroying all that makes womanhood beautiful.

Vivie. I don't object to it on that score in the least. I shall turn it to very good account, I assure you.

Praed. Pooh! In what way?

Vivie. I shall set up in chambers in the city and work at actuarial calculations and conveyancing. Under cover of that I shall do some law, with one eye on the Stock Exchange all the time. I've come down here by myself to read law—not for a holiday, as my mother imagines. I hate holidays.

Praed. You make my blood run cold. Are you to have no romance, no beauty in your life?

Vivie. I don't care for either, I assure you.

Praed. You can't mean that.

Vivie. Oh yes I do. I like working and getting paid for it. When I'm tired of working, I like a comfortable chair, a cigar, a little whisky, and a novel with a good detective story in it.

Praed (*in a frenzy of repudiation*). I don't believe it. I am an artist; and I can't believe it: I refuse to believe it. (*Enthusiastically.*) Ah, my dear Miss Warren, you haven't discovered yet, I see, what a wonderful world art can open up to you.

Vivie. Yes, I have. Last May I spent six weeks in London with Honoria Fraser. Mamma thought we were doing a round of sight-seeing together; but I was really at Honoria's chambers in Chancery Lane every day,

working away at actuarial calculations for her, and helping her as well as a greenhorn could. In the evenings we smoked and talked, and never dreamt of going out except for exercise. And I never enjoyed myself more in my life. I cleared all my expenses and got initiated into the business without a fee into the bargain.

Praed. But bless my heart and soul, Miss Warren, do you call that trying art?

Vivie. Wait a bit. That wasn't the beginning. I went up to town on an invitation from some artistic people in Fitzjohn's Avenue; one of the girls was a Newnham chum. They took me to the National Gallery, to the Opera, and to a concert where the band played all the evening—Beethoven and Wagner and so on. I wouldn't go through that experience again for anything you could offer me. I held out for civility's sake until the third day; and then I said, plump out, that I couldn't stand any more of it, and went off to Chancery Lane. Now you know the sort of perfectly splendid modern young lady I am. How do you think I shall get on with my mother?

Praed (*startled*). Well, I hope—er——

Vivie. It's not so much what you hope as what you believe, that I want to know.

Praed. Well, frankly, I am afraid your mother will be a little disappointed. Not from any shortcoming on your part—I don't mean that. But you are so different from her ideal.

Vivie. What is her ideal like?

Praed. Well, you must have observed, Miss Warren, that people who are dissatisfied with their own bringing up generally think that the world would be all right if everybody were to be brought up quite differently. Now your mother's life has been—er—I suppose you know——

Vivie. I know nothing. (*Praed is appalled. His consternation grows as she continues.*) That's exactly

my difficulty. You forget, Mr. Praed, that I hardly know my mother. Since I was a child I have lived in England, at school or college, or with people paid to take charge of me. I have been boarded out all my life; and my mother has lived in Brussels or Vienna and never let me go to her. I only see her when she visits England for a few days. I don't complain: it's been very pleasant; for people have been very good to me; and there has always been plenty of money to make things smooth. But don't imagine I know anything about my mother. I know far less than you do.

Praed (*very ill at ease*). In that case— (*He stops, quite at a loss. Then, with a forced attempt at gaiety.*) But what nonsense we are talking! Of course you and your mother will get on capitally. (*He rises, and looks abroad at the view.*) What a charming little place you have here!

Vivie (*unmoved*). If you think you are doing anything but confirming my worst suspicions by changing the subject like that, you must take me for a much greater fool than I hope I am.

Praed. Your worst suspicions! Oh, pray don't say that. Now don't.

Vivie. Why won't my mother's life bear being talked about?

Praed. Pray think, Miss Vivie. It is natural that I should have a certain delicacy in talking to my old friend's daughter about her behind her back. You will have plenty of opportunity of talking to her about it when she comes. (*Anxiously.*) I wonder what is keeping her.

Vivie. No: she won't talk about it either. (*Rising.*) However, I won't press you. Only mind this, Mr. Praed. I strongly suspect there will be a battle royal when my mother hears of my Chancery Lane project.

Praed (*ruefully*). I'm afraid there will.

Vivie. I shall win the battle, because I want nothing

but my fare to London to start there to-morrow earning my own living by devilling for Honoria. Besides, I have no mysteries to keep up; and it seems she has. I shall use that advantage over her if necessary.

Praed (*greatly shocked*). Oh, no. No, pray. You'd not do such a thing.

Vivie. Then tell me why not.

Praed. I really cannot. I appeal to your good feeling. (*She smiles at his sentimentality.*) Besides, you may be too bold. Your mother is not to be trifled with when she's angry.

Vivie. You can't frighten me, Mr. Praed. In that month at Chancery Lane I had opportunities of taking the measure of one or two women, very like my mother who came to consult Honoria. You may back me to win. But if I hit harder in my ignorance than I need, remember that it is you who refuse to enlighten me. Now let us drop the subject. (*She takes her chair and replaces it near the hammock with the same vigorous swing as before.*)

Praed (*taking a desperate resolution*). One word, Miss Warren. I had better tell you. It's very difficult; but——

(*Mrs. Warren and Sir George Crofts arrive at the gate. Mrs. Warren is a woman between 40 and 50, good-looking, showily dressed in a brilliant hat and a gay blouse fitting tightly over her bust and flanked by fashionable sleeves. Rather spoiled and domineering, but, on the whole, a genial and fairly presentable old blackguard of a woman.*

Crofts is a tall, powerfully-built man of about 50, fashionably dressed in the style of a young man. Nasal voice, reedier than might be expected from his strong frame. Clean-shaven, bull-dog jaws, large flat ears, and thick neck, gentlemanly combination of the most brutal types of city man, sporting man, and man about town.)

Vivie. Here they are. (*Coming to them as they enter*

the garden.) How do, mater. Mr. Praed's been here this half hour, waiting for you.

Mrs. Warren. Well, if you've been waiting, Praddy, it's your own fault: I thought you'd have had the gumption to know I was coming by the 3:10 train. Vivie, put your hat on, dear: you'll get sunburnt. Oh, forgot to introduce you. Sir George Crofts, my little Vivie.

(*Crofts advances to Vivie with his most courtly manner. She nods, but makes no motion to shake hands.*)

Crofts. May I shake hands with a young lady whom I have known by reputation very long as the daughter of one of my oldest friends?

Vivie (*who has been looking him up and down sharply*). If you like. (*She take his tenderly proffered hand and gives it a squeeze that makes him open his eyes; then turns away and says to her mother*) Will you come in, or shall I get a couple more chairs? (*She goes into the porch for the chairs.*)

Mrs. Warren. Well, George, what do you think of her?

Crofts (*ruefully*). She has a powerful fist. Did you shake hands with her, Praed?

Praed. Yes: it will pass off presently.

Crofts. I hope so. (*Vivie reappears with two more chairs. He hurries to her assistance.*) Allow me.

Mrs. Warren (*patronizingly*). Let Sir George help you with the chairs, dear.

Vivie (*almost pitching two into his arms*). Here you are. (*She dusts her hands and turns to Mrs. Warren.*) You'd like some tea, wouldn't you?

Mrs. Warren (*sitting in Praed's chair and fanning herself*). I'm dying for a drop to drink.

Vivie. I'll see about it. (*She goes into the cottage. Sir George has by this time managed to unfold a chair and plant it beside Mrs. Warren, on her left. He throws the other on the grass and sits down, looking dejected and rather foolish, with the handle of his stick in his*

mouth. Praed, still very uneasy, fidgets about the garden on their right.)

Mrs. Warren (*to Praed, looking at Crofts*). Just look at him, Praddy: he looks cheerful, don't he? He's been worrying my life out these three years to have that little girl of mine shewn to him; and now that I've done it, he's quite out of countenance. (*Briskly.*) Come! sit up, George; and take your stick out of your mouth. (*Crofts sulkily obeys.*)

Praed. I think, you know—if you don't mind my saying so—that we had better get out of the habit of thinking of her as a little girl. You see she has really distinguished herself; and I'm not sure, from what I have seen of her, that she is not older than any of us.

Mrs. Warren (*greatly amused*). Only listen to him, George! Older than any of us! Well, she has been stuffing you nicely with her importance.

Praed. But young people are particularly sensitive about being treated in that way.

Mrs. Warren. Yes; and young people have to get all that nonsense taken out of them, and a good deal more besides. Don't you interfere, Praddy. I know how to treat my own child as well as you do. (*Praed, with a grave shake of his head, walks up the garden with his hands behind his back. Mrs. Warren pretends to laugh, but looks after him with perceptible concern. Then she whispers to Crofts.*) What's the matter with him? What does he take it like that for?

Crofts (*morosely*). You're afraid of Praed.

Mrs. Warren. What! Me! Afraid of dear old Praddy! Why, a fly wouldn't be afraid of him.

Crofts. You're afraid of him.

Mrs. Warren (*angry*). I'll trouble you to mind your own business, and not try any of your sulks on me. I'm not afraid of you, anyhow. If you can't make yourself agreeable, you'd better go home. (*She gets up, and, turning her back on him, finds herself face to face with*

Praed.) Come, Praddy, I know it was only your tenderheartedness. You're afraid I'll bully her.

Praed. My dear Kitty: you think I'm offended. Don't imagine that: pray don't. But you know I often notice things that escape you; and though you never take my advice, you sometimes admit afterwards that you ought to have taken it.

Mrs. Warren. Well, what do you notice now?

Praed. Only that Vivie is a grown woman. Pray, Kitty, treat her with every respect.

Mrs. Warren (*with genuine amazement*). Respect! Treat my own daughter with respect! What next, pray!

Vivie (*appearing at the cottage door and calling to Mrs. Warren*). Mother: will you come up to my room and take your bonnet off before tea?

Mrs. Warren. Yes, dearie. (*She laughs indulgently at Praed and pats him on the cheek as she passes him on her way to the porch. She follows Vivie into the cottage.*)

Crofts (*furtively*). I say, Praed.

Praed. Yes.

Crofts. I want to ask you a rather particular question.

Praed. Certainly. (*He takes Mrs. Warren's chair and sits close to Crofts.*)

Crofts. That's right: they might hear us from the window. Look here: did Kitty ever tell you who that girl's father is?

Praed. Never.

Crofts. Have you any suspicion of who it might be?

Praed. None.

Crofts (*not believing him*). I know, of course, that you perhaps might feel bound not to tell if she had said anything to you. But it's very awkward to be uncertain about it now that we shall be meeting the girl every day. We don't exactly know how we ought to feel towards her.

Praed. What difference can that make? We take her on her own merits. What does it matter who her father was?

Crofts (*suspiciously*). Then you know who he was?

Praed (*with a touch of temper*). I said no just now. Did you not hear me?

Crofts. Look here, Praed. I ask you as a particular favor. If you do know (*movement of protest from Praed*)—I only say, if you know, you might at least set my mind at rest about her. The fact is I feel attracted towards her. Oh, don't be alarmed: it's quite an innocent feeling. That's what puzzles me about it. Why, for all I know, *I* might be her father.

Praed. You! Impossible! Oh, no, nonsense!

Crofts (*catching him up cunningly*). You know for certain that I'm not?

Praed. I know nothing about it, I tell you, any more than you. But really, Crofts—oh, no, it's out of the question. There's not the least resemblance.

Crofts. As to that, there's no resemblance between her and her mother that I can see. I suppose she's not your daughter, is she?

Praed (*He meets the question with an indignant stare; then recovers himself with an effort and answers gently and gravely*). Now listen to me, my dear Crofts. I have nothing to do with that side of Mrs. Warren's life, and never had. She has never spoken to me about it; and of course I have never spoken to her about it. Your delicacy will tell you that a handsome woman needs some friends who are not—well, not on that footing with her. The effect of her own beauty would become a torment to her if she could not escape from it occasionally. You are probably on much more confidential terms with Kitty than I am. Surely you can ask her the question yourself.

Crofts (*rising impatiently*). I have asked her often enough. But she's so determined to keep the child all to herself that she would deny that it ever had a father if she could. No: there's nothing to be got out of her—nothing that one can believe, anyhow. I'm thoroughly uncomfortable about it, Praed.

Praed (*rising also*). Well, as you are, at all events, old enough to be her father, I don't mind agreeing that we both regard Miss Vivie in a parental way, as a young girl whom we are bound to protect and help. All the more, as the real father, whoever he was, was probably a blackguard. What do you say?

Crofts (*aggressively*). I'm no older than you, if you come to that.

Praed. Yes, you are, my dear fellow: you were born old. I was born a boy: I've never been able to feel the assurance of a grown-up man in my life.

Mrs. Warren (*calling from within the cottage*). Prad-dee! George! Tea-ea-ea-ea!

Crofts (*hastily*). She's calling us. (*He hurries in. Praed shakes his head bodingly, and is following slowly when he is hailed by a young gentleman who has just appeared on the common, and is making for the gate. He is a pleasant, pretty, smartly dressed, and entirely good-for-nothing young fellow, not long turned 20, with a charming voice and agreeably disrespectful manner. He carries a very light sporting magazine rifle.*)

The Young Gentleman. Hallo! Praed!

Praed. Why, Frank Gardner! (*Frank comes in and shakes hands cordially.*) What on earth are you doing here?

Frank. Staying with my father.

Praed. The Roman father?

Frank. He's rector here. I'm living with my people this autumn for the sake of economy. Things came to a crisis in July: the Roman father had to pay my debts. He's stony broke in consequence; and so am I. What are you up to in these parts? Do you know the people here?

Praed. Yes: I'm spending the day with a Miss Warren.

Frank (*enthusiastically*). What! Do you know Vivie? Isn't she a jolly girl! I'm teaching her to shoot —you see (*shewing the rifle.*)! I'm so glad she knows

you: you're just the sort of fellow she ought to know. (*He smiles, and raises the charming voice almost to a singing tone as he exclaims*) It's ever so jolly to find you here, Praed. Ain't it, now?

Praed. I'm an old friend of her mother's. Mrs. Warren brought me over to make her daughter's acquaintance.

Frank. The mother! Is she here?

Praed. Yes—inside at tea.

Mrs. Warren (*calling from within*). Prad-dee-ee-ee-eee! The tea-cake'll be cold.

Praed (*calling*). Yes, Mrs. Warren. In a moment. I've just met a friend here.

Mrs. Warren. A what?

Praed (*louder*). A friend.

Mrs. Warren. Bring him up.

Praed. All right. (*To Frank.*) Will you accept the invitation?

Frank (*incredulous, but immensely amused*). Is that Vivie's mother?

Praed. Yes.

Frank. By Jove! What a lark! Do you think she'll like me?

Praed. I've no doubt you'll make yourself popular, as usual. Come in and try (*moving towards the house*).

Frank. Stop a bit. (*Seriously.*) I want to take you into my confidence.

Praed. Pray don't. It's only some fresh folly, like the barmaid at Redhill.

Frank. It's ever so much more serious than that. You say you've only just met Vivie for the first time?

Praed. Yes.

Frank (*rhapsodically*). Then you can have no idea what a girl she is. Such character! Such sense! And her cleverness! Oh, my eye, Praed, but I can tell you she is clever! And the most loving little heart that——

Crofts (*putting his head out of the window*). I say,

Praed: what are you about? Do come along. (*He disappears.*)

Frank. Hallo! Sort of chap that would take a prize at a dog show, ain't he? Who's he?

Praed. Sir George Crofts, an old friend of Mrs. Warren's. I think we had better come in.

(*On their way to the porch they are interrupted by a call from the gate. Turning, they see an elderly clergyman looking over it.*)

The Clergyman (*calling*). Frank!

Frank. Hallo! (*To Praed.*) The Roman father. (*To the clergyman.*) Yes, gov'nor: all right: presently. (*To Praed.*) Look here, Praed: you'd better go in to tea. I'll join you directly.

Praed. Very good. (*He raises his hat to the clergyman, who acknowledges the salute distantly. Praed goes into the cottage. The clergyman remains stiffly outside the gate, with his hands on the top of it. The Rev. Samuel Gardner, a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church, is over 50. He is a pretentious, booming, noisy person, hopelessly asserting himself as a father and a clergyman without being able to command respect in either capacity.*)

Rev. S. Well, sir. Who are your friends here, if I may ask?

Frank. Oh, it's all right, gov'nor! Come in.

Rev. S. No, sir; not until I know whose garden I am entering.

Frank. It's all right. It's Miss Warren's.

Rev. S. I have not seen her at church since she came.

Frank. Of course not: she's a third wrangler—ever so intellectual!—took a higher degree than you did; so why should she go to hear you preach?

Rev. S. Don't be disrespectful, sir.

Frank. Oh, it don't matter: nobody hears us. Come in. (*He opens the gate, unceremoniously pulling his father with it into the garden.*) I want to introduce you

to her. She and I get on rattling well together: she's charming. Do you remember the advice you gave me last July, gov'nor?

Rev. S. (*severely*). Yes. I advised you to conquer your idleness and flippancy, and to work your way into an honorable profession and live on it and not upon me.

Frank. No: that's what you thought of afterwards. What you actually said was that since I had neither brains nor money, I'd better turn my good looks to account by marrying somebody with both. Well, look here. Miss Warren has brains: you can't deny that.

Rev. S. Brains are not everything.

Frank. No, of course not: there's the money——

Rev. S. (*interrupting him austerely*). I was not thinking of money, sir. I was speaking of higher things—social position, for instance.

Frank. I don't care a rap about that.

Rev. S. But I do, sir.

Frank. Well, nobody wants you to marry her. Anyhow, she has what amounts to a high Cambridge degree; and she seems to have as much money as she wants.

Rev. S. (*sinking into a feeble vein of humor*). I greatly doubt whether she has as much money as you will want.

Frank. Oh, come: I haven't been so very extravagant. I live ever so quietly; I don't drink; I don't bet much; and I never go regularly on the razzle-dazzle as you did when you were my age.

Rev. S. (*booming hollowly*). Silence, sir.

Frank. Well, you told me yourself, when I was making ever such an ass of myself about the barmaid at Redhill, that you once offered a woman £50 for the letters you wrote to her when——

Rev. S. (*terrified*). Sh-sh-sh, Frank, for Heaven's sake! (*He looks round apprehensively. Seeing no one within earshot he plucks up courage to boom again, but more subduedly.*) You are taking an ungentlemanly ad-

vantage of what I confided to you for your own good, to save you from an error you would have repented all your life long. Take warning by your father's follies, sir; and don't make them an excuse for your own.

Frank. Did you ever hear the story of the Duke of Wellington and his letters?

Rev. S. No, sir; and I don't want to hear it.

Frank. The old Iron Duke didn't throw away £50—not he. He just wrote: "My dear Jenny: Publish and be damned! Yours affectionately, Wellington." That's what you should have done.

Rev. S. (*piteously*). Frank, my boy: when I wrote those letters I put myself into that woman's power. When I told you about her I put myself, to some extent, I am sorry to say, in your power. She refused my money with these words, which I shall never forget: "Knowledge is power," she said; "and I never sell power." That's more than twenty years ago; and she has never made use of her power or caused me a moment's uneasiness. You are behaving worse to me than she did, Frank.

Frank. Oh, yes, I dare say! Did you ever preach at her the way you preach at me every day?

Rev. S. (*wounded almost to tears*). I leave you, sir. You are incorrigible. (*He turns towards the gate.*)

Frank (*utterly unmoved*). Tell them I shan't be home to tea, will you, gov'nor, like a good fellow? (*He goes towards the cottage door and is met by Vivie coming out, followed by Praed, Crofts, and Mrs. Warren.*)

Vivie (*to Frank*). Is that your father, Frank? I do so want to meet him.

Frank. Certainly. (*Calling after his father.*) Gov'nor. (*The Rev. S. turns at the gate, fumbling nervously at his hat. Praed comes down the garden on the opposite side, beaming in anticipation of civilities. Crofts prowls about near the hammock, poking it with his stick to make it swing. Mrs. Warren halts on the threshold, staring*

hard at the clergyman.) Let me introduce—my father: Miss Warren.

Vivie (*going to the clergyman and shaking his hand*). Very glad to see you here, Mr. Gardner. Let me introduce everybody. Mr. Gardner—Mr. Frank Gardner—Mr. Praed—Sir George Crofts, and—(*As the men are raising their hats to one another, Vivie is interrupted by an exclamation from her mother, who swoops down on the Reverend Samuel*).

Mrs. Warren. Why, it's Sam Gardner, gone into the church! Don't you know us, Sam? This is George Crofts, as large as life and twice as natural. Don't you remember me?

Rev. S. (*very red*). I really—er——

Mrs. Warren. Of course you do. Why, I have a whole album of your letters still: I came across them only the other day.

Rev. S. (*miserably confused*). Miss Vavasour, I believe.

Mrs. Warren (*correcting him quickly in a loud whisper*). Tch! Nonsense—Mrs. Warren: don't you see my daughter there?

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

Inside the cottage after nightfall. Looking eastward from within instead of westward from without, the latticed window, with its curtains drawn, is now seen in the middle of the front wall of the cottage, with the porch door to the left of it. In the left-hand side wall is the door leading to the wing. Farther back against the same wall is a dresser with a candle and matches on it, and Frank's rifle standing beside them, with the barrel resting in the plate-rack. In the centre a table stands with a lighted lamp on it. Vivie's books and writing materials are on a table to the right of the window, against the wall. The fireplace is on the right, with a settle: there is no fire. Two of the chairs are set right and left of the table.

The cottage door opens, shewing a fine starlit night without; and Mrs. Warren, her shoulders wrapped in a shawl borrowed from Vivie, enters, followed by Frank. She has had enough of walking, and gives a gasp of relief as she unpins her hat; takes it off; sticks the pin through the crown; and puts it on the table.

MRS. WARREN. O Lord! I don't know which is the worst of the country, the walking or the sitting at home with nothing to do: I could do a whisky and soda now very well, if only they had such a thing in the place.

FRANK (*helping her to take off her shawl, and giving her shoulders the most delicate possible little caress with his fingers as he does so*). Perhaps Vivie's got some.

MRS. WARREN (*glancing back at him for an instant from the corner of her eye as she detects the pressure*).

Nonsense! What would a young girl like her be doing with such things! Never mind: it don't matter. (*She throws herself wearily into a chair at the table.*) I wonder how she passes her time here! I'd a good deal rather be in Vienna.

Frank. Let me take you there. (*He folds the shawl neatly; hangs it on the back of the other chair; and sits down opposite Mrs. Warren.*)

Mrs. Warren. Get out! I'm beginning to think you're a chip of the old block.

Frank. Like the gov'nor, eh?

Mrs. Warren. Never you mind. What do you know about such things? You're only a boy.

Frank. Do come to Vienna with me? It'd be ever such larks.

Mrs. Warren. No, thank you. Vienna is no place for you—at least not until you're a little older. (*She nods at him to emphasize this piece of advice. He makes a mock-piteous face, belied by his laughing eyes. She looks at him; then rises and goes to him.*) Now, look here, little boy (*taking his face in her hands and turning it up to her*): I know you through and through by your likeness to your father, better than you know yourself. Don't you go taking any silly ideas into your head about me. Do you hear?

Frank (*gallantly wooing her with his voice*). Can't help it, my dear Mrs. Warren: it runs in the family. (*She pretends to box his ears; then looks at the pretty, laughing, upturned face for a moment, tempted. At last she kisses him and immediately turns away, out of patience with herself.*)

Mrs. Warren. There! I shouldn't have done that. I am wicked. Never you mind, my dear: it's only a motherly kiss. Go and make love to Vivie.

Frank. So I have.

Mrs. Warren (*turning on him with a sharp note of alarm in her voice*). What!

Frank. Vivie and I are ever such chums.

Mrs. Warren. What do you mean? Now, see here: I won't have any young scamp tampering with my little girl. Do you hear? I won't have it.

Frank (*quite unabashed*). My dear Mrs. Warren: don't you be alarmed. My intentions are honorable—ever so honorable; and your little girl is jolly well able to take care of herself. She don't need looking after half so much as her mother. She ain't so handsome, you know.

Mrs. Warren (*taken aback by his assurance*). Well, you have got a nice, healthy two inches thick of cheek all over you. I don't know where you got it—not from your father, anyhow. (*Voices and footsteps in the porch.*) Sh! I hear the others coming in. (*She sits down hastily.*) Remember: you've got your warning. (*The Rev. Samuel comes in, followed by Crofts.*) Well, what became of you two? And where's Praddy and Vivie?

Crofts (*putting his hat on the settle and his stick in the chimney corner*). They went up the hill. We went to the village. I wanted a drink. (*He sits down on the settle, putting his legs up along the seat.*)

Mrs. Warren. Well, she oughtn't to go off like that without telling me. (*To Frank.*) Get your father a chair, Frank: where are your manners? (*Frank springs up and gracefully offers his father his chair; then takes another from the wall and sits down at the table, in the middle, with his father on his right and Mrs. Warren on his left.*) George: where are you going to stay to-night? You can't stay here. And what's Praddy going to do?

Crofts. Gardner'll put me up.

Mrs. Warren. Oh, no doubt you've taken care of yourself! But what about Praddy?

Crofts. Don't know. I suppose he can sleep at the inn.

Mrs. Warren. Haven't you room for him, Sam?

Rev. S. Well, er—you see, as rector here, I am not free to do as I like exactly. Er—what is Mr. Praed's social position?

Mrs. Warren. Oh, he's all right: he's an architect. What an old-stick-in-the-mud you are, Sam!

Frank. Yes, it's all right, gov'nor. He built that place down in Monmouthshire for the Duke of Beaufort —Tintern Abbey they call it. You must have heard of it. (*He winks with lightning smartness at Mrs. Warren, and regards his father blandly.*)

Rev. S. Oh, in that case, of course we shall only be too happy. I suppose he knows the Duke of Beaufort personally.

Frank. Oh, ever so intimately! We can stick him in Georgina's old room.

Mrs. Warren. Well, that's settled. Now, if those two would only come in and let us have supper. They've no right to stay out after dark like this.

Crofts (*aggressively*). What harm are they doing you?

Mrs. Warren. Well, harm or not, I don't like it.

Frank. Better not wait for them, Mrs. Warren. Praed will stay out as long as possible. He has never known before what it is to stray over the heath on a summer night with my Vivie.

Crofts (*sitting up in some consternation*). I say, you know. Come!

Rev. S. (*startled out of his professional manner into real force and sincerity*). Frank, once for all, it's out of the question. Mrs. Warren will tell you that it's not to be thought of.

Crofts. Of course not.

Frank (*with enchanting placidity*). Is that so, Mrs. Warren?

Mrs. Warren (*reflectively*). Well, Sam, I don't know. If the girl wants to get married, no good can come of keeping her unmarried.

Rev. S. (*astounded*). But married to him!—your daughter to my son! Only think: it's impossible.

Crofts. Of course it's impossible. Don't be a fool, Kitty.

Mrs. Warren (*nettled*). Why not? Isn't my daughter good enough for your son?

Rev. S. But surely, my dear Mrs. Warren, you know the reason—

Mrs. Warren (*defiantly*). I know no reasons. If you know any, you can tell them to the lad, or to the girl, or to your congregation, if you like.

Rev. S. (*helplessly*). You know very well that I couldn't tell anyone the reasons. But my boy will believe me when I tell him there are reasons.

Frank. Quite right, Dad: he will. But has your boy's conduct ever been influenced by your reasons?

Crofts. You can't marry her; and that's all about it. (*He gets up and stands on the hearth, with his back to the fireplace, frowning determinedly.*)

Mrs. Warren (*turning on him sharply*). What have you got to do with it, pray?

Frank (*with his prettiest lyrical cadence*). Precisely what I was going to ask, myself, in my own graceful fashion.

Crofts (*to Mrs. Warren*). I suppose you don't want to marry the girl to a man younger than herself and without either a profession or twopence to keep her on. Ask Sam, if you don't believe me. (*To the Rev. S.*) How much more money are you going to give him?

Rev. S. Not another penny. He has had his patrimony; and he spent the last of it in July. (*Mrs. Warren's face falls.*)

Crofts (*watching her*). There! I told you. (*He resumes his place on the settle and puts up his legs on the seat again, as if the matter were finally disposed of.*)

Frank (*plaintively*). This is ever so mercenary. Do

you suppose Miss Warren's going to marry for money? If we love one another—

Mrs. Warren. Thank you. Your love's a pretty cheap commodity, my lad. If you have no means of keeping a wife, that settles it: you can't have Vivie.

Frank (*much amused*). What do you say, gov'nor, eh?

Rev. S. I agree with Mrs. Warren.

Frank. And good old Crofts has already expressed his opinion.

Crofts (*turning angrily on his elbow*). Look here: I want none of your cheek.

Frank (*pointedly*). I'm ever so sorry to surprise you, Crofts; but you allowed yourself the liberty of speaking to me like a father a moment ago. One father is enough, thank you.

Crofts (*contemptuously*). Yah! (*He turns away again.*)

Frank (*rising*). Mrs. Warren: I cannot give my Vivie up even for your sake.

Mrs. Warren (*muttering*). Young scamp!

Frank (*continuing*). And as you no doubt intend to hold out other prospects to her, I shall lose no time in placing my case before her. (*They stare at him; and he begins to declaim gracefully*)

> He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> That dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all.

(*The cottage door opens whilst he is reciting; and Vivie and Praed come in. He breaks off. Praed puts his hat on the dresser. There is an immediate improvement in the company's behaviour. Crofts takes down his legs from the settle and pulls himself together as Praed joins him at the fireplace. Mrs. Warren loses her ease of manner, and takes refuge in querulousness.*)

Mrs. Warren. Wherever have you been, Vivie?

Vivie (*taking off her hat and throwing it carelessly on the table*). On the hill.

Mrs. Warren. Well, you shouldn't go off like that without letting me know. How could I tell what had become of you—and night coming on, too!

Vivie (*going to the door of the inner room and opening it, ignoring her mother*). Now, about supper? We shall be rather crowded in here, I'm afraid.

Mrs. Warren. Did you hear what I said, Vivie?

Vivie (*quietly*). Yes, mother. (*Reverting to the supper difficulty.*) How many are we? (*Counting.*) One, two, three, four, five, six. Well, two will have to wait until the rest are done: Mrs. Alison has only plates and knives for four.

Praed. Oh, it doesn't matter about me. I——

Vivie. You have had a long walk and are hungry, Mr. Praed: you shall have your supper at once. I can wait myself. I want one person to wait with me. Frank: are you hungry?

Frank. Not the least in the world—completely off my peck, in fact.

Mrs. Warren (*to Crofts*). Neither are you, George. You can wait.

Crofts. Oh, hang it, I've eaten nothing since teatime. Can't Sam do it?

Frank. Would you starve my poor father?

Rev. S. (*testily*). Allow me to speak for myself, sir. I am perfectly willing to wait.

Vivie (*decisively*). There's no need. Only two are wanted. (*She opens the door of the inner room.*) Will you take my mother in, Mr. Gardner. (*The Rev. S. takes Mrs. Warren; and they pass into the next room. Praed and Crofts follow. All except Praed clearly disapprove of the arrangement, but do not know how to resist it. Vivie stands at the door looking in at them.*) Can you squeeze past to that corner, Mr. Praed: it's

rather a tight fit. Take care of your coat against the white-wash—that's right. Now, are you all comfortable?

Praed (*within*). Quite, thank you.

Mrs. Warren (*within*). Leave the door open, dearie. (*Frank looks at Vivie; then steals to the cottage door and softly sets it wide open.*) Oh, Lor', what a draught! You'd better shut it, dear. (*Vivie shuts it promptly. Frank noiselessly shuts the cottage door.*)

Frank (*exulting*). Aha! Got rid of 'em. Well, Vivvums: what do you think of my governor!

Vivie (*preoccupied and serious*). I've hardly spoken to him. He doesn't strike me as being a particularly able person.

Frank. Well, you know, the old man is not altogether such a fool as he looks. You see, he's rector here; and in trying to live up to it he makes a much bigger ass of himself than he really is. No, the gov'nor ain't so bad, poor old chap; and I don't dislike him as much as you might expect. He means well. How do you think you'll get on with him?

Vivie (*rather grimly*). I don't think my future life will be much concerned with him, or with any of that old circle of my mother's, except perhaps Praed. What do you think of my mother?

Frank. Really and truly?

Vivie. Yes, really and truly.

Frank. Well, she's ever so jolly. But she's rather a caution, isn't she? And Crofts! Oh, my eye, Crofts!

Vivie. What a lot, Frank!

Frank. What a crew!

Vivie (*with intense contempt for them*). If I thought that *I* was like that—that I was going to be a waster, shifting along from one meal to another with no purpose, and no character, and no grit in me, I'd open an artery and bleed to death without one moment's hesitation.

Frank. Oh, no, you wouldn't. Why should they take any grind when they can afford not to? I wish I had

their luck. No: what I object to is their form. It isn't the thing: it's slovenly, ever so slovenly.

Vivie. Do you think your form will be any better when you're as old as Crofts, if you don't work?

Frank. Of course I do—ever so much better. Vivvums mustn't lecture: her little boy's incorrigible. (*He attempts to take her face caressingly in his hands.*)

Vivie (*striking his hands down sharply*). Off with you: Vivvums is not in a humor for petting her little boy this evening.

Frank. How unkind!

Vivie (*stamping at him*). Be serious. I'm serious.

Frank. Good. Let us talk learnedly. Miss Warren: do you know that all the most advanced thinkers are agreed that half the diseases of modern civilization are due to starvation of the affections in the young. Now, *I*——

Vivie (*cutting him short*). You are getting tiresome. (*She opens the inner door.*) Have you room for Frank there? He's complaining of starvation.

Mrs. Warren (*within*). Of course there is (*clatter of knives and glasses as she moves the things on the table*). Here: there's room now beside me. Come along, Mr. Frank.

Frank (*aside to Vivie, as he goes*). Her little boy will be ever so even with his Vivvums for this. (*He goes into the other room.*)

Mrs. Warren (*within*). Here, Vivie: come on, you too, child. You must be famished. (*She enters, followed by Crofts, who holds the door open for Vivie with marked deference. She goes out without looking at him; and he shuts the door after her.*) Why, George, you can't be done: you've eaten nothing.

Crofts. Oh, all I wanted was a drink. (*He thrusts his hands in his pockets and begins prowling about the room, restless and sulky.*)

Mrs. Warren. Well, I like enough to eat. But a

little of that cold beef and cheese and lettuce goes a long way. (*With a sigh of only half repletion she sits down lazily at the table.*)

Crofts. What do you go encouraging that young pup for?

Mrs. Warren (*on the alert at once*). Now see here, George: what are you up to about that girl? I've been watching your way of looking at her. Remember: I know you and what your looks mean.

Crofts. There's no harm in looking at her, is there?

Mrs. Warren. I'd put you out and pack you back to London pretty soon if I saw any of your nonsense. My girl's little finger is more to me than your whole body and soul. (*Crofts receives this with a sneering grin. Mrs. Warren, flushing a little at her failure to impose on him in the character of a theatrically devoted mother, adds in a lower key.*) Make your mind easy, the young pup has no more chance than you have.

Crofts. Mayn't a man take an interest in a girl?

Mrs. Warren. Not a man like you.

Crofts. How old is she?

Mrs. Warren. Never you mind how old she is.

Crofts. Why do you make such a secret of it?

Mrs. Warren. Because I choose.

Crofts. Well, I'm not fifty yet; and my property is as good as ever it was——

Mrs. Warren (*interrupting him*). Yes; because you're as stingy as you're vicious.

Crofts (*continuing*). And a baronet isn't to be picked up every day. No other man in my position would put up with you for a mother-in-law. Why shouldn't she marry me?

Mrs. Warren. You!

Crofts. We three could live together quite comfortably. I'd die before her and leave her a bouncing widow with plenty of money. Why not? It's been growing

in my mind all the time I've been walking with that fool inside there.

Mrs. Warren (*revolted*). Yes; it's the sort of thing that would grow in your mind. (*He halts in his prowling; and the two look at one another, she steadfastly, with a sort of awe behind her contemptuous disgust: he stealthily, with a carnal gleam in his eye and a loose grin, tempting her.*)

Crofts (*suddenly becoming anxious and urgent as he sees no sign of sympathy in her*). Look here, Kitty: you're a sensible woman: you needn't put on any moral airs. I'll ask no more questions; and you need answer none. I'll settle the whole property on her; and if you want a cheque for yourself on the wedding day, you can name any figure you like—in reason.

Mrs. Warren. Faugh! So it's come to that with you, George, like all the other worn out old creatures.

Crofts (*savagely*). Damn you! (*She rises and turns fiercely on him; but the door of the inner room is opened just then; and the voices of the others are heard returning. Crofts, unable to recover his presence of mind, hurries out of the cottage. The clergyman comes back.*)

Rev. S. (*looking round*). Where is Sir George?

Mrs. Warren. Gone out to have a pipe. (*She goes to the fireplace, turning her back on him to compose herself. The clergyman goes to the table for his hat. Meanwhile Vivie comes in, followed by Frank, who collapses into the nearest chair with an air of extreme exhaustion. Mrs. Warren looks round at Vivie and says, with her affectation of maternal patronage even more forced than usual.*) Well, dearie: have you had a good supper?

Vivie. You know what Mrs. Alison's suppers are. (*She turns to Frank and pets him.*) Poor Frank! was all the beef gone? did it get nothing but bread and cheese and ginger beer? (*Seriously, as if she had done quite*

enough trifling for one evening.) Her butter is really awful. I must get some down from the stores.

Frank. Do, in Heaven's name!

(*Vivie goes to the writing-table and makes a memorandum to order the butter. Praed comes in from the inner room, putting up his handkerchief, which he has been using as a napkin.*)

Rev. S. Frank, my boy: it is time for us to be thinking of home. Your mother does not know yet that we have visitors.

Praed. I'm afraid we're giving trouble.

Frank. Not the least in the world, Praed: my mother will be delighted to see you. She's a genuinely intellectual, artistic woman; and she sees nobody here from one year's end to another except the gov'nor; so you can imagine how jolly dull it pans out for her. (*To the Rev. S.*) You're not intellectual or artistic, are you, pater? So take Praed home at once; and I'll stay here and entertain Mrs. Warren. You'll pick up Crofts in the garden. He'll be excellent company for the bull-pup.

Praed (*taking his hat from the dresser, and coming close to Frank*). Come with us, Frank. Mrs. Warren has not seen Miss Vivie for a long time; and we have prevented them from having a moment together yet.

Frank (*quite softened, and looking at Praed with romantic admiration*). Of course: I forgot. Ever so thanks for reminding me. Perfect gentleman, Praddy. Always were—my ideal through life. (*He rises to go, but pauses a moment between the two older men, and puts his hand on Praed's shoulder.*) Ah, if you had only been my father instead of this unworthy old man! (*He puts his other hand on his father's shoulder.*)

Rev. S. (*blustering*). Silence, sir, silence: you are profane.

Mrs. Warren (*laughing heartily*). You should keep him in better order, Sam. Good-night. Here: take George his hat and stick with my compliments.

Rev. S. (*taking them*). Good-night. (*They shake hands. As he passes Vivie he shakes hands with her also and bids her good-night. Then, in booming command, to Frank.*) Come along, sir, at once. (*He goes out. Meanwhile Frank has taken his cap from the dresser and his rifle from the rack. Praed shakes hands with Mrs. Warren and Vivie and goes out, Mrs. Warren accompanying him idly to the door, and looking out after him as he goes across the garden. Frank silently begs a kiss from Vivie; but she, dismissing him with a stern glance, takes a couple of books and some paper from the writing-table, and sits down with them at the middle table, so as to have the benefit of the lamp.*)

Frank (*at the door, taking Mrs. Warren's hand*). Good-night, dear Mrs. Warren. (*He squeezes her hand. She snatches it away, her lips tightening, and looks more than half disposed to box his ears. He laughs mischievously and runs off, clapping-to the door behind him.*)

Mrs. Warren (*coming back to her place at the table, opposite Vivie, resigning herself to an evening of boredom now that the men are gone*). Did you ever in your life hear anyone rattle on so? Isn't he a tease? (*She sits down.*) Now that I think of it, dearie, don't you go encouraging him. I'm sure he's a regular good-for-nothing.

Vivie. Yes: I'm afraid poor Frank is a thorough good-for-nothing. I shall have to get rid of him; but I shall feel sorry for him, though he's not worth it, poor lad. That man Crofts does not seem to me to be good for much either, is he?

Mrs. Warren (*galled by Vivie's cool tone*). What do you know of men, child, to talk that way about them? You'll have to make up your mind to see a good deal of Sir George Crofts, as he's a friend of mine.

Vivie (*quite unmoved*). Why? Do you expect that we shall be much together—you and I, I mean?

Mrs. Warren (*staring at her*). Of course—until you're married. You're not going back to college again.

Vivie. Do you think my way of life would suit you? I doubt it.

Mrs. Warren. Your way of life! What do you mean?

Vivie (*cutting a page of her book with the paper knife on her chatelaine*). Has it really never occurred to you, mother, that I have a way of life like other people?

Mrs. Warren. What nonsense is this you're trying to talk? Do you want to shew your independence, now that you're a great little person at school? Don't be a fool, child.

Vivie (*indulgently*). That's all you have to say on the subject, is it, mother?

Mrs. Warren (*puzzled, then angry*). Don't you keep on asking me questions like that. (*Violently.*) Hold your tongue. (*Vivie works on, losing no time, and saying nothing.*) You and your way of life, indeed! What next? (*She looks at Vivie again. No reply.*) Your way of life will be what I please, so it will. (*Another pause.*) I've been noticing these airs in you ever since you got that tripos or whatever you call it. If you think I'm going to put up with them you're mistaken; and the sooner you find it out, the better. (*Muttering.*) All I have to say on the subject, indeed! (*Again raising her voice angrily.*) Do you know who you're speaking to, Miss?

Vivie (*looking across at her without raising her head from her book*). No. Who are you? What are you?

Mrs. Warren (*rising breathless*). You young imp!

Vivie. Everybody knows my reputation, my social standing, and the profession I intend to pursue. I know nothing about you. What is that way of life which you invite me to share with you and Sir George Crofts, pray?

Mrs. Warren. Take care. I shall do something I'll be sorry for after, and you, too.

Vivie (*putting aside her books with cool decision*). Well, let us drop the subject until you are better able to face it. (*Looking critically at her mother.*) You want some good walks and a little lawn tennis to set you up. You are shockingly out of condition: you were not able to manage twenty yards uphill to-day without stopping to pant; and your wrists are mere rolls of fat. Look at mine. (*She holds out her wrists.*)

Mrs. Warren (*after looking at her helplessly, begins to whimper*). Vivie——

Vivie (*springing up sharply*). Now pray don't begin to cry. Anything but that. I really cannot stand whimpering. I will go out of the room if you do.

Mrs. Warren (*piteously*). Oh, my darling, how can you be so hard on me? Have I no rights over you as your mother?

Vivie. Are you my mother?

Mrs. Warren (*appalled*). Am I your mother! Oh, Vivie!

Vivie. Then where are our relatives—my father—our family friends? You claim the rights of a mother: the right to call me fool and child; to speak to me as no woman in authority over me at college dare speak to me; to dictate my way of life; and to force on me the acquaintance of a brute whom anyone can see to be the most vicious sort of London man about town. Before I give myself the trouble to resist such claims, I may as well find out whether they have any real existence.

Mrs. Warren (*distracted, throwing herself on her knees*). Oh, no, no. Stop, stop. I am your mother: I swear it. Oh, you can't mean to turn on me—my own child: it's not natural. You believe me, don't you? Say you believe me.

Vivie. Who was my father?

Mrs. Warren. You don't know what you're asking. I can't tell you.

Vivie (*determinedly*). Oh, yes, you can, if you like. I have a right to know; and you know very well that I have that right. You can refuse to tell me, if you please; but if you do, you will see the last of me to-morrow morning.

Mrs. Warren. Oh, it's too horrible to hear you talk like that. You wouldn't—you couldn't leave me.

Vivie (*ruthlessly*). Yes, without a moment's hesitation, if you trifle with me about this. (*Shivering with disgust.*) How can I feel sure that I may not have the contaminated blood of that brutal waster in my veins?

Mrs. Warren. No, no. On my oath it's not he, nor any of the rest that you have ever met. I'm certain of that, at least. (*Vivie's eyes fasten sternly on her mother as the significance of this flashes on her.*)

Vivie (*slowly*). You are certain of that, at least. Ah! You mean that that is all you are certain of. (*Thoughtfully.*) I see. (*Mrs. Warren buries her face in her hands.*) Don't do that, mother: you know you don't feel it a bit. (*Mrs. Warren takes down her hands and looks up deplorably at Vivie, who takes out her watch and says*) Well, that is enough for to-night. At what hour would you like breakfast? Is half-past eight too early for you?

Mrs. Warren (*wildly*). My God, what sort of woman are you?

Vivie (*coolly*). The sort the world is mostly made of, I should hope. Otherwise I don't understand how it gets its business done. Come (*taking her mother by the wrist, and pulling her up pretty resolutely*): pull yourself together. That's right.

Mrs. Warren (*querulously*). You're very rough with me, Vivie.

Vivie. Nonsense. What about bed? It's past ten.

Mrs. Warren (*passionately*). What's the use of my going to bed? Do you think I could sleep?

Vivie. Why not? I shall.

Mrs. Warren. You! you've no heart. (*She suddenly breaks out vehemently in her natural tongue—the dialect of a woman of the people—with all her affectations of maternal authority and conventional manners gone, and an overwhelming inspiration of true conviction and scorn in her.*) Oh, I won't bear it: I won't put up with the injustice of it. What right have you to set yourself up above me like this? You boast of what you are to me—to me, who gave you the chance of being what you are. What chance had I? Shame on you for a bad daughter and a stuck-up prude!

Vivie (*cool and determined, but no longer confident; for her replies, which have sounded convincingly sensible and strong to her so far, now begin to ring rather woodenly and even priggishly against the new tone of her mother*). Don't think for a moment I set myself above you in any way. You attacked me with the conventional authority of a mother: I defended myself with the conventional superiority of a respectable woman. Frankly, I am not going to stand any of your nonsense; and when you drop it I shall not expect you to stand any of mine. I shall always respect your right to your own opinions and your own way of life.

Mrs. Warren. My own opinions and my own way of life! Listen to her talking! Do you think I was brought up like you—able to pick and choose my own way of life? Do you think I did what I did because I liked it, or thought it right, or wouldn't rather have gone to college and been a lady if I'd had the chance?

Vivie. Everybody has some choice, mother. The poorest girl alive may not be able to choose between being Queen of England or Principal of Newnham; but she can choose between ragpicking and flowerselling, according to her taste. People are always blaming their

circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and, if they can't find them, make them.

Mrs. Warren. Oh, it's easy to talk, very easy, isn't it? Here!—would you like to know what my circumstances were?

Vivie. Yes: you had better tell me. Won't you sit down?

Mrs. Warren. Oh, I'll sit down: don't you be afraid. (*She plants her chair farther forward with brazen energy, and sits down. Vivie is impressed in spite of herself.*) D'you know what your gran'mother was?

Vivie. No.

Mrs. Warren. No, you don't. I do. She called herself a widow and had a fried-fish shop down by the Mint, and kept herself and four daughters out of it. Two of us were sisters: that was me and Liz; and we were both good-looking and well made. I suppose our father was a well-fed man: mother pretended he was a gentleman; but I don't know. The other two were only half sisters—undersized, ugly, starved looking, hard-working, honest poor creatures: Liz and I would have half-murdered them if mother hadn't half-murdered us to keep our hands off them. They were the respectable ones. Well, what did they get by their respectability? I'll tell you. One of them worked in a whitelead factory twelve hours a day for nine shillings a week until she died of lead poisoning. She only expected to get her hands a little paralyzed; but she died. The other was always held up to us as a model because she married a Government laborer in the Deptford victualling yard, and kept his room and the three children neat and tidy on eighteen shillings a week—until he took to drink. That was worth being respectable for, wasn't it?

Vivie (*now thoughtfully attentive*). Did you and your sister think so?

Mrs. Warren. Liz didn't, I can tell you: she had more spirit. We both went to a church school—that was part of the ladylike airs we gave ourselves to be superior to the children that knew nothing and went nowhere—and we stayed there until Liz went out one night and never came back. I know the schoolmistress thought I'd soon follow her example; for the clergyman was always warning me that Lizzie'd end by jumping off Waterloo Bridge. Poor fool: that was all he knew about it! But I was more afraid of the whitelead factory than I was of the river; and so would you have been in my place. That clergyman got me a situation as scullery maid in a temperance restaurant where they sent out for anything you liked. Then I was waitress; and then I went to the bar at Waterloo station—fourteen hours a day serving drinks and washing glasses for four shillings a week and my board. That was considered a great promotion for me. Well, one cold, wretched night, when I was so tired I could hardly keep myself awake, who should come up for a half of Scotch but Lizzie, in a long fur cloak, elegant and comfortable, with a lot of sovereigns in her purse.

Vivie (*grimly*). My aunt Lizzie!

Mrs. Warren. Yes: and a very good aunt to have, too. She's living down at Winchester now, close to the cathedral, one of the most respectable ladies there—chaperones girls at the county ball, if you please. No river for Liz, thank you! You remind me of Liz a little: she was a first-rate business woman—saved money from the beginning—never let herself look too like what she was—never lost her head or threw away a chance. When she saw I'd grown up good-looking she said to me across the bar: "What are you doing there, you little fool? wearing out your health and your appearance for other people's profit!" Liz was saving money then to

take a house for herself in Brussels: and she thought we two could save faster than one. So she lent me some money and gave me a start; and I saved steadily and first paid her back, and then went into business with her as her partner. Why shouldn't I have done it? The house in Brussels was real high class—a much better place for a woman to be in than the factory where Anne Jane got poisoned. None of our girls were ever treated as I was treated in the scullery of that temperance place, or at the Waterloo bar, or at home. Would you have had me stay in them and become a worn out old drudge before I was forty?

Vivie (*intensely interested by this time*). No; but why did you choose that business? Saving money and good management will succeed in any business.

Mrs. Warren. Yes, saving money. But where can a woman get the money to save in any other business? Could you save out of four shillings a week and keep yourself dressed as well? Not you. Of course, if you're a plain woman and can't earn anything more; or if you have a turn for music, or the stage, or newspaper-writing: that's different. But neither Liz nor I had any turn for such things: all we had was our appearance and our turn for pleasing men. Do you think we were such fools as to let other people trade in our good looks by employing us as shopgirls, or barmaids, or waitresses, when we could trade in them ourselves and get all the profits instead of starvation wages? Not likely.

Vivie. You were certainly quite justified—from the business point of view.

Mrs. Warren. Yes; or any other point of view. What is any respectable girl brought up to do but to catch some rich man's fancy and get the benefit of his money by marrying him?—as if a marriage ceremony could make any difference in the right or wrong of the thing! Oh, the hypocrisy of the world makes me sick! Liz and I had to work and save and calculate just like

other people; elseways we should be as poor as any good-for-nothing, drunken waster of a woman that thinks her luck will last for ever. (*With great energy.*) I despise such people: they've no character; and if there's a thing I hate in a woman, it's want of character.

Vivie. Come, now, mother: frankly! Isn't it part of what you call character in a woman that she should greatly dislike such a way of making money?

Mrs. Warren. Why, of course. Everybody dislikes having to work and make money; but they have to do it all the same. I'm sure I've often pitied a poor girl, tired out and in low spirits, having to try to please some man that she doesn't care two straws for—some half-drunken fool that thinks he's making himself agreeable when he's teasing and worrying and disgusting a woman so that hardly any money could pay her for putting up with it. But she has to bear with disagreeables and take the rough with the smooth, just like a nurse in a hospital or anyone else. It's not work that any woman would do for pleasure, goodness knows; though to hear the pious people talk you would suppose it was a bed of roses.

Vivie. Still you consider it worth while. It pays.

Mrs. Warren. Of course it's worth while to a poor girl, if she can resist temptation and is good-looking and well conducted and sensible. It's far better than any other employment open to her. I always thought that oughtn't to be. It can't be right, Vivie, that there shouldn't be better opportunities for women. I stick to that: it's wrong. But it's so, right or wrong; and a girl must make the best of it. But, of course, it's not worth while for a lady. If you took to it you'd be a fool; but I should have been a fool if I'd taken to anything else.

Vivie (*more and more deeply moved*). Mother: suppose we were both as poor as you were in those wretched old days, are you quite sure that you wouldn't advise

me to try the Waterloo bar, or marry a labourer, or even go into the factory?

Mrs. Warren (*indignantly*). Of course not. What sort of mother do you take me for! How could you keep your self-respect in such starvation and slavery? And what's a woman worth? what's life worth? without self-respect! Why am I independent and able to give my daughter a first-rate education, when other women that had just as good opportunities are in the gutter? Because I always knew how to respect myself and control myself. Why is Liz looked up to in a cathedral town? The same reason. Where would we be now if we'd minded the clergyman's foolishness? Scrubbing floors for one and sixpence a day and nothing to look forward to but the workhouse infirmary. Don't you be led astray by people who don't know the world, my girl. The only way for a woman to provide for herself decently is for her to be good to some man that can afford to be good to her. If she's in his own station of life, let her make him marry her; but if she's far beneath him she can't expect it—why should she? It wouldn't be for her own happiness. Ask any lady in London society that has daughters; and she'll tell you the same, except that I tell you straight and she'll tell you crooked. That's all the difference.

Vivie (*fascinated, gazing at her*). My dear mother: you are a wonderful woman—you are stronger than all England. And are you really and truly not one wee bit doubtful—or—or—ashamed?

Mrs. Warren. Well, of course, dearie, it's only good manners to be ashamed of it; it's expected from a woman. Women have to pretend to feel a great deal that they don't feel. Liz used to be angry with me for plumping out the truth about it. She used to say that when every woman could learn enough from what was going on in the world before her eyes, there was no need to talk about it to her. But then Liz was such a per-

fect lady! She had the true instinct of it; while I was always a bit of a vulgarian. I used to be so pleased when you sent me your photographs to see that you were growing up like Liz: you've just her ladylike, determined way. But I can't stand saying one thing when everyone knows I mean another. What's the use in such hypocrisy? If people arrange the world that way for women, there's no good pretending that it's arranged the other way. I never was a bit ashamed really. I consider that I had a right to be proud that we managed everything so respectably, and never had a word against us, and that the girls were so well taken care of. Some of them did very well: one of them married an ambassador. But of course now I daren't talk about such things: whatever would they think of us! (*She yawns.*) Oh, dear! I do believe I'm getting sleepy after all. (*She stretches herself lazily, thoroughly relieved by her explosion, and placidly ready for her night's rest.*)

Vivie. I believe it is I who will not be able to sleep now. (*She goes to the dresser and lights the candle. Then she extinguishes the lamp, darkening the room a good deal.*) Better let in some fresh air before locking up. (*She opens the cottage door, and finds that it is broad moonlight.*) What a beautiful night! Look! (*She draws aside the curtains of the window. The landscape is seen bathed in the radiance of the harvest moon rising over Blackdown.*)

Mrs. Warren (*with a perfunctory glance at the scene*). Yes, dear: but take care you don't catch your death of cold from the night air.

Vivie (*contemptuously*). Nonsense.

Mrs. Warren (*querulously*). Oh, yes: everything I say is nonsense, according to you.

Vivie (*turning to her quickly*). No: really that is not so, mother. You have got completely the better of me to-night, though I intended it to be the other way. Let us be good friends now.

Mrs. Warren (*shaking her head a little ruefully*). So it has been the other way. But I suppose I must give in to it. I always got the worst of it from Liz; and now I suppose it'll be the same with you.

Vivie. Well, never mind. Come; good-night, dear old mother. (*She takes her mother in her arms.*)

Mrs. Warren (*fondly*). I brought you up well, didn't I, dearie?

Vivie. You did.

Mrs. Warren. And you'll be good to your poor old mother for it, won't you?

Vivie. I will, dear. (*Kissing her.*) Good-night.

Mrs. Warren (*with unction*). Blessings on my own dearie darling—a mother's blessing! (*She embraces her daughter protectingly, instinctively looking upward as if to call down a blessing.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

In the rectory garden next morning, with the sun shining and the birds in full song. The garden wall has a five-barred wooden gate, wide enough to admit a carriage, in the middle. Beside the gate hangs a bell on a coiled spring, communicating with a pull outside. The carriage drive comes down the middle of the garden and then swerves to its left, where it ends in a little gravelled circus opposite the rectory porch. Beyond the gate is seen the dusty high road, parallel with the wall, bounded on the farther side by a strip of turf and an unfenced pine wood. On the lawn, between the house and the drive, is a clipped yew tree, with a garden bench in its shade. On the opposite side the garden is shut in by a box hedge; and there is a sundial on the turf, with an iron chair near it. A little path leads off through the box hedge, behind the sundial.

Frank, seated on the chair near the sundial, on which he has placed the morning papers, is reading the Standard. His father comes from the house, red-eyed and shivery, and meets Frank's eye with misgiving.

FRANK (*looking at his watch*). Half-past eleven. Nice hour for a rector to come down to breakfast!

REV. S. Don't mock, Frank: don't mock. I'm a little —er—(*Shivering.*)——

FRANK. Off colour?

REV. S. (*repudiating the expression*). No, sir: unwell this morning. Where's your mother?

FRANK. Don't be alarmed: she's not here. Gone to

town by the 11:13 with Bessie. She left several messages for you. Do you feel equal to receiving them now, or shall I wait till you've breakfasted?

Rev. S. I have breakfasted, sir. I am surprised at your mother going to town when we have people staying with us. They'll think it very strange.

Frank. Possibly she has considered that. At all events, if Crofts is going to stay here, and you are going to sit up every night with him until four, recalling the incidents of your fiery youth, it is clearly my mother's duty, as a prudent housekeeper, to go up to the stores and order a barrel of whisky and a few hundred siphons.

Rev. S. I did not observe that Sir George drank excessively.

Frank. You were not in a condition to, gov'nor.

Rev. S. Do you mean to say that *I*——

Frank (*calmly*). I never saw a beneficed clergyman less sober. The anecdotes you told about your past career were so awful that I really don't think Praed would have passed the night under your roof if it hadn't been for the way my mother and he took to one another.

Rev. S. Nonsense, sir. I am Sir George Crofts' host. I must talk to him about something; and he has only one subject. Where is Mr. Praed now?

Frank. He is driving my mother and Bessie to the station.

Rev. S. Is Crofts up yet?

Frank. Oh, long ago. He hasn't turned a hair: he's in much better practice than you—has kept it up ever since, probably. He's taken himself off somewhere to smoke. (*Frank resumes his paper. The Rev. S. turns disconsolately towards the gate; then comes back irresolutely.*)

Rev. S. Er—Frank.

Frank. Yes.

Rev. S. Do you think the Warrens will expect to be asked here after yesterday afternoon?

Frank. They've been asked already. Crofts informed us at breakfast that you told him to bring Mrs. Warren and Vivie over here to-day, and to invite them to make this house their home. It was after that communication that my mother found she must go to town by the 11:13 train.

Rev. S. (*with despairing vehemence*). I never gave any such invitation. I never thought of such a thing.

Frank (*compassionately*). How do you know, gov'nor, what you said and thought last night? Hallo! here's Praed back again.

Praed (*coming in through the gate*). Good morning.

Rev. S. Good morning. I must apologize for not having met you at breakfast. I have a touch of—of——

Frank. Clergyman's sore throat, Praed. Fortunately not chronic.

Praed (*changing the subject*). Well, I must say your house is in a charming spot here. Really most charming.

Rev. S. Yes: it is indeed. Frank will take you for a walk, Mr. Praed, if you like. I'll ask you to excuse me: I must take the opportunity to write my sermon while Mrs. Gardner is away and you are all amusing yourselves. You won't mind, will you?

Praed. Certainly not. Don't stand on the slightest ceremony with me.

Rev. S. Thank you. I'll—er—er—(*He stammers his way to the porch and vanishes into the house*).

Praed (*sitting down on the turf near Frank, and hugging his ankles*). Curious thing it must be writing a sermon every week.

Frank. Ever so curious, if he did it. He buys 'em. He's gone for some soda water.

Praed. My dear boy: I wish you would be more respectful to your father. You know you can be so nice when you like.

Frank. My dear Praddy: you forget that I have to

live with the governor. When two people live together—it don't matter whether they're father and son, husband and wife, brother and sister—they can't keep up the polite humbug which comes so easy for ten minutes on an afternoon call. Now the governor, who unites to many admirable domestic qualities the irresoluteness of a sheep and the pompousness and aggressiveness of a jackass——-

Praed. No, pray, pray, my dear Frank, remember! He is your father.

Frank. I give him due credit for that. But just imagine his telling Crofts to bring the Warrens over here! He must have been ever so drunk. You know, my dear Praddy, my mother wouldn't stand Mrs. Warren for a moment. Vivie mustn't come here until she's gone back to town.

Praed. But your mother doesn't know anything about Mrs. Warren, does she?

Frank. I don't know. Her journey to town looks as if she did. Not that my mother would mind in the ordinary way: she has stuck like a brick to lots of women who had got into trouble. But they were all nice women. That's what makes the real difference. Mrs. Warren, no doubt, has her merits; but she's ever so rowdy; and my mother simply wouldn't put up with her. So—hallo! (*This exclamation is provoked by the reappearance of the clergyman, who comes out of the house in haste and dismay.*)

Rev. S. Frank: Mrs. Warren and her daughter are coming across the heath with Crofts: I saw them from the study windows. What am I to say about your mother?

Frank (*jumping up energetically*). Stick on your hat and go out and say how delighted you are to see them; and that Frank's in the garden; and that mother and Bessie have been called to the bedside of a sick relative, and were ever so sorry they couldn't stop; and that you hope Mrs. Warren slept well; and—and—say any

blessed thing except the truth, and leave the rest to Providence.

Rev. S. But how are we to get rid of them afterwards?

Frank. There's no time to think of that now. Here! (*He bounds into the porch and returns immediately with a clerical felt hat, which he claps on his father's head.*) Now: off with you. Praed and I'll wait here, to give the thing an unpremeditated air. (*The clergyman, dazed, but obedient, hurries off through the gate. Praed gets up from the turf, and dusts himself.*)

Frank. We must get that old lady back to town somehow, Praed. Come! honestly, dear Praddy, do you like seeing them together—Vivie and the old lady?

Praed. Oh, why not?

Frank (*his teeth on edge*). Don't it make your flesh creep ever so little?—that wicked old devil, up to every villainy under the sun, I'll swear, and Vivie—ugh!

Praed. Hush, pray. They're coming. (*The clergyman and Crofts are seen coming along the road, followed by Mrs. Warren and Vivie walking affectionately together.*)

Frank. Look: she actually has her arm round the old woman's waist. It's her right arm: she began it. She's gone sentimental, by God. Ugh! ugh! Now do you feel the creeps? (*The clergyman opens the gate; and Mrs. Warren and Vivie pass him and stand in the middle of the garden looking at the house. Frank, in an ecstasy of dissimulation, turns gaily to Mrs. Warren, exclaiming*) Ever so delighted to see you, Mrs. Warren. This quiet old rectory garden becomes you perfectly.

Mrs. Warren. Well, I never! Did you hear that, George? He says I look well in a quiet old rectory garden.

Rev. S. (*still holding the gate for Crofts, who loafs through it, heavily bored*). You look well everywhere, Mrs. Warren.

Frank. Bravo, gov'nor! Now look here: let's have an awful jolly time of it before lunch. First let's see the church. Everyone has to do that. It's a regular old thirteenth century church, you know: the gov'nor's ever so fond of it, because he got up a restoration fund and had it completely rebuilt six years ago. Praed will be able to show its points.

Rev. S. (*mooning hospitably at them*). I shall be pleased, I'm sure, if Sir George and Mrs. Warren really care about it.

Mrs. Warren. Oh, come along and get it over. It'll do George good: I'll lay he doesn't trouble church much.

Crofts (*turning back towards the gate*). I've no objection.

Rev. S. Not that way. We go through the fields, if you don't mind. Round here. (*He leads the way by the little path through the box hedge.*)

Crofts. Oh, all right. (*He goes with the parson. Praed follows with Mrs. Warren. Vivie does not stir, but watches them until they have gone, with all the lines of purpose in her face marking it strongly.*)

Frank. Ain't you coming.

Vivie. No. I want to give you a warning, Frank. You were making fun of my mother just now when you said that about the rectory garden. That is barred in future. Please treat my mother with as much respect as you treat your own.

Frank. My dear Viv: she wouldn't appreciate it. She's not like my mother: the same treatment wouldn't do for both cases. But what on earth has happened to you? Last night we were perfectly agreed as to your mother and her set. This morning I find you attitudinizing sentimentally with your arm round your parent's waist.

Vivie (*flushing.*) Attitudinizing!

Frank. That was how it struck me. First time I ever saw you do a second-rate thing.

Vivie (*controlling herself*). Yes, Frank: there has been a change; but I don't think it a change for the worse. Yesterday I was a little prig.

Frank. And to-day?

Vivie (*wincing; then looking at him steadily*). To-day I know my mother better than you do.

Frank. Heaven forbid!

Vivie. What do you mean?

Frank. Viv; there's a freemasonry among thoroughly immoral people that you know nothing of. You've too much character. That's the bond between your mother and me: that's why I know her better than you'll ever know her.

Vivie. You are wrong: you know nothing about her. If you knew the circumstances against which my mother had to struggle——

Frank (*adroitly finishing the sentence for her*). I should know why she is what she is, shouldn't I? What difference would that make? Circumstances or no circumstances, Viv, you won't be able to stand your mother.

Vivie (*very angry*). Why not?

Frank. Because she's an old wretch, Viv. If you ever put your arm round her waist in my presence again, I'll shoot myself there and then as a protest against an exhibition which revolts me.

Vivie. Must I choose between dropping your acquaintance and dropping my mother's?

Frank (*gracefully*). That would put the old lady at ever such a disadvantage. No, Viv: your infatuated little boy will have to stick to you in any case. But he's all the more anxious that you shouldn't make mistakes. It's no use, Viv: your mother's impossible. She may be a good sort; but she's a bad lot, a very bad lot.

Vivie (*hotly*). Frank—! (*He stands his ground. She turns away and sits down on the bench under the yew tree, struggling to recover her self-command. Then she says*) Is she to be deserted by all the world be-

cause she's what you call a bad lot? Has she no right to live?

Frank. No fear of that, Viv: she won't ever be deserted. (*He sits on the bench beside her.*)

Vivie. But I am to desert her, I suppose.

Frank (*babyishly, lulling her and making love to her with his voice*). Mustn't go live with her. Little family group of mother and daughter wouldn't be a success. Spoil our little group.

Vivie (*falling under the spell*). What little group?

Frank. The babes in the wood: Vivie and little Frank. (*He slips his arm round her waist and nestles against her like a weary child.*) Let's go and get covered up with leaves.

Vivie (*rhythmically, rocking him like a nurse*). Fast asleep, hand in hand, under the trees.

Frank. The wise little girl with her silly little boy.

Vivie. The dear little boy with his dowdy little girl.

Frank. Ever so peaceful, and relieved from the imbecility of the little boy's father and the questionableness of the little girl's——

Vivie (*smothering the word against her breast*). Sh-sh-sh-sh! little girl wants to forget all about her mother. (*They are silent for some moments, rocking one another. Then Vivie wakes up with a shock, exclaiming*) What a pair of fools we are! Come: sit up. Gracious! your hair. (*She smooths it.*) I wonder do all grown up people play in that childish way when nobody is looking. I never did it when I was a child.

Frank. Neither did I. You are my first playmate. (*He catches her hand to kiss it, but checks himself to look round first. Very unexpectedly he sees Crofts emerging from the box hedge.*) Oh, damn!

Vivie. Why damn, dear?

Frank (*whispering*). Sh! Here's this brute Crofts. (*He sits farther away from her with an unconcerned air.*)

Vivie. Don't be rude to him, Frank. I particularly wish to be polite to him. It will please my mother. (*Frank makes a wry face.*)

Crofts. Could I have a few words with you, Miss Vivie?

Vivie. Certainly.

Crofts (*to Frank*). You'll excuse me, Gardner. They're waiting for you in the church, if you don't mind.

Frank (*rising*). Anything to oblige you, Crofts—except church. If you want anything, Vivie, ring the gate bell, and a domestic will appear. (*He goes into the house with unruffled suavity.*)

Crofts (*watching him with a crafty air as he disappears, and speaking to Vivie with an assumption of being on privileged terms with her*). Pleasant young fellow that, Miss Vivie. Pity he has no money, isn't it?

Vivie. Do you think so?

Crofts. Well, what's he to do? No profession, no property. What's he good for?

Vivie. I realize his disadvantages, Sir George.

Crofts (*a little taken back at being so precisely interpreted*). Oh, it's not that. But while we're in this world we're in it; and money's money. (*Vivie does not answer.*) Nice day, isn't it?

Vivie (*with scarcely veiled contempt for this effort at conversation*). Very.

Crofts (*with brutal good humor, as if he liked her pluck*). Well, that's not what I came to say. (*Affecting frankness.*) Now listen, Miss Vivie. I'm quite aware that I'm not a young lady's man.

Vivie. Indeed, Sir George?

Crofts. No; and to tell you the honest truth, I don't want to be either. But when I say a thing I mean it; when I feel sentiment I feel it in earnest; and what I value I pay hard money for. That's the sort of man I am.

Vivie. It does you great credit, I'm sure.

Crofts. Oh, I don't mean to praise myself. I have my faults, Heaven knows: no man is more sensible of that than I am. I know I'm not perfect: that's one of the advantages of being a middle-aged man; for I'm not a young man, and I know it. But my code is a simple one, and, I think, a good one. Honor between man and man; fidelity between man and woman; and no cant about this religion, or that religion, but an honest belief that things are making for good on the whole.

Vivie (*with biting irony*). "A power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," eh?

Crofts (*taking her seriously*). Oh, certainly, not ourselves, of course. You understand what I mean. (*He sits down beside her, as one who has found a kindred spirit.*) Well, now as to practical matters. You may have an idea that I've flung my money about; but I haven't: I'm richer to-day than when I first came into the property. I've used my knowledge of the world to invest my money in ways that other men have overlooked; and whatever else I may be, I'm a safe man from the money point of view.

Vivie. It's very kind of you to tell me all this.

Crofts. Oh, well, come, Miss Vivie: you needn't pretend you don't see what I'm driving at. I want to settle down with a Lady Crofts. I suppose you think me very blunt, eh?

Vivie. Not at all: I am much obliged to you for being so definite and business-like. I quite appreciate the offer: the money, the position, Lady Crofts, and so on. But I think I will say no, if you don't mind. I'd rather not. (*She rises, and strolls across to the sundial to get out of his immediate neighborhood.*)

Crofts (*not at all discouraged, and taking advantage of the additional room left him on the seat to spread himself comfortably, as if a few preliminary refusals were part of the inevitable routine of courtship*). I'm in no hurry. It was only just to let you know in case young

Gardner should try to trap you. Leave the question open.

Vivie (*sharply*). My no is final. I won't go back from it. (*She looks authoritatively at him. He grins; leans forward with his elbows on his knees to prod with his stick at some unfortunate insect in the grass; and looks cunningly at her. She turns away impatiently.*)

Crofts. I'm a good deal older than you—twenty-five years—quarter of a century. I shan't live for ever; and I'll take care that you shall be well off when I'm gone.

Vivie. I am proof against even that inducement, Sir George. Don't you think you'd better take your answer? There is not the slightest chance of my altering it.

Crofts (*rising, after a final slash at a daisy, and beginning to walk to and fro*). Well, no matter. I could tell you some things that would change your mind fast enough; but I won't, because I'd rather win you by honest affection. I was a good friend to your mother: ask her whether I wasn't. She'd never have made the money that paid for your education if it hadn't been for my advice and help, not to mention the money I advanced her. There are not many men would have stood by her as I have. I put not less than £40,000 into it, from first to last.

Vivie (*staring at him*). Do you mean to say you were my mother's business partner?

Crofts. Yes. Now just think of all the trouble and the explanations it would save if we were to keep the whole thing in the family, so to speak. Ask your mother whether she'd like to have to explain all her affairs to a perfect stranger.

Vivie. I see no difficulty, since I understand that the business is wound up, and the money invested.

Crofts (*stopping short, amazed*). Wound up! Wind up a business that's paying 35 per cent in the worst years! Not likely. Who told you that?

Vivie (*her color quite gone*). Do you mean that it is still—? (*She stops abruptly, and puts her hand on the sundial to support herself. Then she gets quickly to the iron chair and sits down.*) What business are you talking about?

Crofts. Well, the fact is, it's not what would be considered exactly a high-class business in my set—the county set, you know—our set it will be if you think better of my offer. Not that there's any mystery about it: don't think that. Of course you know by your mother's being in it that it's perfectly straight and honest. I've known her for many years; and I can say of her that she'd cut off her hands sooner than touch anything that was not what it ought to be. I'll tell you all about it if you like. I don't know whether you've found in travelling how hard it is to find a really comfortable private hotel.

Vivie (*sickened, averting her face*). Yes: go on.

Crofts. Well, that's all it is. Your mother has a genius for managing such things. We've got two in Brussels, one in Berlin, one in Vienna, and two in Buda-Pesth. Of course there are others besides ourselves in it; but we hold most of the capital; and your mother's indispensable as managing director. You've noticed, I daresay, that she travels a good deal. But you see you can't mention such things in society. Once let out the word hotel and everybody says you keep a public-house. You wouldn't like people to say that of your mother, would you? That's why we're so reserved about it. By the bye, you'll keep it to yourself, won't you? Since it's been a secret so long, it had better remain so.

Vivie. And this is the business you invite me to join you in?

Crofts. Oh, no. My wife shan't be troubled with business. You'll not be in it more than you've always been.

Vivie. *I* always been! What do you mean?

Crofts. Only that you've always lived on it. It paid

for your education and the dress you have on your back. Don't turn up your nose at business, Miss Vivie: where would your Newnhams and Girtons be without it?

Vivie (*rising, almost beside herself*). Take care. I know what this business is.

Crofts (*starting, with a suppressed oath*). Who told you?

Vivie. Your partner—my mother.

Crofts (*black with rage*). The old—(*Vivie looks quickly at him. He swallows the epithet and stands swearing and raging foully to himself. But he knows that his cue is to be sympathetic. He takes refuge in generous indignation.*) She ought to have had more consideration for you. *I'd* never have told you.

Vivie. I think you would probably have told me when we were married: it would have been a convenient weapon to break me in with.

Crofts (*quite sincerely*). I never intended that. On my word as a gentleman I didn't.

(*Vivie wonders at him. Her sense of the irony of his protest cools and braces her. She replies with contemptuous self-possession.*)

Vivie. It does not matter. I suppose you understand that when we leave here to-day our acquaintance ceases.

Crofts. Why? Is it for helping your mother?

Vivie. My mother was a very poor woman who had no reasonable choice but to do as she did. You were a rich gentleman; and you did the same for the sake of 35 per cent. You are a pretty common sort of scoundrel, I think. That is my opinion of you.

Crofts (*after a stare—not at all displeased, and much more at his ease on these frank terms than on their former ceremonious ones*). Ha, ha, ha, ha! Go it, little missie, go it: it doesn't hurt me and it amuses you. Why the devil shouldn't I invest my money that way? I take the interest on my capital like other people: I hope you don't think I dirty my own hands with the work. Come:

you wouldn't refuse the acquaintance of my mother's cousin, the Duke of Belgravia, because some of the rents he gets are earned in queer ways. You wouldn't cut the Archbishop of Canterbury, I suppose, because the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have a few publicans and sinners among their tenants? Do you remember your Crofts scholarship at Newnham? Well, that was founded by my brother the M.P. He gets his 22 per cent out of a factory with 600 girls in it, and not one of them getting wages enough to live on. How d'ye suppose most of them manage? Ask your mother. And do you expect me to turn my back on 35 per cent when all the rest are pocketing what they can, like sensible men? No such fool! If you're going to pick and choose your acquaintances on moral principles, you'd better clear out of this country, unless you want to cut yourself out of all decent society.

Vivie (*conscience stricken*). You might go on to point out that I myself never asked where the money I spent came from. I believe I am just as bad as you.

Crofts (*greatly reassured*). Of course you are; and a very good thing, too! What harm does it do after all? (*Rallying her jocularly.*) So you don't think me such a scoundrel now you come to think it over. Eh?

Vivie. I have shared profits with you; and I admitted you just now to the familiarity of knowing what I think of you.

Crofts (*with serious friendliness*). To be sure you did. You won't find me a bad sort: I don't go in for being superfine intellectually; but I've plenty of honest human feeling; and the old Crofts breed comes out in a sort of instinctive hatred of anything low, in which I'm sure you'll sympathize with me. Believe me, Miss Vivie, the world isn't such a bad place as the croakers make out. So long as you don't fly openly in the face of society, society doesn't ask any inconvenient questions; and it makes precious short work of the cads who do. There are no secrets better kept than the secrets that everybody

guesses. In the society I can introduce you to, no lady or gentleman would so far forget themselves as to discuss my business affairs or your mother's. No man can offer you a safer position.

Vivie (*studying him curiously*). I suppose you really think you're getting on famously with me.

Crofts. Well, I hope I may flatter myself that you think better of me than you did at first.

Vivie (*quietly*). I hardly find you worth thinking about at all now. (*She rises and turns towards the gate, pausing on her way to contemplate him and say almost gently, but with intense conviction.*) When I think of the society that tolerates you, and the laws that protect you—when I think of how helpless nine out of ten young girls would be in the hands of you and my mother—the unmentionable woman and her capitalist bully——

Crofts (*livid*). Damn you!

Vivie. You need not. I feel among the damned already.

(*She raises the latch of the gate to open it and go out. He follows her and puts his hand heavily on the top bar to prevent its opening.*)

Crofts (*panting with fury*). Do you think I'll put up with this from you, you young devil, you?

Vivie (*unmoved*). Be quiet. Some one will answer the bell. (*Without flinching a step she strikes the bell with the back of her hand. It clangs harshly; and he starts back involuntarily. Almost immediately Frank appears at the porch with his rifle.*)

Frank (*with cheerful politeness*). Will you have the rifle, Viv; or shall I operate?

Vivie. Frank: have you been listening?

Frank. Only for the bell, I assure you; so that you shouldn't have to wait. I think I showed great insight into your character, Crofts.

Crofts. For two pins I'd take that gun from you and break it across your head.

Frank (*stalking him cautiously*). Pray don't. I'm ever so careless in handling firearms. Sure to be a fatal accident, with a reprimand from the coroner's jury for my negligence.

Vivie. Put the rifle away, Frank: it's quite unnecessary.

Frank. Quite right, Viv. Much more sportsmanlike to catch him in a trap. (*Crofts, understanding the insult, makes a threatening movement.*) Crofts: there are fifteen cartridges in the magazine here; and I am a dead shot at the present distance at an object of your size.

Crofts. Oh, you needn't be afraid. I'm not going to touch you.

Frank. Ever so magnanimous of you under the circumstances! Thank you.

Crofts. I'll just tell you this before I go. It may interest you, since you're so fond of one another. Allow me, Mister Frank, to introduce you to your half-sister, the eldest daughter of the Reverend Samuel Gardner. Miss Vivie: your half-brother. Good morning. (*He goes out through the gate and along the road.*)

Frank (*after a pause of stupefaction, raising the rifle*). You'll testify before the coroner that it's an accident, Viv. (*He takes aim at the retreating figure of Crofts. Vivie seizes the muzzle and pulls it round against her breast.*)

Vivie. Fire now. You may.

Frank (*dropping his end of the rifle hastily*). Stop! take care. (*She lets it go. It falls on the turf.*) Oh, you've given your little boy such a turn. Suppose it had gone off—ugh! (*He sinks on the garden seat, overcome.*)

Vivie. Suppose it had: do you think it would not have been a relief to have some sharp physical pain tearing through me?

Frank (*coaxingly*). Take it ever so easy, dear Viv. Remember: even if the rifle scared that fellow into telling the truth for the first time in his life, that only makes us

the babes in the wood in earnest. (*He holds out his arms to her.*) Come and be covered up with leaves again.

Vivie (*with a cry of disgust*). Ah, not that, not that. You make all my flesh creep.

Frank. Why, what's the matter?

Vivie. Good-bye. (*She makes for the gate.*)

Frank (*jumping up*). Hallo! Stop! Viv! Viv! (*She turns in the gateway.*) Where are you going to? Where shall we find you?

Vivie. At Honoria Fraser's chambers, 67 Chancery Lane, for the rest of my life. (*She goes off quickly in the opposite direction to that taken by Crofts.*)

Frank. But I say—wait—dash it! (*He runs after her.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV

Honoria Fraser's chambers in Chancery Lane. An office at the top of New Stone Buildings, with a plate-glass window, distempered walls, electric light, and a patent stove. Saturday afternoon. The chimneys of Lincoln's Inn and the western sky beyond are seen through the window. There is a double writing table in the middle of the room, with a cigar box, ash pans, and a portable electric reading lamp almost snowed up in heaps of papers and books. This table has knee holes and chairs right and left and is very untidy. The clerk's desk, closed and tidy, with its high stool, is against the wall, near a door communicating with the inner rooms. In the opposite wall is the door leading to the public corridor. Its upper panel is of opaque glass, lettered in black on the outside, "Fraser and Warren." A baize screen hides the corner between this door and the window.

Frank, in a fashionable light-colored coaching suit, with his stick, gloves, and white hat in his hands, is pacing up and down the office. Somebody tries the door with a key.

FRANK (*calling*). Come in. It's not locked.

(*Vivie comes in, in her hat and jacket. She stops and stares at him.*)

VIVIE (*sternly*). What are you doing here?

FRANK. Waiting to see you. I've been here for hours. Is this the way you attend to your business? (*He puts his hat and stick on the table, and perches himself with a vault on the clerk's stool, looking at her with every ap-*

pearance of being in a specially restless, teasing, flippant mood.)

Vivie. I've been away exactly twenty minutes for a cup of tea. (*She takes off her hat and jacket and hangs them up behind the screen.*) How did you get in?

Frank. The staff had not left when I arrived. He's gone to play football on Primrose Hill. Why don't you employ a woman, and give your sex a chance?

Vivie. What have you come for?

Frank (*springing off the stool and coming close to her*). Viv: let's go and enjoy the Saturday half-holiday somewhere, like the staff. What do you say to Richmond, and then a music hall, and a jolly supper?

Vivie. Can't afford it. I shall put in another six hours' work before I go to bed.

Frank. Can't afford it, can't we? Aha! Look here. (*He takes out a handful of sovereigns and makes them chink.*) Gold, Viv, gold!

Vivie. Where did you get it?

Frank. Gambling, Viv, gambling. Poker.

Vivie. Pah! It's meaner than stealing it. No: I'm not coming. (*She sits down to work at the table, with her back to the glass door, and begins turning over the papers.*)

Frank (*remonstrating piteously*). But, my dear Viv, I want to talk to you ever so seriously.

Vivie. Very well: sit down in Honoria's chair and talk here. I like ten minutes' chat after tea. (*He murmurs.*) No use groaning: I'm inexorable. (*He takes the opposite seat disconsolately.*) Pass that cigar box, will you?

Frank (*pushing the cigar box across*). Nasty womanly habit. Nice men don't do it any longer.

Vivie. Yes: they object to the smell in the office; and we've had to take to cigarets. See! (*She opens the box and takes out a cigaret, which she lights. She offers him one; but he shakes his head with a wry face. She set-*

tles herself comfortably in her chair, smoking.) Go ahead.

Frank. Well, I want to know what you've done—what arrangements you've made.

Vivie. Everything was settled twenty minutes after I arrived here. Honoria has found the business too much for her this year; and she was on the point of sending for me and proposing a partnership when I walked in and told her I hadn't a farthing in the world. So I installed myself and packed her off for a fortnight's holiday. What happened at Haslemere when I left?

Frank. Nothing at all. I said you'd gone to town on particular business.

Vivie. Well?

Frank. Well, either they were too flabbergasted to say anything, or else Crofts had prepared your mother. Anyhow, she didn't say anything; and Crofts didn't say anything; and Praddy only stared. After tea they got up and went; and I've not seen them since.

Vivie (*nodding placidly with one eye on a wreath of smoke*). That's all right.

Frank (*looking round disparagingly*). Do you intend to stick in this confounded place?

Vivie (*blowing the wreath decisively away and sitting straight up*). Yes. These two days have given me back all my strength and self-possession. I will never take a holiday again as long as I live.

Frank (*with a very wry face*). Mps! You look quite happy—and as hard as nails.

Vivie (*grimly*). Well for me that I am!

Frank (*rising*). Look here, Viv: we must have an explanation. We parted the other day under a complete misunderstanding.

Vivie (*putting away the cigaret*). Well: clear it up.

Frank. You remember what Crofts said?

Vivie. Yes.

Frank. That revelation was supposed to bring about

a complete change in the nature of our feeling for one another. It placed us on the footing of brother and sister.

Vivie. Yes.

Frank. Have you ever had a brother?

Vivie. No.

Frank. Then you don't know what being brother and sister feels like? Now I have lots of sisters: Jessie and Georgina and the rest. The fraternal feeling is quite familiar to me; and I assure you my feeling for you is not the least in the world like it. The girls will go their way; I will go mine; and we shan't care if we never see one another again. That's brother and sister. But as to you, I can't be easy if I have to pass a week without seeing you. That's not brother and sister. It's exactly what I felt an hour before Crofts made his revelation. In short, dear Viv, it's love's young dream.

Vivie (*bitingly*). The same feeling, Frank, that brought your father to my mother's feet. Is that it?

Frank (*revolted*). I very strongly object, Viv, to have my feelings compared to any which the Reverend Samuel is capable of harboring; and I object still more to a comparison of you to your mother. Besides, I don't believe the story. I have taxed my father with it, and obtained from him what I consider tantamount to a denial.

Vivie. What did he say?

Frank. He said he was sure there must be some mistake.

Vivie. Do you believe him?

Frank. I am prepared to take his word against Crofts'.

Vivie. Does it make any difference? I mean in your imagination or conscience; for of course it makes no real difference.

Frank (*shaking his head*). None whatever to me.

Vivie. Nor to me.

Frank (*staring*). But this is ever so surprising! I thought our whole relations were altered in your imagination and conscience, as you put it, the moment those words were out of that brute's muzzle.

Vivie. No: it was not that. I didn't believe him. I only wish I could.

Frank. Eh?

Vivie. I think brother and sister would be a very suitable relation for us.

Frank. You really mean that?

Vivie. Yes. It's the only relation I care for, even if we could afford any other. I mean that.

Frank (*raising his eyebrows like one on whom a new light has dawned, and speaking with quite an effusion of chivalrous sentiment*). My dear Viv: why didn't you say so before? I am ever so sorry for persecuting you. I understand, of course.

Vivie (*puzzled*). Understand what?

Frank. Oh, I'm not a fool in the ordinary sense—only in the Scriptural sense of doing all the things the wise man declared to be folly, after trying them himself on the most extensive scale. I see I am no longer Vivvums' little boy. Don't be alarmed: I shall never call you Vivvums again—at least unless you get tired of your new little boy, whoever he may be.

Vivie. My new little boy!

Frank (*with conviction*). Must be a new little boy. Always happens that way. No other way, in fact.

Vivie. None that you know of, fortunately for you. (*Someone knocks at the door.*)

Frank. My curse upon yon caller, whoe'er he be!

Vivie. It's Praed. He's going to Italy and wants to say good-bye. I asked him to call this afternoon. Go and let him in.

Frank. We can continue our conversation after his departure for Italy. I'll stay him out. (*He goes to the door and opens it.*) How are you, Praddy? Delighted

to see you. Come in. (*Praed, dressed for travelling, comes in, in high spirits, excited by the beginning of his journey.*)

Praed. How do you do, Miss Warren. (*She presses his hand cordially, though a certain sentimentality in his high spirits jars on her.*) I start in an hour from Holborn Viaduct. I wish I could persuade you to try Italy.

Vivie. What for?

Praed. Why, to saturate yourself with beauty and romance, of course. (*Vivie, with a shudder, turns her chair to the table, as if the work waiting for her there were a consolation and support to her. Praed sits opposite to her. Frank places a chair just behind Vivie, and drops lazily and carelessly into it, talking at her over his shoulder.*)

Frank. No use, Praddy. Viv is a little Philistine. She is indifferent to my romance, and insensible to my beauty.

Vivie. Mr. Praed: once for all, there is no beauty and no romance in life for me. Life is what it is; and I am prepared to take it as it is.

Praed (*enthusiastically*). You will not say that if you come to Verona and on to Venice. You will cry with delight at living in such a beautiful world.

Frank. This is most eloquent, Praddy. Keep it up.

Praed. Oh, I assure you *I* have cried—I shall cry again, I hope—at fifty! At your age, Miss Warren, you would not need to go so far as Verona. Your spirits would absolutely fly up at the mere sight of Ostend. You would be charmed with the gaiety, the vivacity, the happy air of Brussels. (*Vivie recoils.*) What's the matter?

Frank. Hallo, Viv!

Vivie (*to Praed with deep reproach*). Can you find no better example of your beauty and romance than Brussels to talk to me about?

Praed (*puzzled*). Of course it's very different from Verona. I don't suggest for a moment that——

Vivie (*bitterly*). Probably the beauty and romance come to much the same in both places.

Praed (*completely sobered and much concerned*). My dear Miss Warren: I—(*looking enquiringly at Frank*). Is anything the matter?

Frank. She thinks your enthusiasm frivolous, Praddy. She's had ever such a serious call.

Vivie (*sharply*). Hold your tongue, Frank. Don't be silly.

Frank (*calmly*). Do you call this good manners, Praed?

Praed (*anxious and considerate*). Shall I take him away, Miss Warren? I feel sure we have disturbed you at your work. (*He is about to rise.*)

Vivie. Sit down: I'm not ready to go back to work yet. You both think I have an attack of nerves. Not a bit of it. But there are two subjects I want dropped, if you don't mind. One of them (*to Frank*) is love's young dream in any shape or form: the other (*to Praed*) is the romance and beauty of life, especially as exemplified by the gaiety of Brussels. You are welcome to any illusions you may have left on these subjects: I have none. If we three are to remain friends, I must be treated as a woman of business, permanently single (*to Frank*) and permanently unromantic (*to Praed*).

Frank. I also shall remain permanently single until you change your mind. Praddy: change the subject. Be eloquent about something else.

Praed (*diffidently*). I am afraid there's nothing else in the world that I can talk about. The Gospel of Art is the only one I can preach. I know Miss Warren is a great devotee of the Gospel of Getting On; but we can't discuss that without hurting your feelings, Frank, since you are determined not to get on.

Frank. Oh, don't mind my feelings. Give me some

improving advice by all means; it does me ever so much good. Have another try to make a successful man of me, Viv. Come: let's have it all: energy, thrift, foresight, self-respect, character. Don't you hate people who have no character, Viv?

Vivie (*wincing*). Oh, stop: stop: let us have no more of that horrible cant. Mr. Praed: if there are really only those two gospels in the world, we had better all kill ourselves; for the same taint is in both, through and through.

Frank (*looking critically at her*). There is a touch of poetry about you to-day, Viv, which has hitherto been lacking.

Praed (*remonstrating*). My dear Frank: aren't you a little unsympathetic?

Vivie (*merciless to herself*). No: it's good for me. It keeps me from being sentimental.

Frank (*bantering her*). Checks your strong natural propensity that way, don't it?

Vivie (*almost hysterically*). Oh, yes: go on: don't spare me. I was sentimental for one moment in my life —beautifully sentimental—by moonlight; and now——

Frank (*quickly*). I say, Viv: take care. Don't give yourself away.

Vivie. Oh, do you think Mr. Praed does not know all about my mother? (*Turning on Praed.*) You had better have told me that morning, Mr. Praed. You are very old-fashioned in your delicacies, after all.

Praed. Surely it is you who are a little old-fashioned in your prejudices, Miss Warren. I feel bound to tell you, speaking as an artist, and believing that the most intimate human relationships are far beyond and above the scope of the law, that though I know that your mother is an unmarried woman, I do not respect her the less on that account. I respect her more.

Frank (*airily*). Hear, hear!

Vivie (*staring at him*). Is that all you know?

Praed. Certainly that is all.

Vivie. Then you neither of you know anything. Your guesses are innocence itself compared to the truth.

Praed (*startled and indignant, preserving his politeness with an effort*). I hope not. (*More emphatically.*) I hope not, Miss Warren. (*Frank's face shows that he does not share Praed's incredulity. Vivie utters an exclamation of impatience. Praed's chivalry droops before their conviction. He adds, slowly*) If there is anything worse—that is, anything else—are you sure you are right to tell us, Miss Warren?

Vivie. I am sure that if I had the courage I should spend the rest of my life in telling it to everybody—in stamping and branding it into them until they felt their share in its shame and horror as I feel mine. There is nothing I despise more than the wicked convention that protects these things by forbidding a woman to mention them. And yet I can't tell you. The two infamous words that describe what my mother is are ringing in my ears and struggling on my tongue; but I can't utter them: my instinct is too strong for me. (*She buries her face in her hands. The two men, astonished, stare at one another and then at her. She raises her head again desperately and takes a sheet of paper and a pen.*) Here: let me draft you a prospectus.

Frank. Oh, she's mad. Do you hear, Viv, mad. Come: pull yourself together.

Vivie. You shall see. (*She writes.*) "Paid up capital: not less than £40,000 standing in the name of Sir George Crofts, Baronet, the chief shareholder." What comes next?—I forget. Oh, yes: "Premises at Brussels, Berlin, Vienna and Buda-Pesth. Managing director: Mrs. Warren;" and now don't let us forget her qualifications: the two words. There! (*She pushes the paper to them.*) Oh, no: don't read it: don't! (*She snatches it back and tears it to pieces; then seizes her head in her hands and hides her face on the table.*

Frank, who has watched the writing carefully over her shoulder, and opened his eyes very widely at it, takes a card from his pocket; scribbles a couple of words, and silently hands it to Praed, who looks at it with amazement. Frank then remorsefully stoops over Vivie.)

Frank (*whispering tenderly*). Viv, dear: that's all right. I read what you wrote: so did Praddy. We understand. And we remain, as this leaves us at present, yours ever so devotedly. (*Vivie slowly raises her head.*)

Praed. We do, indeed, Miss Warren. I declare you are the most splendidly courageous woman I ever met. (*This sentimental compliment braces Vivie. She throws it away from her with an impatient shake, and forces herself to stand up, though not without some support from the table.*)

Frank. Don't stir, Viv, if you don't want to. Take it easy.

Vivie. Thank you. You can always depend on me for two things, not to cry and not to faint. (*She moves a few steps towards the door of the inner rooms, and stops close to Praed to say*) I shall need much more courage than that when I tell my mother that we have come to the parting of the ways. Now I must go into the next room for a moment to make myself neat again, if you don't mind.

Praed. Shall we go away?

Vivie. No: I'll be back presently. Only for a moment. (*She goes into the other room, Praed opening the door for her.*)

Praed. What an amazing revelation! I'm extremely disappointed in Crofts: I am indeed.

Frank. I'm not in the least. I feel he's perfectly accounted for at last. But what a facer for me, Praddy! I can't marry her now.

Praed (*sternly*). Frank! (*The two look at one another, Frank unruffled, Praed deeply indignant.*) Let

me tell you, Gardner, that if you desert her now you will behave very despicably.

Frank. Good old Praddy! Ever chivalrous! But you mistake: it's not the moral aspect of the case: it's the money aspect. I really can't bring myself to touch the old woman's money now?

Praed. And was that what you were going to marry on?

Frank. What else? *I* haven't any money, nor the smallest turn for making it. If I married Viv now she would have to support me; and I should cost her more than I am worth.

Praed. But surely a clever, bright fellow like you can make something by your own brains.

Frank. Oh, yes, a little. (*He takes out his money again.*) I made all that yesterday—in an hour and a half. But I made it in a highly speculative business. No, dear Praddy: even if Jessie and Georgina marry millionaires and the governor dies after cutting them off with a shilling, I shall have only four hundred a year. And he won't die until he's three score and ten: he hasn't originality enough. I shall be on short allowance for the next twenty years. No short allowance for Viv, if I can help it. I withdraw gracefully and leave the field to the gilded youth of England. So that's settled. I shan't worry her about it: I'll just send her a little note after we're gone. She'll understand.

Praed (*grasping his hand*). Good fellow, Frank! I heartily beg your pardon. But must you never see her again?

Frank. Never see her again! Hang it all, be reasonable. I shall come along as often as possible, and be her brother. I cannot understand the absurd consequences you romantic people expect from the most ordinary transactions. (*A knock at the door.*) I wonder who this is. Would you mind opening the door? If it's a client it will look more respectable than if I appeared.

Praed. Certainly. (*He goes to the door and opens it. Frank sits down in Vivie's chair to scribble a note.*) My dear Kitty: come in, come in.

(*Mrs. Warren comes in, looking apprehensively round for Vivie. She has done her best to make herself matronly and dignified. The brilliant hat is replaced by a sober bonnet, and the gay blouse covered by a costly black silk mantle. She is pitiably anxious and ill at ease —evidently panic-stricken.*)

Mrs. Warren (*to Frank*). What! You're here, are you?

Frank (*turning in his chair from his writing, but not rising.*) Here, and charmed to see you. You come like a breath of spring.

Mrs. Warren. Oh, get out with your nonsense. (*In a low voice.*) Where's Vivie?

(*Frank points expressively to the door of the inner room, but says nothing.*)

Mrs. Warren (*sitting down suddenly and almost beginning to cry*). Praddy: won't she see me, don't you think?

Praed. My dear Kitty: don't distress yourself. Why should she not?

Mrs. Warren. Oh, you never can see why not: you're too amiable. Mr. Frank: did she say anything to you?

Frank (*folding his note*). She must see you, if (*very expressively*) you wait until she comes in.

Mrs. Warren (frightened). Why shouldn't I wait?

(*Frank looks quizzically at her; puts his note carefully on the ink-bottle, so that Vivie cannot fail to find it when next she dips her pen; then rises and devotes his attention entirely to her.*)

Frank. My dear Mrs. Warren: suppose you were a sparrow—ever so tiny and pretty a sparrow hopping in the roadway—and you saw a steam roller coming in your direction, would you wait for it?

Mrs. Warren. Oh, don't bother me with your spar

rows. What did she run away from Haslemere like that for?

Frank. I'm afraid she'll tell you if you wait until she comes back.

Mrs. Warren. Do you want me to go away?

Frank. No. I always want you to stay. But I advise you to go away.

Mrs. Warren. What! And never see her again!

Frank. Precisely.

Mrs. Warren (*crying again*). Praddy: don't let him be cruel to me. (*She hastily checks her tears and wipes her eyes.*) She'll be so angry if she sees I've been crying.

Frank (*with a touch of real compassion in his airy tenderness*). You know that Praddy is the soul of kindness, Mrs. Warren. Praddy: what do you say? Go or stay?

Praed (*to Mrs. Warren*). I really should be very sorry to cause you unnecessary pain; but I think perhaps you had better not wait. The fact is—(*Vivie is heard at the inner door.*)

Frank. Sh! Too late. She's coming.

Mrs. Warren. Don't tell her I was crying. (*Vivie comes in. She stops gravely on seeing Mrs. Warren, who greets her with hysterical cheerfulness.*) Well, dearie. So here you are at last.

Vivie. I am glad you have come: I want to speak to you. You said you were going, Frank, I think.

Frank. Yes. Will you come with me, Mrs. Warren? What do you say to a trip to Richmond, and the theatre in the evening? There is safety in Richmond. No steam roller there.

Vivie. Nonsense, Frank. My mother will stay here.

Mrs. Warren (*scared*). I don't know: perhaps I'd better go. We're disturbing you at your work.

Vivie (*with quiet decision*). Mr. Praed: please take Frank away. Sit down, mother. (*Mrs. Warren obeys helplessly.*)

Praed. Come, Frank. Good-bye, Miss Vivie.

Vivie (*shaking hands*). Good-bye. A pleasant trip.

Praed. Thank you: thank you. I hope so.

Frank (*to Mrs. Warren*). Good-bye: you'd ever so much better have taken my advice. (*He shakes hands with her. Then airily to Vivie.*) Bye-bye, Viv.

Vivie. Good-bye. (*He goes out gaily without shaking hands with her. Praed follows. Vivie, composed and extremely grave, sits down in Honoria's chair, and waits for her mother to speak. Mrs. Warren, dreading a pause, loses no time in beginning.*)

Mrs. Warren. Well, Vivie, what did you go away like that for without saying a word to me? How could you do such a thing! And what have you done to poor George? I wanted him to come with me; but he shuffled out of it. I could see that he was quite afraid of you. Only fancy: he wanted me not to come. As if (*trembling*) I should be afraid of you, dearie. (*Vivie's gravity deepens.*) But of course I told him it was all settled and comfortable between us, and that we were on the best of terms. (*She breaks down.*) Vivie: what's the meaning of this? (*She produces a paper from an envelope; comes to the table; and hands it across.*) I got it from the bank this morning.

Vivie. It is my month's allowance. They sent it to me as usual the other day. I simply sent it back to be placed to your credit, and asked them to send you the lodgment receipt. In future I shall support myself.

Mrs. Warren (*not daring to understand*). Wasn't it enough? Why didn't you tell me? (*With a cunning gleam in her eye.*) I'll double it: I was intending to double it. Only let me know how much you want.

Vivie. You know very well that that has nothing to do with it. From this time I go my own way in my own business and among my own friends. And you will go yours. (*She rises.*) Good-bye.

Mrs. Warren (*appalled*). Good-bye?

Vivie. Yes: good-bye. Come: don't let us make a useless scene: you understand perfectly well. Sir George Crofts has told me the whole business.

Mrs. Warren (*angrily*). Silly old— (*She swallows an epithet, and turns white at the narrowness of her escape from uttering it.*) He ought to have his tongue cut out. But I explained it all to you; and you said you didn't mind.

Vivie (*steadfastly*). Excuse me: I do mind. You explained how it came about. That does not alter it.

(*Mrs. Warren, silenced for a moment, looks forlornly at Vivie, who waits like a statue, secretly hoping that the combat is over. But the cunning expression comes back into Mrs. Warren's face; and she bends across the table, sly and urgent, half whispering.*)

Mrs. Warren. Vivie: do you know how rich I am?

Vivie. I have no doubt you are very rich.

Mrs. Warren. But you don't know all that that means: you're too young. It means a new dress every day; it means theatres and balls every night; it means having the pick of all the gentlemen in Europe at your feet; it means a lovely house and plenty of servants; it means the choicest of eating and drinking; it means everything you like, everything you want, everything you can think of. And what are you here? A mere drudge, toiling and moiling early and late for your bare living and two cheap dresses a year. Think over it. (*Soothingly.*) You're shocked, I know. I can enter into your feelings; and I think they do you credit; but trust me, nobody will blame you: you may take my word for that. I know what young girls are; and I know you'll think better of it when you've turned it over in your mind.

Vivie. So that's how it's done, is it? You must have said all that to many a woman, mother, to have it so pat.

Mrs. Warren (*passionately*). What harm am I asking you to do? (*Vivie turns away contemptuously. Mrs.*

Warren follows her desperately.) Vivie: listen to me: you don't understand: you've been taught wrong on purpose: you don't know what the world is really like.

Vivie (*arrested*). Taught wrong on purpose! What do you mean?

Mrs. Warren. I mean that you're throwing away all your chances for nothing. You think that people are what they pretend to be—that the way you were taught at school and college to think right and proper is the way things really are. But it's not: it's all only a pretence, to keep the cowardly, slavish, common run of people quiet. Do you want to find that out, like other women, at forty, when you've thrown yourself away and lost your chances; or won't you take it in good time now from your own mother, that loves you and swears to you that it's truth—gospel truth? (*Urgently.*) Vivie: the big people, the clever people, the managing people, all know it. They do as I do, and think what I think. I know plenty of them. I know them to speak to, to introduce you to, to make friends of for you. I don't mean anything wrong: that's what you don't understand: your head is full of ignorant ideas about me. What do the people that taught you know about life or about people like me? When did they ever meet me, or speak to me, or let anyone tell them about me?—the fools! Would they ever have done anything for you if I hadn't paid them? Haven't I told you that I want you to be respectable? Haven't I brought you up to be respectable? And how can you keep it up without my money and my influence and Lizzie's friends? Can't you see that you're cutting your own throat as well as breaking my heart in turning your back on me?

Vivie. I recognise the Crofts philosophy of life, mother. I heard it all from him that day at the Gardners'.

Mrs. Warren. You think I want to force that

played-out old sot on you! I don't, Vivie: on my oath I don't.

Vivie. It would not matter if you did: you would not succeed. (*Mrs. Warren winces, deeply hurt by the implied indifference towards her affectionate intention. Vivie, neither understanding this nor concerning herself about it, goes on calmly*) Mother: you don't at all know the sort of person I am. I don't object to Crofts more than to any other coarsely built man of his class. To tell you the truth, I rather admire him for being strong-minded enough to enjoy himself in his own way and make plenty of money instead of living the usual shooting, hunting, dining-out, tailoring, loafing life of his set merely because all the rest do it. And I'm perfectly aware that if I'd been in the same circumstances as my aunt Liz, I'd have done exactly what she did. I don't think I'm more prejudiced or straitlaced than you: I think I'm less. I'm certain I'm less sentimental. I know very well that fashionable morality is all a pretence: and that if I took your money and devoted the rest of my life to spending it fashionably, I might be as worthless and vicious as the silliest woman could possibly want to be without having a word said to me about it. But I don't want to be worthless. I shouldn't enjoy trotting about the park to advertise my dressmaker and carriage builder, or being bored at the opera to show off a shop windowful of diamonds.

Mrs. Warren (*bewildered*). But——

Vivie. Wait a moment: I've not done. Tell me why you continue your business now that you are independent of it. Your sister, you told me, has left all that behind her. Why don't you do the same?

Mrs. Warren. Oh, it's all very easy for Liz: she likes good society, and has the air of being a lady. Imagine me in a cathedral town! Why, the very rooks in the trees would find me out even if I could stand the dulness of it. I must have work and excitement, or I should go

melancholy mad. And what else is there for me to do? The life suits me: I'm fit for it and not for anything else. If I didn't do it somebody else would; so I don't do any real harm by it. And then it brings in money; and I like making money. No: it's no use: I can't give it up—not for anybody. But what need you know about it? I'll never mention it. I'll keep Crofts away. I'll not trouble you much: you see I have to be constantly running about from one place to another. You'll be quit of me altogether when I die.

Vivie. No: I am my mother's daughter. I am like you: I must have work, and must make more money than I spend. But my work is not your work, and my way not your way. We must part. It will not make much difference to us: instead of meeting one another for perhaps a few months in twenty years, we shall never meet: that's all.

Mrs. Warren (*her voice stifled in tears*). Vivie: I meant to have been more with you: I did indeed.

Vivie. It's no use, mother: I am not to be changed by a few cheap tears and entreaties any more than you are, I dare say.

Mrs. Warren (*wildly*). Oh, you call a mother's tears cheap.

Vivie. They cost you nothing; and you ask me to give you the peace and quietness of my whole life in exchange for them. What use would my company be to you if you could get it? What have we two in common that could make either of us happy together?

Mrs. Warren (*lapsing recklessly into her dialect*). We're mother and daughter. I want my daughter. I've a right to you. Who is to care for me when I'm old? Plenty of girls have taken to me like daughters and cried at leaving me; but I let them all go because I had you to look forward to. I kept myself lonely for you. You've no right to turn on me now and refuse to do your duty as a daughter.

Vivie (*jarred and antagonized by the echo of the slums in her mother's voice*). My duty as a daughter! I thought we should come to that presently. Now once for all, mother, you want a daughter and Frank wants a wife. I don't want a mother; and I don't want a husband. I have spared neither Frank nor myself in sending him about his business. Do you think I will spare you?

Mrs. Warren (*violently*). Oh, I know the sort you are—no mercy for yourself or anyone else. *I* know. My experience has done that for me anyhow: I can tell the pious, canting, hard, selfish woman when I meet her. Well, keep yourself to yourself: *I* don't want you. But listen to this. Do you know what I would do with you if you were a baby again—aye, as sure as there's a Heaven above us?

Vivie. Strangle me, perhaps.

Mrs. Warren. No: I'd bring you up to be a real daughter to me, and not what you are now, with your pride and your prejudices and the college education you stole from me—yes, stole: deny it if you can: what was it but stealing? I'd bring you up in my own house, so I would.

Vivie (*quietly*). In one of your own houses.

Mrs. Warren (*screaming*). Listen to her! listen to how she spits on her mother's grey hairs! Oh! may you live to have your own daughter tear and trample on you as you have trampled on me. And you will: you will. No woman ever had luck with a mother's curse on her.

Vivie. I wish you wouldn't rant, mother. It only hardens me. Come: I suppose I am the only young woman you ever had in your power that you did good to. Don't spoil it all now.

Mrs. Warren. Yes. Heaven forgive me, it's true; and you are the only one that ever turned on me. Oh, the injustice of it, the injustice, the injustice! I always

wanted to be a good woman. I tried honest work; and I was slave-driven until I cursed the day I ever heard of honest work. I was a good mother; and because I made my daughter a good woman she turns me out as if I was a leper. Oh, if I only had my life to live over again! I'd talk to that lying clergyman in the school. From this time forth, so help me Heaven in my last hour, I'll do wrong and nothing but wrong. And I'll prosper on it.

Vivie. Yes: it's better to choose your line and go through with it. If I had been you, mother, I might have done as you did; but I should not have lived one life and believed in another. You are a conventional woman at heart. That is why I am bidding you good-bye now. I am right, am I not?

Mrs. Warren (*taken aback*). Right to throw away all my money!

Vivie. No: right to get rid of you? I should be a fool not to? Isn't that so?

Mrs. Warren (*sulkily*). Oh, well, yes, if you come to that, I suppose you are. But Lord help the world if everybody took to doing the right thing! And now I'd better go than stay where I'm not wanted. (*She turns to the door.*)

Vivie (*kindly*). Won't you shake hands?

Mrs. Warren (*after looking at her fiercely for a moment with a savage impulse to strike her*). No, thank you. Good-bye.

Vivie (*matter-of-factly*). Good-bye. (*Mrs. Warren goes out, slamming the door behind her. The strain on Vivie's face relaxes; her grave expression breaks up into one of joyous content; her breath goes out in a half sob, half laugh of intense relief. She goes buoyantly to her place at the writing-table; pushes the electric lamp out of the way; pulls over a great sheaf of papers; and is in the act of dipping her pen in the ink when she finds Frank's note. She opens it unconcernedly and reads it*

quickly, giving a little laugh at some quaint turn of expression in it.) And good-bye, Frank. (*She tears the note up and tosses the pieces into the wastepaper basket without a second thought. Then she goes at her work with a plunge, and soon becomes absorbed in her figures.*)

CURTAIN.

THE END OF VOLUME I.

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